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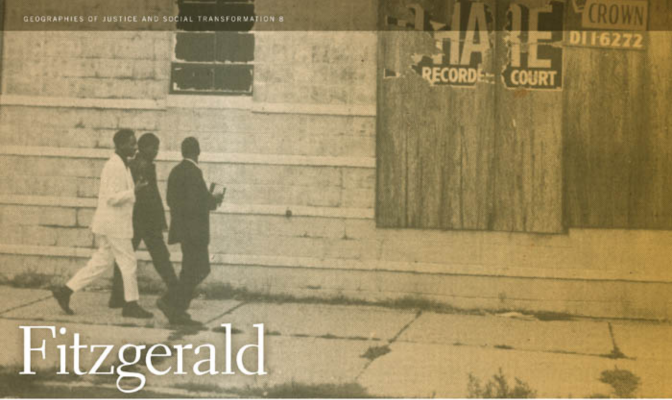
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Fitzgerald

GEOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTION

WILLIAM BUNGE
WITH A FOREWORD BY NIK HEYNEN AND TREVOR BARNES

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FITZGERALD

GEOGRAPHIES OF JUSTICE AND SOCIAL TRANSFORMATION

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FITZGERALD: GEOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTION

William Bunge

With a foreword by Nik Heynen and Trevor Barnes

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FOREWORD TO THE 2011 EDITION

Fitzgerald Then and Now

Nik Heynen and Trevor Barnes

There are few classic books in human geography, but Bill Bunge has written two of them: *Theoretical Geography* ([1962] 1966) and the one that you are holding in your hands, *Fitzgerald: Geography of a Revolution* ([1971] 2011). At times it seemed unlikely that either would see the light of publication. When they finally did, *Theoretical Geography* was initially ignored, while *Fitzgerald* was treated to some shockingly bad reviews. The flagship journal of the Association of American Geographers, the *Annals*, took the unusual step of devoting two separate reviews to *Fitzgerald*. Neither was complimentary. In his review, David Ley said that the "text lapses into unabashed polemic, self-righteous rhetoric," and insofar as "the study is judged by the criteria of scientific method its failings are not difficult to discern" (1973, 133). The other reviewer, Peirce Lewis, was even more damning. Compared to Bunge's now "minor classic" *Theoretical Geography*, Lewis wrote, *Fitzgerald* was a "bitter disappointment." The work was "egregiously awful," "grossly disorganized," "a shoddy undisciplined book" (1973, 131–32). In a spirited reply, Bunge countered, ending with the hope that in spite of this rocky beginning *Fitzgerald* "like *Theoretical Geography* . . . will also age into respectability" (1974, 485).

Those words seem most prescient now more than thirty-five years after they were written. But "age into respectability" doesn't really capture the subsequent changing disciplinary fortune of *Fitzgerald*. The book remains defiantly unrespectable. *Fitzgerald* is a tortured book, controversial, angry, partial, withering, hyperbolic, with non sequiturs and unsubstantiated claims. It is at the opposite polar end of traditional academic scholarship defined by dispassion, measured judgment, comprehensiveness, balance, precision, transparent logic, and the painstaking documentation of sources. But it is precisely these former qualities and not the latter that account for the book's creative and political brilliance.[1] Forty years after its publication, *Fitzgerald* remains fresh, energetic, compelling, and relevant. One of Bunge's ends in *Fitzgerald* was to practice geography differently. He pushed the discipline in a new direction, helping to transform it into something else. If we see *Fitzgerald* differently now compared to when it was written it is because the discipline in which we are now socialized has significantly altered. *Fitzgerald* helped to change it. We all now contain, perhaps more than we would like to think, a little bit of Bunge, a little bit of *Fitzgerald*.

Bill Bunge—physically in stature and intellectually within the field of geography—is a towering figure, the focus of much disciplinary commentary and interpretation (Barnes 1996; Cox 2001; Goodchild 2008; Heyman 2007; Horvath 1971; Merrifield 1995; Mitchell and Heynen 2009; Peet 1977). He even has his own longish Wikipedia entry.[2] In introducing Bunge and his book, we divide this essay into two parts. First, we trace the arc of his intellectual development up through the early 1970s, when *Fitzgerald* was published. Bunge begins life as an arch spatial scientist. A member of the late 1950s University of Washington "space cadets" or "the Garrison Raiders," as Bunge prefers, he was fervid in his belief that geography should be a mathematical, law-seeking science, aspiring to the universal, derogating the unique. But sometime during the mid-1960s he was knocked off course, diverted by a series of turbulent political and social events. Centered around war, race, and poverty, these events increasingly skewered America, bringing overt and sometimes violent division and conflict. Mathematical abstractions and appeal to universals didn't help. But being there, literally walking around trying to make sense of the concrete features of his own particular neighborhood, Fitzgerald in inner-city Detroit, did help. Fitzgerald was where the turbulence came down to earth and for Bunge was made visible and comprehensible. Second, we frame *Fitzgerald* against the subdiscipline of urban geography and its study of the inner city. Until Bunge's work, the inner city was generally ignored by urban geographers. If it was considered at all, the inner city was treated (following the Chicago School) as the "zone of assimilation." Immigrants entered the inner city, socialized and acculturated, and then moved out. While that model might hold for European immigrants, it clearly did not apply in the 1960s to the large numbers of African Americans who had been flooding into northern industrial cities like Detroit since the 1940s. Unlike the immigrants portrayed by the Chicago School, African Americans already had been in America for several generations. But having moved into inner cities, like Detroit's Fitzgerald, they were unable to move out. Furthermore, living conditions were dreadful—dilapidated buildings, poorly maintained public space, underfunded schools, high rents, unchecked crime. But urban geographers didn't know, or didn't want to know. Until Bunge, that is. He insisted they did. This was one of the ways *Fitzgerald* was revolutionary.

Disciplinary Bad Boy, Cult Hero, and Spatial Scientist: Bunge's Intellectual Arc

The adjective "Wild" often appears in front of Bill Bunge's name. When one of us carried out almost forty oral histories during the late 1990s, interviewing geographers participating in the quantitative revolution of the late 1950s and early 1960s, there were more stories about Bill Bunge than anyone else (Barnes 2004). A lot of those stories were humorous, but many had an unsettling edge. None of them are appropriate to repeat here. Their subject matter remains sensitive, especially because many of the people who were involved, including Bunge, are still alive; then there was the colorful language used in their narration; and finally there were the instructions from some of the interviewees who, as they readied themselves to tell their Bunge story, would momentarily pause and say, "This is where you turn off the tape recorder." It is not giving too much away to say that the majority of those stories turned on Bunge's fraught, often fractious and abrasive relationships with students, professors, and the occasional dean.

It was with some relief that when finally (and separately) both of us got to "speak" to Bunge after years of only silent adulation from afar, we were able to experience our own (small) wild moments with him. "Speak" is written in scare quotes because you don't speak to Bill Bunge. He speaks to you—sometimes for a very long time. His first words to Trevor Barnes were, "I know where the bodies are buried," followed by, "Remember, THEY are listening to every word you say." Then, in response to Nik Heynen's answering machine's request for the caller's name and telephone number, followed by the promise of a later reply, Bunge said, "Maybe you will, and maybe you won't. My name is Bill Bunge, and I am a Communist."

In a number of essays, Bunge ([1971] 2011, 135–38; 1988, acknowledgments) provides a potted autobiography, both personal and intellectual. Born in 1928, he grew up in La Crosse, Wisconsin, in a Lutheran, German American family. He says in his *Fitzgerald* biographical box, "Bunge generations alternate between money-making and cause-serving" (135). His father made money as a mortgage banker (and just as well, as we will see), but Bunge himself served many causes. With the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, he was drafted into the U.S. Fifth Army in November of that same year. Ironically, given his later writings, he was assigned to "teaching atomic war" at the Chemical, Biological, and Radiological Wartime School, Camp McCoy, Wisconsin (Bunge 1988, xi). He never says exactly what "teaching atomic war" involved (we did wonder), but during that period he also took courses from the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin. It was there that fatefully he met "the first professional geographer . . . in my life, . . . Richard Hartshorne" (Bunge 1988, xi). Hartshorne at that moment was likely the most famous American geographer alive, author of *The Nature of Geography* (1939), which authoritatively asserted and justified the discipline as a descriptive, ideographic, regional pursuit. Bunge may have accepted that methodological position in his first geography class (or knowing him, maybe not), but certainly within less than a decade he was publicly leading the charge against both it and Hartshorne. For over twenty-five years, Bunge and Hartshorne engaged in a tempestuous epistolary relationship, characterized by violent disagreements, accompanied sometimes by cruel and unjustified accusations, but in between containing moments of admiration and even tenderness.[3]

Demobbed in November 1952, Bunge finished his undergraduate degree and entered graduate school in geography at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, where Hartshorne was based. Apart from geography, he pursued calculus, which he despised, and geometry, which he loved (Bunge

1988, xi). He completed an MA in 1955, but his 1956 doctoral preliminary exams were a disaster. Three examiners failed him, including Hartshorne. In what would be a familiar refrain, Hartshorne later wrote that his answers "were written as a direct insult to the question, and therefore the questioner." Also a familiar refrain was Bunge's response: "As for my flunk out. My crime, absolute rudeness, was not as serious as the Wisconsin's staff [*sic*], stupidity."[4]

Bunge went on the road, moving west, and in 1957 entered the graduate program at the geography department at the University of Washington, Seattle, becoming one of "the Garrison Raiders." William Garrison had been hired as an assistant professor at Washington in 1950. Along with a group of very bright, ambitious, and energetic students ("the Raiders") who had serendipitously arrived at "U Dubb" in the mid-1950s,[5] Garrison was remaking the Seattle department from a staid center of Hartshornian regional geography to a site of cutting-edge science, spatial science. Out went "mere" regional description. In came abstract mathematical theorizing; descriptive and inferential statistical techniques; and in the chemistry building attic, a newly installed IBM 604 computer that was immediately used by the Raiders, although given their position in the university pecking order not usually until the early hours of the morning (Barnes 2004).

Within this proselytizing movement of spatial science at the University of Washington, Hartshorne was cast as the sinner. Bunge's friend and fellow graduate student, Richard Morrill, said, "Richard Hartshorne, whose work we studied in detail, was what we struggled against" (1984, 59). Bunge arrived in Seattle at the very peak of the fervor, knowing some math, and certainly knowing Hartshorne. He was ready for battle. Kurt Schaefer, a Marxist German émigré geographer at Iowa, had already fired the first shot in that battle in 1953, publishing in the *Annals* what became a posthumous critique of Hartshorne's ideographic regionalist position. Instead, Schaefer proposed positivist scientific explanation based on finding universal geographical laws—that is, the ultimate in generalization, and the antithesis of the Hartshornian unique. Bunge's PhD thesis, *Theoretical Geography*, completed with Garrison, was the most evangelical written by any of the Raiders. He preached in the preface: "Geography is a strict science" (Bunge [1962] 1966, x). The means to salvation were scientific theories and laws. "Through theory we can discover . . . morphological laws . . . so that our planet, Earth, fills our consciousness with its symmetry and ordered beauty" (Bunge 1966, 2). The thesis (originally titled "Fundamental Geography") combined a philosophical argument drawn from Schaefer for law-based geographical explanation, with a set of diverse case studies each of which showed how a given geographical phenomenon ineluctably succumbed to the universal explanatory principles of Bunge's favorite kind of mathematics, geometry. As he crowed to Hartshorne in a 1959 letter: "*We are achieving universality at the theoretical level*. . . . We are theoretical or fundamental geographers" (emphasis in the original).[6]

Hartshorne was not amused and asked for his name to be removed from the thesis's acknowledgments. Then there was the vexing issue of where to publish the thesis. Hawking it around North American university presses drew a blank. The 1959 visit to the University of Washington department by Torsten Hägerstrand, the Swedish geographer based at Lund, saved the day. Hägerstrand edited a geographical monograph series at Lund with Gleerup publishers, and with Hägerstrand having met and been impressed by Bunge in Seattle, and with Bunge's father, Bill Sr., having the money to pony up a $1,800 banker's check to Gleerup, the deal was sealed.[7] *Theoretical Geography* was published by Gleerup in 1962. Thirty-eight years later it received the official imprimatur of a "Classics in Geography" designation by *Progress in Human Geography* (Bunge 2001; Cox 2001; McMillan 2001).

While Bunge might have been striving for universality in the mathematical empyrean, he also kept his feet on the ground, engaging in a variety of political causes as a graduate student. Dick Morrill and he were the most radical of the Raiders. Waldo Tobler, another fellow student at Washington at the time, remembers: "There were riots also going on during that period, and Bunge went out and bought himself a really fancy suit. And he said that was his picketing suit. He would dress up in a tie and a suit and go on to the picket lines" (1998). For Bunge, the late 1950s and early 1960s in America were bleak times. But with political action, there could be at least a glimmer of hope that things would improve. He wrote to Hägerstrand in 1961: "I fear we are going the way of Nazi Germany and then to thermonuclear war. . . . It is very strange to continue my geography in the face of the complete disaster the human race faces but I am very strong and do feel that if we all try we will make it."[8] And so he tried.

Admittedly it didn't start well. He was fired from his first position at the department of geography, University of Iowa, after only a year (1960–1961). "Witch hunt here in Iowa," he laconically wrote to Hägerstrand.[9] But he got a job the following year, 1962, at Wayne State University, located in Detroit's inner city. Arriving, he "moved to the edge of the ghetto redline of Detroit, the Fitzgerald community, a Martin Luther King neighbourhood" (Bunge 1988, xvii). The rest is this book.

New Orientations toward "the City" and the Geography of Survival

At first the particularities of Fitzgerald took a back seat to the universal. Bunge continued to fill his consciousness with the earth's "symmetry and ordered beauty." The year he arrived he inaugurated the Michigan Interuniversity Community of Mathematical Geographers (MICMOG). Meeting once a month in the back room of a tavern in Brighton, Michigan, the participants, several of whom were former Garrison Raiders, talked Greek letters and the axioms of Euclid.[10] The following year he also began working with another "fundamental geographer," Bill Warntz at the American Geographical Society, writing a textbook for the new geography: *Geography: The Innocent Science*. It continued in the earlier evangelical spirit. For example, in June 1963, Bunge wrote to Warntz as they were finishing the prospectus for the book: "Was it in your ear that God whispered that you were supposed to reorganise the profession? I hope so. Maybe if I stand on a mountain the outline will come as tablet with a burst of lightning" (quoted in Bunge 2001, 76). Presumably it didn't. And neither did the text, which despite increasingly desperate pleas from the publisher, John Wiley, was finally abandoned by Bunge and Warntz in 1971.[11]

While the grip of the universal on Bunge was strong, it increasingly loosened from the mid-1960s. America seemed to begin to unravel, often in a series of very concrete events that happened literally on the street. In a retrospective essay, Bunge talks about the moment when the concrete particularities became as important as the universal abstractions:

> *The Crime had started. . . . Having lived through McCarthyism, I fully expected to be in a concentration camp within a year. (Instead I was forced into exile in five.) Selma occurred some days after The Crime began. I went to Selma. I went to everything. Peace demonstrations in New York, in Washington, Civil Rights demonstrations in Jackson, Mississippi. But two places had a profound effect. I went to Chicago for the Martin Luther King demonstrations in 1966. While there I stayed in the black ghetto in a hotel at 67th and Stony Island. I learned how you have to "get ready to kill the world" to walk across the street to get a corned beef sandwich; that is, I could make it on "the mean streets"—an indispensable skill for urban exploration in antagonistic systems. I worked with a young black woman, a union worker . . . Rene Spears. She hated my concern about the three dimensionality of the human species and our need to protect the world's children. Her people's children were starving. . . . Another young black woman, Gwendolyn Warren, from Fitzgerald in Detroit . . . was teaching me similar lessons, filled with hatred towards me because I did not notice the children being murdered by automobiles in front of their homes or children starving in front of abundant food. "Immediacy" was their cry, "To Hell with the World." (1979, 170)*

As part of knowing his place, he became heavily involved in community organizing in Fitzgerald. It was during the Detroit riots of 1967 that he first began to write *Fitzgerald*. During "the smoke of revolution . . . for six days in July 1967, I lived in everyone's definition of freedom—no state. . . . [It] had been driven out. . . . I was free to think freely, so I did. I wrote a peace book, *Fitzgerald*" (Bunge 1988, xix). From inside Fitzgerald, he began to study the neighborhood intensively, an area of a square mile. As he wrote to Hartshorne in 1968, "I suppose no square mile has ever been studied as intensively."[12] He realized that he was becoming in part a Hartshornian regional geographer. "In this micro-historic-regional effort I came to . . . [the] conclusion [that] . . . all the classic concepts reported by classical regionalists were true. The necessity for exhaustive field work. The use of maps. The necessity for 'the feel of the region.'"[13] He had not given up being a scientist, but he recognized for political reasons the importance of also dealing with the concrete and the unique. As he said to Don Janelle in a 1976 interview about his apparent switch, "Yes, I have been forced to admit I was wrong [about the unique] . . . which is very painful; it's the only thing I've ever been wrong at, and I'll never be wrong again, so don't think it was habitual" (Dow 1976, 2).

In spite of what Bunge wrote to Hartshorne, *Fitzgerald* was clearly no old-time, ideographic descriptive regionalist study. It was a book that tried to change the world and along with it, change the discipline of geography. This was the importance of what Bunge called "geographical expeditions" (1969), which from 1968 were formalized through the Detroit Geographical Expedition and Institute (DGEI). The expeditions began as field trips for white geographers, students, and professionals into the terra incognita of a black inner-city neighborhood, Fitzgerald. But for Bunge this was not to be voyeurism or another version of academic colonialism. It was to be the beginning of a constructive pedagogical experiment involving conversation and interaction between academics and residents, transforming both as well as the neighborhood. In this sense, although Bunge always self-identifies as a Communist (as in his telephone message), there are strong strains of American pragmatism to his project. For pragmatists, to make it through life successfully, we must always be open to new ideas, to be ready to listen and to learn, to try new things and experiment. Exactly that creed was embodied in the DGEI, which was jointly founded by Bunge and Gwendolyn Warren, the "young black woman" he met in Fitzgerald. The DGEI was partly about providing ideas by offering free college extension courses to Detroit inner-city residents. Sponsored by the University of Michigan, the first course, "Geographical Aspects of Urban Planning," was run in the summer of 1969 with an enrolment of forty (Horvarth 1971, 74). Michigan State subsequently took over the sponsorship, expanding the geography offerings, and in 1970 listed courses from ten different departments with an enrolment of over four hundred. But mainly DGEI was about facilitating research by the community in its own neighborhood for its own ends. That's what the extension courses were about. They were not meant to indoctrinate, but, like the urban planning course or a later one in cartography, to provide tools for Fitzgerald residents that in true pragmatist fashion would get things done, that would cope with the world. Not all of those tools would be useful. There would be a need to experiment. The point, though, was that the experiments would come from within the community and not be imposed from outside. In his report from the first years of the DGEI, Bunge said this of the expeditions:

> *The purpose of the Expedition is to help the human species most directly. It is not a 'nice' geography, or a* status quo *geography. It is a geography that tends to shock because it includes the full range of human experience on the earth's surface; not just the recreation land, but the blighted land; not just the affluent, but the poor; not just the beautiful, but the ugly. . . . It is also democratic as opposed to an elitist expedition. Local people are to be incorporated as students and as professors. They are not to be further exploited. Their point of view is given first. (1969)*

For Bunge these themes and purposes became the larger justification for the discipline of geography. It should be engaged in the radically democratic project of providing pedagogical resources to enable suppressed and exploited communities to manage themselves, to create a better world that is theirs, made and managed by them (on the pedagogical character of Bunge's project, see Heyman 2007). But for that to happen, geographers themselves needed to change. They must go into the field to be involved, to engage actively the communities they study. There should be less time inside the library and more time outside within the city. As Bunge put it in his reply to Peirce Lewis: "Books not the earth's surface have become [the geographer's] life. Libraries, including map libraries, are not where geographers are supposed to spend their life work. . . . We end up a caricature of ourselves. We are in the computer center watching the printout to see if it is raining outside. If the ghetto burns down we will not know it because it does not show on Symap" (1974, 488).

Needless to say, Bunge's position was not well received. He was fired from Wayne State in 1969 (the official reason was for cursing during lectures, according to Peet 1977, 14). Moving to Canada, he taught for a year each at Western Ontario and York universities, but neither position turned into anything longer term. Out of work, he drove a cab in Toronto. He reckoned this was where a true geographical education could be had: "You will know more, if you have driven a cab, than a man sitting there with a factorial ecology printout," he said in the interview with Janelle (Dow 1976, 4). While the discipline may not have yet come around to believing that geographers should all be cabbies, since *Fitzgerald* was published, it has increasingly come around to believing that geographers should actively participate and interact with the communities they study. It has come around to the view that there is no God's-eye view of the kind that mathematical universals promise. Instead, we are all together at ground level. Research is not some specialized pure activity, the preserve of a few elite experts. But it needs to be carried out collectively, in the interests of everyone. This was yet another kind of revolution that *Fitzgerald* provoked, and it allows us to appreciate the brilliance of Bunge's achievement.

Specifically, *Fitzgerald* introduced the city to North American geographers in a way that it had never been seen by them before. Bunge takes readers to the inner city, to a primarily African American space, and to the crushing racism, patriarchy, and economic deprivation associated with it. Before Bunge, the inner city was a space that white immigrants temporarily moved into in order to acquire social and economic resources before later moving out. Bunge showed in his study of the Detroit neighborhood of Fitzgerald that for many African American residents the inner city was no transition. That's all there was. Not that American urban geographers knew what was going on; for them inner-city neighborhoods like Fitzgerald were terrae incognitae. They were spaces on the urban map they didn't enter. As such, they didn't realize the struggle for survival that was ongoing, always, within the city.

That's why it was necessary to organize, as Bunge did, expeditions into the ghetto and to publish a book like *Fitzgerald*. But it was also necessary to be more than spectators. That's why Bunge moved into the Fitzgerald neighborhood and participated in grassroots campaigns to recover this part of the city for its residents ("a peoples' geography"), as well as to forge better lives and material living conditions. In accordance with this same vision of what geographers could and should do and the openness within which they should do it, Bunge proceeded to become one of geography's first public intellectuals, as is evidenced in his appeal to the readers of the *The Crisis* and *The New York Times* about the historical problems of racism within geography and the promise geography continued to hold for improving people's lives (1965a; 1965b). In *The Crisis*, for instance, he almost begged for the chance for geographers to use their science for the benefit of society: "This is a polemic with a purpose. If any readers share, even in part, these misgivings [the historically racist nature of geography] or have others they wish to raise, please write to me so that we can consider further action. For instance, if enough support develops, we can petition our Association [the Association of American Geographers] to commission a study group leading to missionary work among the nation's school systems" (1965a, 538). By writing in both the NAACP's main publication (*The Crisis*) and the newspaper most associated with "high-brow intellectualism" within North America, Bunge clearly sought to reach as large and diverse a readership as possible with his ideas about the possibilities of a geography of survival.

And, in the reply to Fryer's criticisms, Bunge wrote:

> *Geography does not belong to geographers alone, anymore than medicine to doctors. People, plain ordinary people, have a right to demand good health from medical schools. Similarly, geography departments in the end must be accountable to the people among whom they lie. Academic geographers seem to feel they actually own geography. If things are mislocated in the cities that house geography departments, academics do not seem to consider these mislocations their business, their responsibility even in part. Even if these mislocations personally affect the children of these academic geographers themselves, what can they do? Why should anyone expect them to do anything? (1974, 482)*

It should come as no surprise then that one of enduring legacies in the "Bunge stories" we have heard, the archival documents we have seen, and his own work was his uncompromising and unapologetic attention to the survival of human life. Bunge pays attention to the geography of survival throughout the whole history of Fitzgerald. He saw the geography of survival concretely embedded within the spatial power relations that shaped the neighborhood, going back to 1816, when Joseph Fletcher did the first land survey of the streets that allowed the first European Americans to claim property ownership. He discusses these historical moments against the backdrop of soon-to-be residents like James Kanada, who escaped the harsh tribulations of slavery in 1850 and settled in Fitzgerald in 1864 only to have a white landowner, Michael Henderson, try to swindle him out of the land he settled and his everyday necessities. Fitzgerald urbanized and continued to see racial mixing, ultimately becoming a predominantly African American neighborhood, and Bunge interprets this development through the lens of survival, saying, "Adding it all up, the black culture is a survival culture. It is a culture that has resulted from facing persistent individual and collective death for over three hundred continuous years. All that has survived is survival. Black is Life" ([1971] 2011, 106).

While many scholars interested in race and gender, or more specifically, the social construction of race and gender, turn to work by scholars like hooks (1984), Omi and Winant (1986), Collins (1990), and Goldberg (2002), more contemporarily, Bunge, who was working hard to understand what we now often refer to as intersectionality within the everyday life interactions of the residents of Fitzgerald in the early 1970s, is not often, if ever, citied in work on these topics. Yet his attention toward identity politics for the sake of better understanding both the material and discursive power relations that underpin urban inequality and human survival still have a great deal to say. While it certainly might be the case that Bunge discusses some of these issues in a way that many would call essentializing, more recent and nuanced theoretical perspectives, we argue, are only possible after the kinds of foundational work done in *Fitzgerald*. So for instance, while discussing "cultural race-mixing" Bunge says: "Yet no one individual totally understands the language of America, for it is multicultural. . . . If a word isn't in an unabridged dictionary, that doesn't necessarily prove that it isn't a word. The dictionary might be prejudiced. . . . The way to overcome separate cultural expression is through mutual cultural respect. . . . 'Color' does rub off on you" (102). And, *Fitzgerald* has rubbed off on us to increase the scope of how we think about the city and the geography of survival.

Conclusion

After it was first published, *Fitzgerald* rattled geography of the early 1970s across multiple axes. Bunge clearly paid attention to the commentary about his book and repeatedly responded in defense of his project. In 1974, a particularly frustrated Bunge wrote an essay for the *Annals of the Association of American Geography* titled "*Fitzgerald* from a Distance." In the essay, which was the response to the Lewis review, Bunge said, "The cutting edge of science always makes everyone madder than a wet hen. There is no such thing as a dispassionate scientist. Theoretical geography took many years (long before I wrote on the subject it was coming into articulated thought) to become 'respectable.' Urban exploration, the use of geography in the protection of children, survival geography, because of the overwhelming need, cannot wait for a gradual acceptance. Those of us who are convinced must plunge ahead even if it upsets our fellow tradesmen" (1974, 485). Given that today, like 1971, we see unprecedented urban poverty and inequality, Bunge's unapologetic tone toward these issues is as important as it ever was. Take, for instance, that of the almost 50 million people living in food insecure households, a number that has jumped from 36 million just four years ago, 32 million are adults and 17 million are children (this represents 22.5 percent of all U.S. children). African American and Hispanic households (26 percent and 27 percent, respectively) continue to struggle against much higher food insecurity rates than the national average. We need Bunge's perspective now as much as ever to think through not only geography's history, but also what its future might aspire to be. We need it because, we would argue, the status quo, as opposed to attention to human survival, still dominates the discipline.

The questions Bunge raised in *Fitzgerald* about the inner city, race, gender, jobs, the operation of the property market, and human survival remain as vital as they were forty years ago. Further, Bunge's prose remains inspiring, insightful, and riveting. *Fitzgerald* is a classic not only in human geography but in the social sciences. That the business of book publishing should lead to the near disappearance of a book that is so important is of course problematic, but it is unfortunately also quite common. However, if ever a book deserved reprinting, it is this one. We have worked with the University of Georgia Press to reprint the book because there is still a great deal of work to be done within geography to teach, learn about, and help shape a more humane, fair, and egalitarian urbanism, as Bunge discussed so passionately throughout the pages of *Fitzgerald*. We tell our undergraduate and graduate students alike to read Bunge's book from cover to cover. We tell them that they will never read another book like it by a geographer. It would indeed be shameful if junior scholars of all kinds, not just geographers, did not have access to the book and were thus unable to realize the connection between our scholarship and the places we seek to understand as vibrantly as is the case for Bunge and Fitzgerald. Bunge himself makes this point better than we can in the closing pages of the book when he says, "And Fitzgerald, Fighting Fitzgerald, has not struggled in vain, for this book records its fight. The neighborhood can be flattened by the machines for its courage, its defiance, its humanity, but Fitzgerald's story will live as long as mankind [*sic*] lives, in his libraries, in his minds, around the world, for there is nothing more modest or more glorious then [*sic*] the story of the human races' struggle for Life itself" (242).

Notes

The front matter from the Schenkman edition follows this foreword; the title page, copyright page, and table of contents have been removed, but the other elements are presented in their original configuration. The foldout map of Fitzgerald, which was attached to the inside front cover of the original edition, follows the appendix in this edition.

1. Donald Meining (1983, 315) retrospectively called *Fitzgerald* "a work of art," a consequence, as Derek Gregory (1994, 83) elaborates, of "the sheer intensity of the experience and passion surging through its pages."

2. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Bunge

3. The correspondence between Hartshorne and Bunge that begins in 1957 and continues to 1976 is found at the American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee. Reading it one often feels an interloper. Hartshorne's last deposited letter to Bunge is a seven-page, nineteen-numbered-point refutation of Bunge's various accusations made in a letter to Andrew Clark, the former head of the department of geography at Wisconsin, a few weeks earlier. By the time Bunge's letter was received Clark was dead from cancer, and it was Hartshorne who replied. W. Bunge to A. Clark, no date, and R. Hartshorne to W. Bunge, February 21, 1976, American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Papers of Richard Hartshorne, "Correspondence William Bunge," File F, Box 194.

4. R. Hartshorne to H. McCarty, November 4, 1960, and W. Bunge to R. Hartshorne, end of June or early July, 1959, American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Papers of Richard Hartshorne, "Correspondence William Bunge," File F, Box 194.

5. They included Duane Marble, Brian Berry, Dick Morrill, John Nystuen, Michael Dacey, and later Arthur Getis and Waldo Tobler.

6. W. Bunge to R. Hartshorne, June 1, 1959, American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Papers of Richard Hartshorne, "Correspondence William Bunge," File F, Box 194.

7. W. Bunge to T. Hägerstrand, October 17, 1961, University of Lund, Papers of Torsten Hägerstrand, Volume 6 (1961–1963).

8. W. Bunge to T. Hägerstrand, no date but either late 1961 or early 1962, University of Lund, Papers of Torsten Hägerstrand, Volume 6 (1961–1963).

9. Ibid.

10. See the MICMOG discussion paper series that is now available online: http://hdl.handle.net/2027.42/58252.

11. Correspondence about *Geography: The Innocent Science*, including the contract and a first draft version of some of the chapters, which come with props such as a mini-Varignon frame and beach ball, are found in Division of Rare and Manuscript Collections, Cornell University, Papers of William Warntz (1955–88), Box 45.

12. W. Bunge to R. Hartshorne, October 15, 1968, American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Papers of Richard Hartshorne, "Correspondence William Bunge," File F, Box 194.

13. Ibid.

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Fitzgerald: The Geography of a Revolution is a humanist geography, describing Fitzgerald, a community in Detroit. The book is science: its data are maps, graphics, photographs, and the words of people. But the book also makes a value judgment — the desirability of human survival — and thus transforms itself into a steel-hard hammer of humanism.

The book has had a human power of its own, and in a sense, it created the author, a geographer who has not only been writing about Fitzgerald, but living there, and is thus intricately involved with it. At first, Dr. Bunge concentrated on Fitzgerald's present. Because the community is located so close to downtown Detroit, and because it had recently become the home of many black people without the necessary connections with the Detroit power structure, Fitzgerald was threatened by slum. The theme of the book was fighting slum processes, and a key lesson was the tremendous contribution of black people to the fight.

Then, the author began to explore Fitzgerald's past. He saw vividly how the power of machines had multiplied through the years, and how their power overwhelmed the people of Fitzgerald to a greater and greater extent. Finally, Bunge looked into the future, and saw that the power of the machines threatens our very survival. The theme of the book thus became not only saving the community from slum, but also preserving its very existence, and a key lesson not only the importance of black people but also the importance of children, who in fact are our survival.

Recognizing these truths, perhaps subconsciously but definitely recognizing them, Fitzgerald started a revolution. The revolution is a revolution of the exploited against a ruling class, of black people against racism, and a revolution of all the people against a technology of death. It is a revolution for life through the children. The community is making the revolution by bringing residents together in a community council, by electing black people to office, by restraining thoughtless merchants. And Fitzgerald is also building the revolution in more subtle ways, ways that help the children: designing a tot lot and painting it with murals, increasing the physical safety of children in dilapidated school buildings, having a Santa Claus parade and a Children's Day.

In this radioactive age, these are signs of Life itself.

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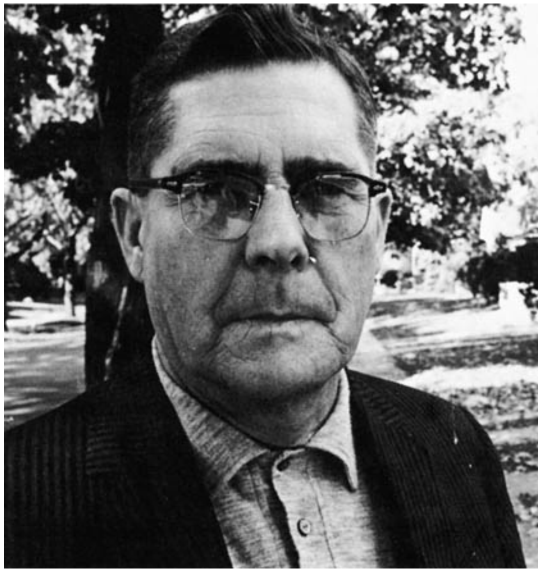
DEDICATION

D-1 *Gwendolyn Warren, 16.*



D-2 *Cecil Erbaugh, 71.*

This book is dedicated to Miss Gwendolyn Warren and Mr. Cecil Erbaugh. Both are Americans of pre-Civil War stock, probably both are of pre-Revolutionary stock. Mr. Erbaugh cannot understand Miss Warren's brand of English. Miss Warren is bilingual. Miss Warren cannot understand Mr. Erbaugh's motivation. Mr. Erbaugh is a humanist. Both are forces for good, for building, for a better neighborhood in a better world. Mr. Erbaugh has left the neighborhood to retire to northern Michigan. Miss Warren has moved farther out toward the suburbs with her family. Neither fled. Both established enduring institutions: Mr. Erbaugh, a humane adult organization; Miss Warren, a humane youth organization. These two human beings were aware of each other but seldom met. But Fitzgerald is more indebted to Miss Warren and Mr. Erbaugh than to any other individuals, to their intelligence, to their persistence, and most of all, to their courage.

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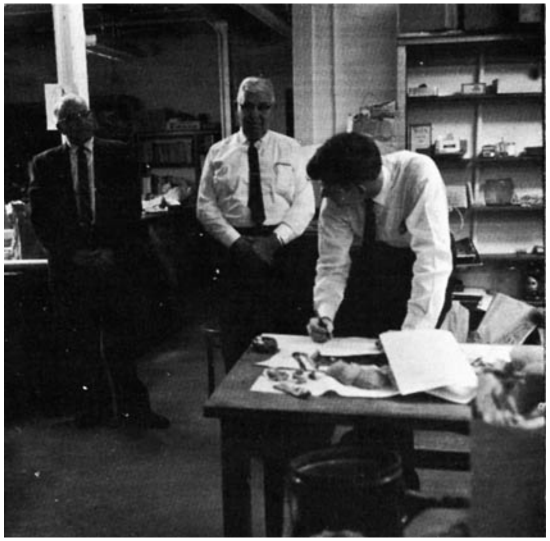
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A-1 Betty Bunge, assistant author. One of Mrs. Bunge's many suggestions for this book was the entire section on the past.

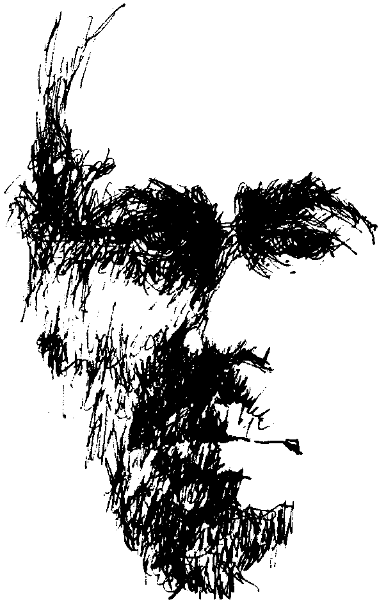


A-2 Anthropologist Arnold Pilling interviews Lawrence (left) and Fred Siterlet at Wayne State University. These people were particularly important to the development of the historic section of the book.

A-3 Gerald Bray.

A-4 William Richardson.

A-5 Richard Hirneisen, photographic editor.



A-6 *Allie McGhee, artist.*

A-8 *George Shanker, historic cartographer.*

A-7 *Robert Ward.*

Remington Rand

A-9 Cassandra Marshall.

A-11 Alfred Schenkman, publisher.

FOREWORD

The purpose of this foreword is to strengthen the science of geography so that we can write more books of service to society.

A two year delay between completion and publication of this book was due to difficulty in obtaining a publisher for such a "controversial" geography. Many fellow geographers from various backgrounds helped: Gilbert White, chairman of the Geography Department at the University of Chicago and the head of the American Friends Service Committee; William Warntz, the conservative geographer and steady friend of academic freedom from Harvard; and most vigorously, Ronald Horvath, the humanist geographer from Michigan State University. The publication of the book became some sort of geographic cause and ultimately Ronald Horvath became the book's "agent" and, at William Warntz's suggestion, moved the team toward Alfred S. Schenkman, the President of Schenkman Publishing Company, Inc., who was understanding of the needs of geographers for maps and photographs and eccentric sizes and formats and, most of all, of the geographers' need to describe the human landscape as they freely see it. This team effort finally allowed me to publish a book about my country in my country.

The problem of structuring the book was originally conceived as being a problem of mixing three media: the author's conceptions, the interviews, and the visuals (photographs, graphs and maps). This "problem of the media" proved false as the patient re-working of the types of materials led to their blending. It became clear that the real problem of the book's structure was the need to present tremendous numbers of facts without interrupting the flow of the story. Many devices were used throughout the book to make this separation, but the most important are the "clusters" of facts, set off from the text by a border, so that the reader can easily skip them to rush on with the wisdom of the story, but at the same time can feel confident that the story is true. The "knowledge," or facts, are conceived as telephone poles holding up the wires of "wisdom." Without the telephone poles of facts, the theories are airy, unsupported and unbelievable.

One of the more important knowledge-wisdom dualities, the map of the farms in the early part of the century found in the front cover fold, was impossible to complete because of exhausted resources. It was to have two portions, a portion of facts and a portion of visual landscape reproduction. Only the fact portion, the "skeleton map," was completed. Perhaps some day another artistic cartographer will complete the other side of George Shenkar's map, the "life map." If so, the picture of the farms in the University of Detroit Archives should be used as aids. The rationale of the complete map, the "skeleton map," on one side and the "life map" on the other, is as follows:

Maps attempt to integrate over time, that is, maps assume an average span of time. This means that nothing that moves is mapped, and therefore property is inherently preferred over humans. Thus, a search for "scientific accuracy" has led again to a disaster for reality, since science is generality, not accuracy. Science is a search for truth, not naked and disconnected facts. In order to restore truth to the map it is therefore necessary to achieve a fiction of accuracy through an assumption, namely, that the map is drawn at an exact instant of time. In this case, the time is June 20, 1915 at 2 p.m. on a sunny day. This fiction freezes the men and horses on the roads, the strawberry pickers in the fields, as well as the crops in rotation and the animals in the pasture. This restores life to the dead map of property.

In order to pay as little a price in accuracy as possible, several precautions were taken when constructing the skeleton map. The period from the turn of the century till the farms were consumed by the city was one of relatively little change so that facts compressed in time over that span represent relatively comparable data, data from the same population. Every scrap of information that could be found was used, especially interviews with ex-farmers and scrutiny of their photographs. Maps drawn by these ex-farmers were compiled and compared in painstaking detail. Each photograph was fully identified and coded and, where possible, the exact spot and angle of the camera mapped. Copies of all photographs from all sources were deposited in the University of Detroit Archives. This skeleton map should appear on the back of the "true map," the "Life map." Despite all this labor, the skeleton map should be treated with some contempt and printed left to right in mirror image so that the life map, if held to the light, shows the skeleton properly keyed on the back side.

The idea of a skeleton map to contain the facts, and the life map to capture the life of the times, is directly inspired by the artist Leonardo de Vinci. It was his study of the skeleton and musculature of the human body that gives his art such vivid life. In direct analogy, it seems that for too long cartographers have been trying to mix the abstract wih the real, doing justice to neither. We hope that the skeleton map provides a basis for the life map. If the skeleton map is of interest for its own sake, it will have to be held to the mirror or copied photographically and inverted for convenient study. It was Miss Susan Cozzen's thought to key the photographs to the map and to the figures. George Shenkar of Detroit painstakingly compiled and artistically developed the skeleton map.

The end product, like science and art, hopes to be more real than facts alone. For instance, in all the interviews not one person's recollection of the homestead barnyards included the outhouse; chicken sheds, corn cribs, smoke houses, on and on, but never an outdoor toilet. Either we are to believe our pioneer forefathers were beyond belief in their self-control, or we must add "false" outhouses to arrive at the Truth. The less Homeric assumption was made. And out of such homey labor it is hoped that the map reader can see the life of a bygone American landscape.

Facts for the skeleton map were gathered from the following historic families: Benjamin C. Addison (Pochert), Betty Arnold (Turner), Elmer Austin (Pochert), Elmer Balow, Mrs. Steven J. Bartush (Addison, Pochert), Mrs. Charles Bedlow (Phillips), Evelyn Brown (Meyer), Mrs. Chester Carpenter (Meyer), Edward Cerveny, Mary Cross (Nemechek), Nettie Cross (Siterlet, Nemechek), Edna Dasher, Raymond Dasher, Henry Diehr, Charles Engell, Mrs. John Engell, George Ann Evans (Greer), Frederick Feole, Iva Fuerst, Ruby Fuerst, Veronica Gibbons (Yelinek), Frank Greer, Harvey Guntzviller, Herbert Guntzviller, Marvin Guntzviller, Ida Henkel (Unser), Chester Henning (Schmidt), Sarah Henning, John Holman, Raymond Honsinger (Schmidt), Mrs. Anthony Horkey, Lillian Kleitch (Diehr), Louise Knatt (Holman), Mrs. Benjamin Kutchey (Horkey), Violet Lezett (Engel), Dorothy Lorentz (Yelinek), Cora Lucas (Balow), Fred Mandilk, Viola Martindale (Barr), Charles Meyer, Howard Meyer, John A. Meyer, Mrs. Sherman R. Miller, III, Mrs. Frank Morrell (Feole, Knowlton), George Mouch, Robert Mouch, Helen Nave (Ford), Clarence Nemechek, Rudolph Nemechek, George O'Leary, Mrs. John O'Leary, Frank Phillips, George Phillips, Lillian Price (Pochert), Rose Pollard (Turner), John Rapp (Meyer), Ethel Riley (Meyer), Marion Roberts (Turner), Fred Schmidt, George Schmidt, Fred Schulze, Frank Seymour, Perry Seymour, Bower Shannon, Hazel Shenn (Engel), Fredrick Siterlet, Lawrence Siterlet, Margaret Staley, Harvey E. Stonehouse (Pochert), Mrs. Charles Treadwell (Meyer), Roy Turner, Gus Unser, Orpah Wilbur (Meyer), Cora Williams, Laura Wilson (Meyer), Anthony Yelinek, Bernard Yelinek, Louis Yelinek.

The author realized that he was writing a geography book, not the original project proposal for the Fitzgerald Community Council, after he had selected a geographic atlas format in order to display properly all the maps and photographs. In the work all the techniques of regional geography manifested themselves: "the core of the region," the necessity of a "boundary zone," "sequence occupance," "the feel of the region," and on and on. A tremendous respect for the power of regional geography filled the author as well as a corresponding rage at regional geographers for not regionalizing urban areas. His feelings generalized into the complaint delivered at the East Lakes Division of the Association of American Geographers meeting at the University of Windsor entitled, "The Nature of Geographers." This evidently unpublishable blast at his friends in the profession contends that "geography is great and why don't geographers do some of it?" We have forgotten more skills (exploration, map projection inventions, navigation, Colonial mathematical geography, historic geography, micro-geography, regional geography) than we remember. What is the sense of adding new knowledge to geography (theoretical geography, mathematical geography, perception) if we are forgetting old knowledge faster than we discover the new? The utility of a science is based on the depth of skills, not modernity for its own sake.

Disciplined objectivity was achieved by insisting on the integrity of the sample of Fitzgerald. While Fitzgerald cannot escape the world, at least it can maintain the dignity of seeing its imprisonment within it through its own eyes. The ultimate obstacle to scientific objectivity is the provincialism of the outlook of the scientist himself. The author's great-grandfather, William Wheeler (after whom both he and his father are named) was possibly half Ojibwa. As a boy his great-grandfather took him to the Old Religion where the older man was an elder who sang and played the drums for the younger worshippers on Sunday morning in Reserve, Wisconsin. Pauline Isham, Ben Diamond, and the La Marr boys were the author's childhood beautiful-woman crush, legendary hero, and playmates, respectively. Great-grandfather Wheeler was a vivid storyteller and filled the author's mind with wonder, admiration and love of Indians. The author might be too bitter toward whites, especially the English upper class, who so needlessly butchered his great-grandfather's people.

But the problem of objectivity does not lie between the author and the book alone. Science does not yet understand the interrelationship between the individual, his sense of purpose, and the social effects of his actions. How these two scales, personal and social, interact is unknown. Therefore, the "personality sketches" in the book were simply inserted when a particular social event swirled around that individual.

A regional study must be done by a geographer who calls the region home. It is impossible to understand a neighborhood without being a neighbor. If a geographer decides to interact with "real people," how will he be received? A scientist is a rarity in most people's lives. People display a mixture of curiosity and suspicion. On one hand, they fear they are being used, exploited, examined, or manipulated; on the other hand, they want the world to hear their story. They also want to see their neighborhood improved. True, the geographer gets a piece of the neighborhood, but then the neighborhood gets a piece of the geographer. Fitzgerald is the first neighborhood in which the author has felt at home since he was five years old and he is making arrangements to be buried in the old Protestant cemetery on Meyer's Road.

Another major technical difficulty is the generalizability of the story What can we learn about America from studying a core region of only one square mile? At first it was thought that especially the historic geography would be very spotty and unrepresentative of America, but discovery after discovery gradually reversed this apprehension. Who could possibly believe that this region was typical of all America? Would one square mile in the middle of Cincinnati or Miami turn up Indians, land speculators, gypsies, black pioneers and so forth? Yes, if it were studied deeply enough. America, as European geographers unfailingly mention, is a spatially startling homogeneous culture, with coast to coast Coca-Cola signs and standardized expressways. Instead of following the geographic tradition of learning little things from a little region, this study attemps to learn big things from a little region. This pretentiousness is the most frightening part of the book. But perhaps it merely reflects the author's deep feelings that locations are relative not unique, that inferences can be drawn from samples and that perhaps as few as ten such studies in various regions of America would explain almost all the rest of America sufficiently to end the need for immediate further effort. And then, why isn't Fitzgerald important? In the spring of 1969, while the author, as a guest lecturer at Harrison-Church's Geography Department at the Royal London School of Economics, was being guided on the streets by John and Jean Shepherd, the group came across a hand-painted slogan on a wall in the Nottingham Hill region of London, "Remember Detroit." It was not exactly "Remember Fitzgerald," but it was perhaps a command not exactly to forget us.

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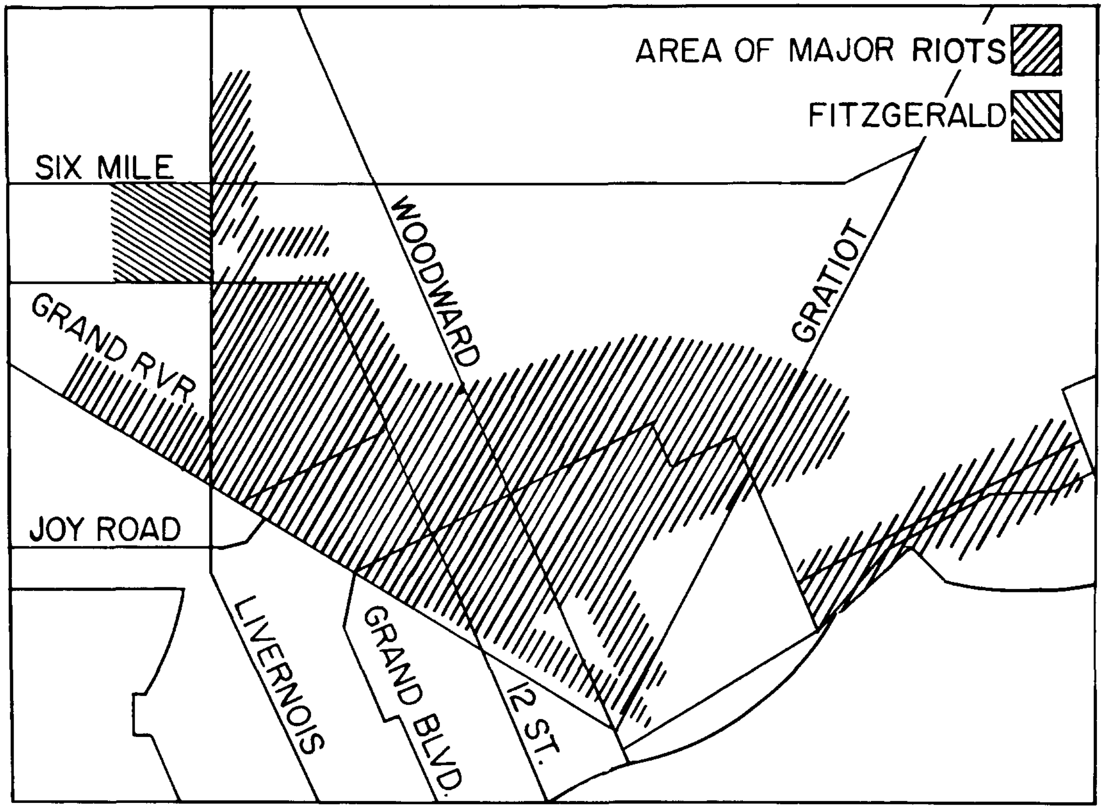
INTRODUCTION

U S ARMY 9A 8071

A tank about four miles south of Fitzgerald, July, 1967. (Courtesy of Detroit Free Press.*)*

July 25, 1967: the soldiers patrol the streets of Fitzgerald in Northwest Detroit to discourage the neighbors from further looting.The Insurrection has shaken the neighborhood and America — yet nobody seems to know what to do. No square mile has been searched for answers to the problem as intensely as the square mile of Fitzgerald, and from Fitzgerald with its 4,240 families an answer is found. The answer is contained in the conclusion, but the reader must not look ahead or he will not fully understand The Lesson. He must struggle through the book to it. The reader must steel himself to face the facts of American life. He must be willing to replace myths with truths, cocktail party flipperies with sober realities; he must be willing to look at our national problems from the varied points of view of its individualistic inhabitants.

The unpreparedness of America is as understandable as it is embarrassing. Americans have been scrambling out of the slums for a couple of centuries and have tried to keep a rosy philosophy in order to maintain their morale in the hard struggle. On the one hand, this has led to a callousness toward those who did not make it, to boosterism, to white-wash; on the other hand, it has led to the optimism necessary for people to try. And it must be conceded that Americans try like the Devil, and that their efforts are often successful. This may



Introduction-1 Fitzgerald was on the northwestern fringes of the area of rebellion.

Introduction-4 An area struck by arson about three miles south of Fitzgerald. (Courtesy of The Windsor Star.*)*

be fortunate, for it takes a great deal of confidence, of proven success, for America itself to say, "OK, enough razzle-dazzle. Let's clean up our unfinished business." Only a very self-confident people can turn around and look at their shortcomings.

Books with grand American themes often examine the Indians of the Great Plains, the white pioneers of Illinois, and the steel mills of Pittsburgh, jumping from one preconceived "typical" geography to another. To study America through spatially disjointed biopsies is to slice its humanity to pieces. The people show no spatial or temporal continuity. But to examine deeply the one square mile of Fitzgerald is to maintain the integrity of the sample, perhaps partially because no really atypical events or personalities emerged here. But a tension arises because of the vast difference in scale between the theme of the book and the size of the geographic unit investigated. Is America really homogeneous enough so that one square mile of it could contain the essential story of the nation itself? Could the outcome here in this little place be that significant, and, like a sample drop of blood, tell the state of health of the total body? Other small regions of the country have declined without indicating disaster, grown without indicating general prosperity. Certainly it would be ridiculous to claim, "as Fitzgerald goes, so goes the nation," and such a claim is not being entered, but still, an uneasy feeling grips the author that if enough of the Fitzgeralds of America fall down, then could not the nation itself? For what is America other than a collection of Fitzgeralds?

It is time to face ourselves, time this big adolescent Disneyland of a country grows up. We must realize that Americans are not God's personal gift to the human race nor are we its executioners. Americans must learn something about themselves, and perhaps they can be helped through this book. The author at least learned much about his native land in writing it, perhaps best summed up in a lesson from Lou Rawls, "I despise you cuz you're filthy, but I love you cuz you're home."

EVENTS IN FITZGERALD'S PAST

pre-1700	The men of nature live in harmony with life as they had for thousands of years.
1816	Joseph P. Fletcher, man of machines, surveys major streets in Fitzgerald. Soon after, the first whites lay claim to the property.
1835	The first white pioneer, Gildersleeve Hurd, settles in the area that is to become the University of Detroit. With his partner, Judge Benjamen Franklin Hawkins Witherell, Hurd begins to sell land on the false claim that it contained iron ore. The pair thus becomes Fitzgerald's first swindlers.
1842	Joseph Siterlet, the first honest white pioneer, settles the area that is to become the St. Francis Church.
1850's	Other "Real Pioneer" families move in. The settlers include Mandilka, Fuerst, Pochert, Plainey, George Phillips, Ballow, Meyers, Engel, and Schulze.
1853	The Siterlet house, the oldest documented house still standing, was built.
1864	James J. Kanada, black pioneer, takes up land on Puritan east of Livernois.
1870	Addie Keyes becomes the first black child in the Livernois School.
1880's	Bohemian families, including the Yelineks, the Bendas, the Horkeys and the Nemecheks, enter the neighborhood. White settlers in this era, other than the Bohemians, include Jacob Phillips, Dasher, Schmidt, Holman, Honsinger, O'Leary, Shannon and Williams.
1888	Sarah Frances Keyes, black woman, dies, returning the neighborhood to people of Asiatic and European heritage exclusively.
1896	Henry Ford drives his first car to his wife's aunt's home.
1915	The machine age hits Fitzgerald, full-blown. Tractors dominate the landscape.
1918	The Seymours, a black family, come into the neighborhood, once again giving it Afro-American representation. Within a few years, other black families, the Greers, Pollards, and Turners, will also settle.
Late 1920's	After much swindling and speculating, subdivision finally hits the neighborhood. The last of the Ojibwas are driven out of Meyer's woods.
1930	The Ku Klux Klan and the Detroit School Board succeed once again in removing African Americans from the neighborhood.
1930's	The Depression and Prohibition rip into the neighborhood.
1960	Reverend David Mitcham and his family enter Fitzgerald, becoming the first in the third wave of black families to settle. Reverend Mitcham is proclaimed to be "The first Negro west of Livernois."
1961	The arrival of the Lamars, the second black family in this third wave, triggers prolonged violence in the neighborhood. Fitzgerald responds by beginning the Fitzgerald Community Council.
1967	Rebellion in Fitzgerald.

The rebellion was strangely human. A boss fesnicki with a mellow fern.

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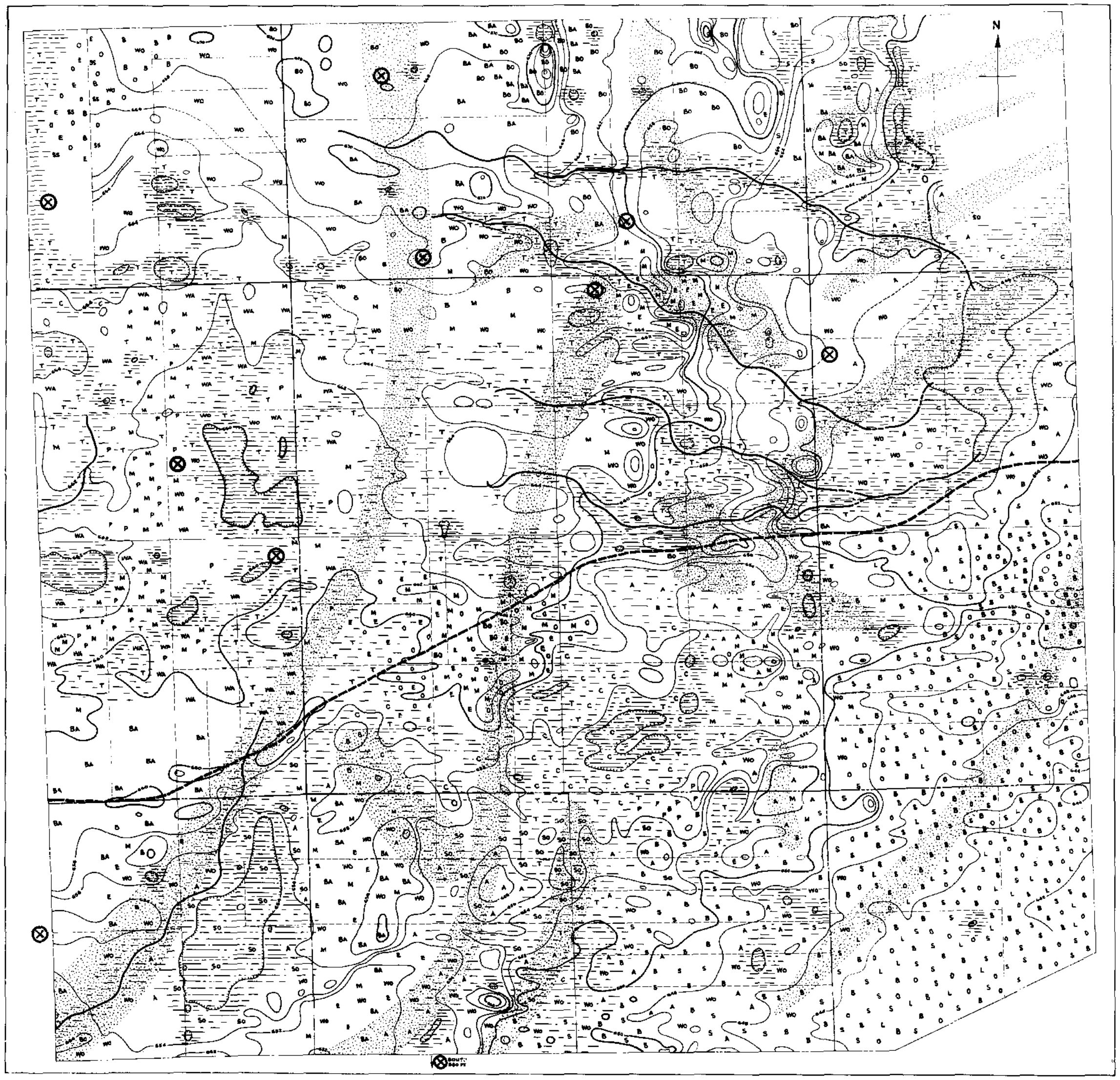
Chapter I: Pioneers — Colored and White

The number of nations that has "pioneered" in Fitzgerald is not known. Working back, we find America, Britain, France and Ojibwa. Then the national identities become murky. If national political units have always been as unstable as they are today, with at least one different nation occupying the same area every hundred years, then Fitzgerald has enjoyed the patriotism of one hundred and twenty different nations since man first occupied it.

American Indians are colored; indeed, they are of the same racial stock as the Chinese. It is pure white prejudice that insists that America was settled from the east. It was invaded from the east. America was settled from Alaska and the Northwest to the South, eventually as far as the tip of South America. Indian pioneers first settled Fitzgerald approximately twelve thousand years ago. They are known as Boreal Archaic, and lived by hunting and gathering. Several Indian sites and trails existed in the Fitzgerald area. Between 1650 and 1679, the Iroquois Indians, based in upper New York State, depopulated Southeastern Michigan through warfare. Remnant Indian bands later drifted into the area; most of these Indians were Ojibwa, or, as they were named by the English, Chippewa. The Indians themselves preferred the name Ojibwa, which was French, to the English name Chippewa, because French rule over the Indians was vastly more humanitarian than English rule. The Ojibwa were well entrenched when white settlers started "blockbusting" in their role of "The Original Pioneers." Ironically enough, it was on the other early roads followed Fletcher's Indian trails that the white pioneers first came into Fitzgerald. Woodward was one such Indian trail, Grand River another. Hubbell Road, a mile and one-half west of Fitzgerald, started as an Indian trail drifting northwest from Grand River.

The first documented whites to enter Fitzgerald were Joseph P. Fletcher, surveyor, and his crew. They arrived in 1816. They went north on Wyoming to the Eight Mile Road, then east to Livernois, and turned south. As they came to McNichols (Six Mile) on the Livernois leg, they


N
STATE OF MICHIGAN
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GREENFIELD TOWNSHIP
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WET LAND, SWAMP, MARSH
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WAYNE SAND RIDGES
REFERENCE FARM PROPERTY LINES
INDIAN TRAIL
INDIAN RELICS
A ASH
B BEECH
BA BLACK ASH
BO BLACK OAK
C CYPRESS
E ELM
L LINDEN
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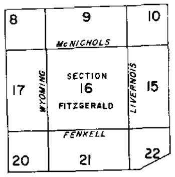
8
9
10
McNICHOLS
17
WYOMING
SECTION
16
FITZGERALD
LIVERNOIS
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FENKELL
20
21
22

I-1

FITZGERALD DISTRICT
UNDER THE
OJIBWA INDIAN NATION
1800

turned west to Wyoming and then back to Livernois. By this back and forth process, Fletcher located the mile and half-mile east-west streets: McNichols (Six Mile), Puritan (Five-and-a-Half Mile) and Fenkell (Five Mile). Thus Fletcher determined the orientation of the neighborhood and the location of many of its streets. Most of the other early roads followed Mr. Fletcher's survey lines.

Pioneers began to come to Fitzgerald on these trails and roads in the middle 1800's. Down through the generations the pioneers' stories were told of the enormity of the wilderness, of the oxen straining on nearly impassable tracks. The first night on the land is long remembered in pioneer families. The Fuersts spent their first night under a tree just across from what is now Fitzgerald School on the south side of Puritan. The next day they made a crude shelter of logs, beginning the long evolution of homesteads, and moved in. Later the Fuersts helped the Pocherts into their forty acres of wilderness on the southwest corner of McNichols and Livernois; the Pocherts in turn spent their first night under a tree. "Real pioneers," these people were called.

But though the white pioneers were sympathetic to each other, they could not extend their sympathies to the Indians. Although first encounters were generally peaceful, the race prejudice displayed by the English Americans against the Indians exceeded any in the nation's history. "The only good Injun is a dead one," they said. They had a special slogan for the Indian children, "Nits make lice." The land was surveyed and divided by the whites for the whites while its colored Indian occupants were simply slaughtered. "Mad Anthony" Wayne — the Heinrich Himmler of the Ojibwa nation — burned their villages. Remnants of the nation were herded into human zoos, euphemistically called "reservations." Today this butchery is proudly recalled as "The Winning of the West." White racism has caused innumerable skirmishes and five violent local revolutions by the colored: 1763 (Pontiac), 1833 (Insurrection of Negroes), 1918 (Second Insurrection of Negroes), 1943 (Belle Isle), and 1967 (General Insurrection). The revolutions were put down, but they all required full federal intervention, and greatly shook the power structure.

Yet, occasionally justice was given the Indians. Fred Schulze's mother worked in Detroit as the maid for a judge before she pioneered on Meyer's Road just north of McNichols. Fred Schulze tells how his mother's employer married an Indian woman:

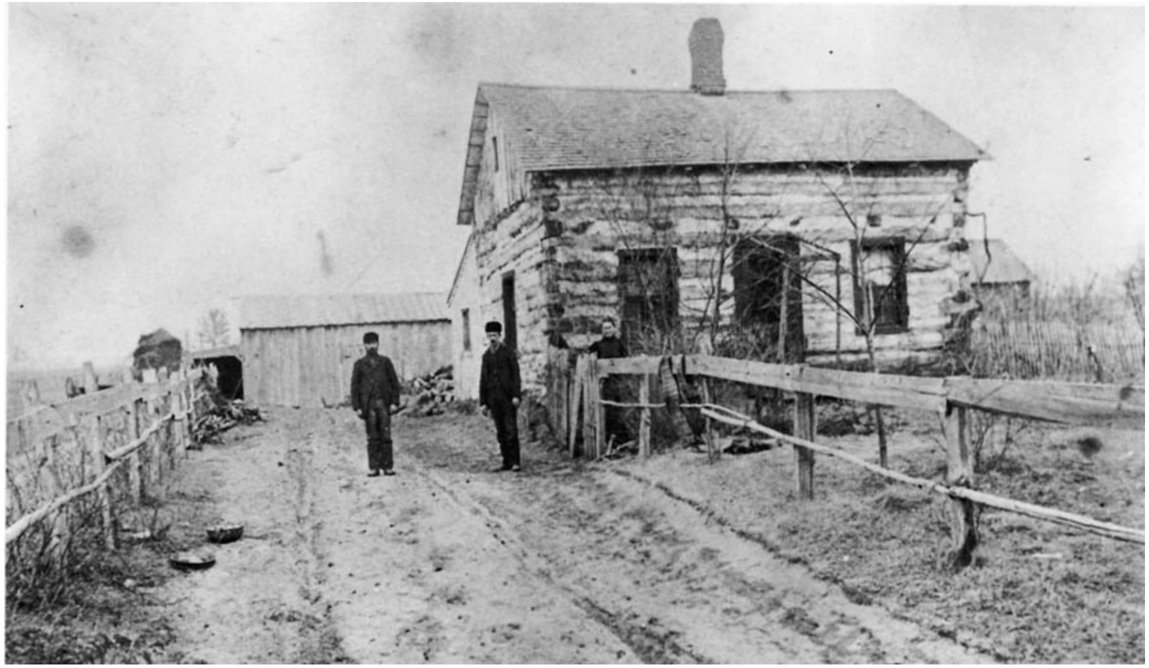
In 1866, my mother worked in town for a judge who was sixty. She was thirteen. He was sent to the Upper Peninsula. While there he got an Indian girl, sixteen, in trouble. Three Indians came down to Detroit and to the judge's door and knocked at the door at nine o'clock at night. They asked my mother if the judge were in. She said, "Yes," and they came right in. They asked where he was and she said, "Sleeping upstairs." And she showed the Indians to his room and showed them in. All three Indians raised tommyhawks. They said, "You have a child. Do you want to marry his mother?" And he said, "Yes."

The judge was true to his word and married the girl and raised his son as a full son who later held public office as a sheriff.

And, even in those days of hot racial hatred, individual human beings would meet and marry — because of love, not Indian tommyhawks. Probably the first interracial marriage in Fitzgerald was between the pioneer Mandilka, a German, and an Indian maiden. They settled on the northeast corner of Wyoming and McNichols, immediately north of the future Marygrove campus.

I-3 Many families saved Indian artifacts that were turned over behind plows. Considering how very few possessions were saved (only an occasional oxen shoe or lead bulletmaker) it must be assumed that relics of the original colored men of Fitzgerald were (ironically) almost religiously prized.

The Indian scrapers and axes shown here were found by the Meyer family immediately south of Fitzgerald, and were contributed to Wayne State University.



I-2 The Mandilka log house in 1890, which was located immediately north of what is now Marygrove College. The lady is Grandmother Mandilka and is probably of Ojibwa nationality. (This picture is key numbered 200038. This key number is located on the front of the photograph and is in the University of Detroit archives. In subsequent historic photographs, the key number appears parenthetically at the end of the caption.)

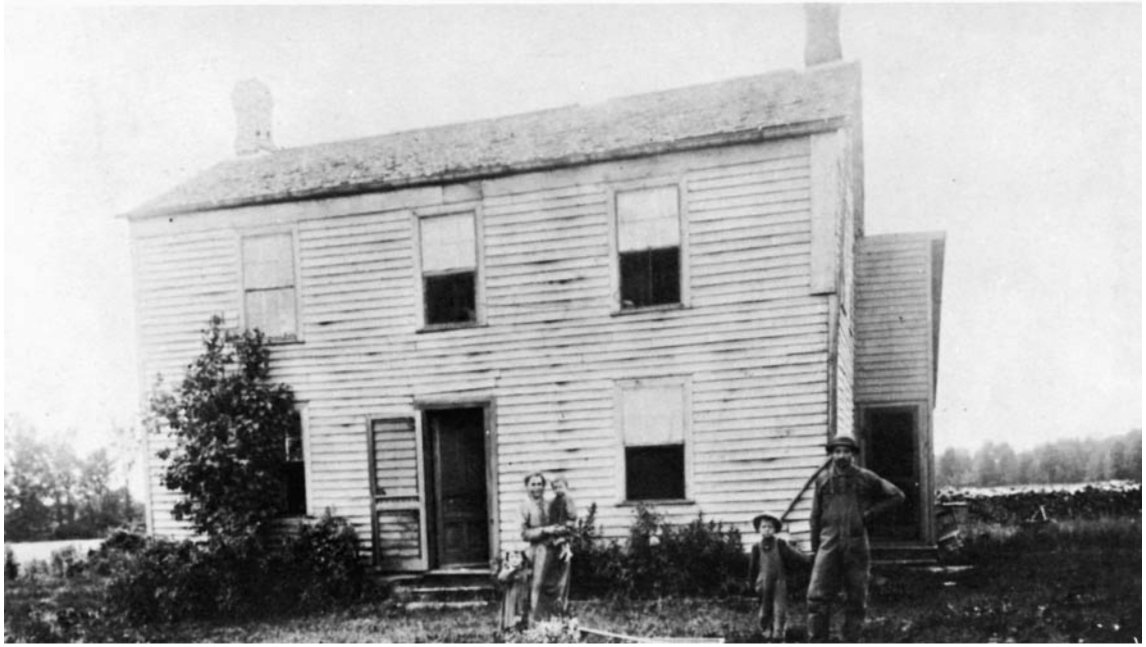
And too, when the remnants of the Ojibwa group that had been violently thrown out of Fitzgerald in the first white "urban renewal" project returned illegally in the 1850's, living as squatters with no legal rights to their own land, they often met kindness. The new settlers traded with the Indians. One band, whose camp was centered on what is now the intersection of Ohio and Marygrove, traded with Joseph Siterlet. Joseph's grandson, Fred, tells the story:

When my grandfather first got married and lived in the old house, in the winter when the snow was deep and the Indians had trouble finding game and their larder went down, they would come over and ask for corn. He always gave them the corn they wanted without argument. As soon as the weather broke and the snow settled or was hard enough to walk on, the Indians would hunt and put a deer on grandfather's front door as if to say, "Here. This is for your corn." They would just leave it there and go.

The Siterlet House

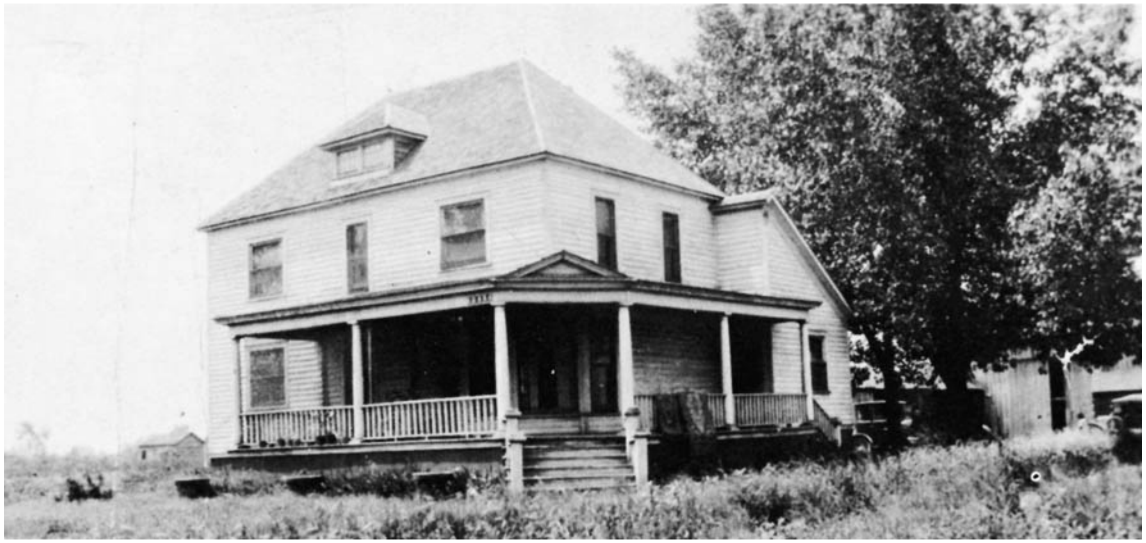
The Siterlet House was built in 1853. Now 118 years old, the house is the oldest documented house in the region. The basement still contains the original one-foot-thick, pioneer rounded oak beams.

Most of the pioneers lived off the land like the Indians, and like the Indians they gathered berries and went hungry when they found nothing; deer, bear, wild turkey, fox, wildcat, raccoon, squirrel, fowl, and fish were abundant at first. However, some of the pioneers chose to live not off the land, but off the naiveté of other people — not only the Indians, but white settlers too. The very first pioneer in Fitzgerald, Gildersleeve Hurd, made his living by swindling other white pioneers.



I-4 The Siterlet house first stood near the corner of Snyder Road (Wyoming) and Kanada Road (Puritan). In this 1898 picture, the pile of cord wood, the garden in the front yard, the uncleaned woods in the background, and the lack of trees around the house despite their gift of shade, point to the continuing battle against the forest even at this late date. It was at the front door of this house that the Ojibwa band from Burrel's (Marygrove) Woods dropped deer meat in barter for corn. Frederick Siterlet stands next to his father.

I-5 The same house in 1918 with a new roof line, basement, porch, windows, and siding. The frontier look is completely gone, and two cars are visible in the barnyard.



I-6 The house was moved in 1922 to its present site, 16784 Turner, just south of McNichols.

Hurd and Witherell: The Pioneer Syndicate

Gildersleeve Hurd was the first white pioneer in the region. Arriving from Fair Haven, Vermont in Detroit in 1826, he settled up the entire area of what was to become the University of Detroit (*from* McNichols *to* Puritan *and from* Livernois *to* Fairfield) in 1835. He would seem to be a perfect pioneer with all the red, white and blue credentials. He was a portrait artist, and one of his portraits, of Mrs. James Witherell, is held today by the Detroit Historical Society.

Gildersleeve Hurd had followed his brother, Dr. Ebenezer Hurd, to Detroit. Dr. Hurd seems a brave man:

One summer evening in 1858 Dr. Hurd's daughter Elizabeth was crossing the railroad bridge which spans the avenue at Dequindre Street. Suddenly a colored man of herculean build emerged on the bridge from the abutment below and, pointing across the river, said, "I want to get over there. I want to be free."

Elizabeth went home and informed her father, who immediately put on his hat and coat and sallied forth. He took the fugitive up the river to Pitts Lumber Yard and procured a boat. The fugitive said he could row. He pulled out of the slip with superhuman energy and the boat went swiftly across the river. The doctor watched the boat until it was out of sight, and went home with the consciousness of a good deed well done.
(The Sunday News-Tribune, *October 25, 1896.*)

Dr. Ebenezer Hurd, abolitionist, was also Fitzgerald's first doctor and probably its best. He married a Witherell of that distinguished Revolutionary War family after whom a downtown street is named; another marriage in the family united the Palmers with the Witherell-Hurds. All this points to a neighborhood pioneer family history of culture, patriotism, and humanism; but it is not the full story.

The incident of the runaway at the bridge also involved Dr. Ebenezer Hurd's brother-in-law Judge Benjamin Franklin Hawkins Witherell. Before going to her father, Elizabeth Hurd had

I-7 Judge Benjamen Franklin Hawkins Witherell, alias Big Fat Hog Witherell. President, Michigan Historic Society. Michigan Supreme Court Justice. Swindler and racist. Fitzgerald's first businessman.

gone to Witherell, as *The Sunday News-Tribune* had also reported:

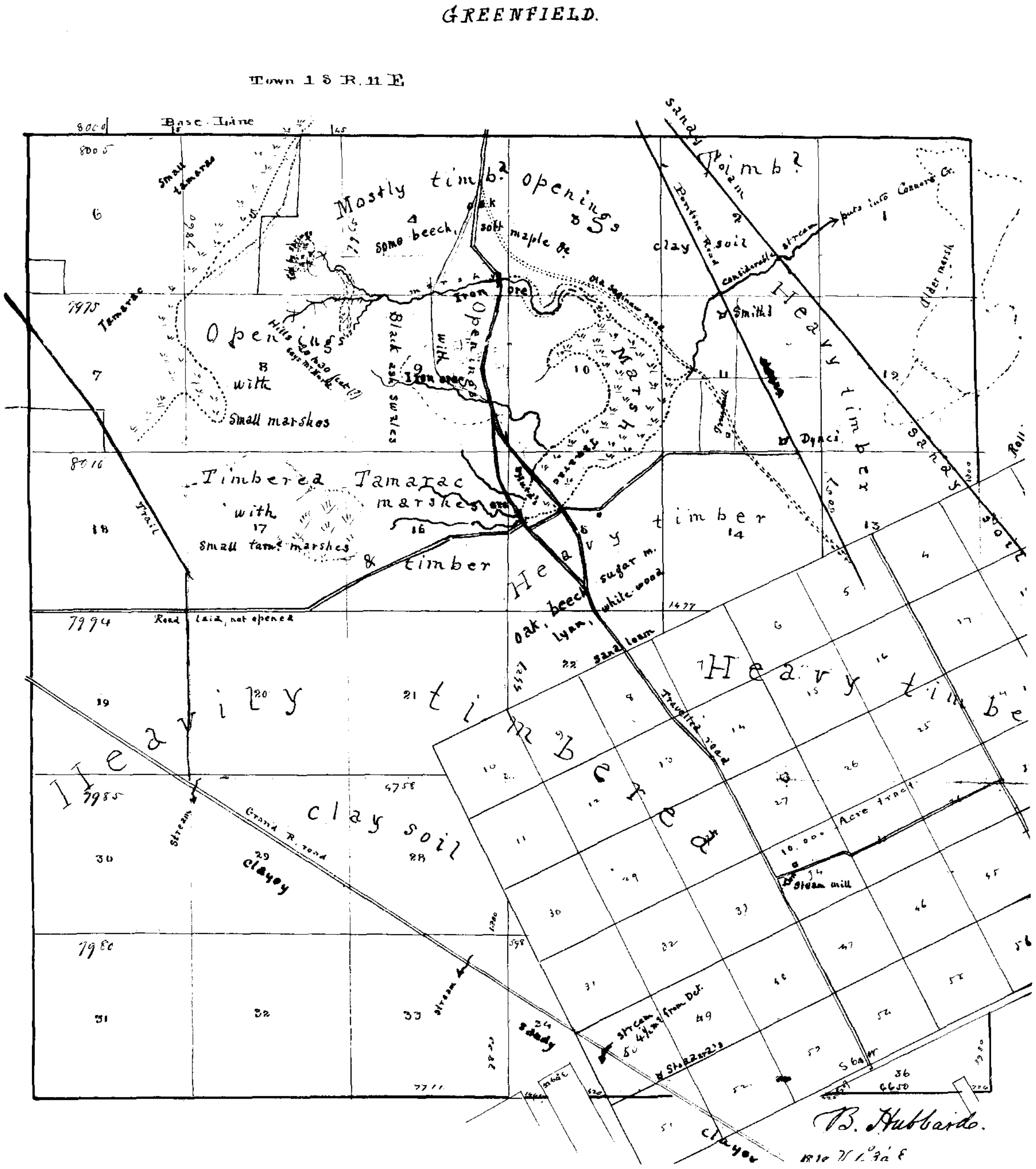
After a moment's thought she concluded not to summon her father, who was then seventy-nine years of age and generally exhausted after his daily round of calls. So she went to the house of her uncle, B. F. H. Witherell, which was close by. She found her uncle at home and asked him to get the slave across the river. "What!" said the judge sternly, "Go home. You must not talk to me that way."

Judge Witherell was a Copperhead, a Northerner with slave-holding sympathies. The Copperheads in Detroit succeeded in burning down the black ghetto in 1863 as part of their "fire in the rear" policy, best exemplified by the "draft riots" in New York in the same year. In 1860, Witherell publicized a one-sided history of an 1833 black rebellion in Detroit in an attempt to create an atmosphere of fear and racism on the eve of the Civil War. Part of the account of the rebellion reads as follows:

During the revolt, the lives and property of the citizens were jeopardized to an extent which rendered it necessary for the Common Council and the Mayor to solicit aid and protection of government troops from Fort Gratiot.

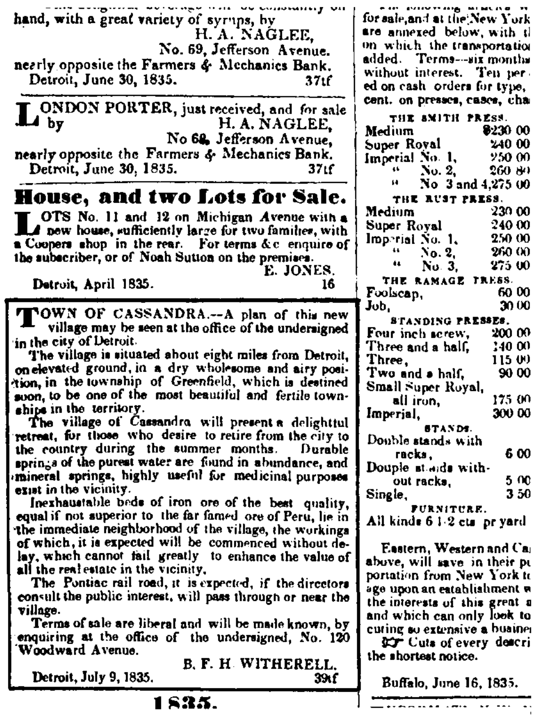
Sheriff Wilson had been dangerously wounded in the execution of his duties. An old Negress, carrying a white rag on the top of a pole, is said to have led a motley crew of Negroes, under her flag, through the principal streets of the city. At length the troops were reported approaching the city and a general scramble for Canada was the result.

The actual historic facts, as opposed to Witherell's one-sided account, are that in July of 1833 a runaway couple who had been in Detroit for over a year was caught by the local sheriff and jailed for shipment South. A black woman visited the wife in jail and changed places, freeing the woman. "They all looked alike," even in those days. The next morning the


GREENFIELD.
Town 1 S R 11 E
Base Line
Mostly timbd openings
Some beech, soft maple &c
Openings with Small marshes
Black ash swales
Iron ore
ore
Openings with Marshes
Timbered Tamarac marshes with small tamr marshes & timber
Heavy timber
oak, beech, sugar m., lynn, white-wood
sandy loam
Heavy timber
Heavily timbered
clay soil
Clayey
Sandy
Trail
Road laid, not opened
Grand R. road
Stream
Steam mill
10,000 Acre tract
Sandy loam
clay soil
Smith
Hurd's
B. Hubbard.

1-8 This manuscript map by Bela Hubbard, completed around 1835, is a true pioneer map. It shows the future Fitzgerald as Section 16 in Greenfield Township under the notation "Tamarac marshes and timber." In the extreme northwest corner of Section 15, notice the homestead marked "Hurd's."

On the map there are two references to "iron ore" and one to "ore." These so-called "ore" deposits were salted cleverly near, but not quite on, Hurd's land or Witherell's ((unmarked land immediately east of Hurd's place).



hand, with a great variety of syrups, by

H. A. NAGLEE,
No. 69, Jefferson Avenue.
nearly opposite the Farmers & Mechanics Bank.
Detroit, June 30, 1835. 37tf

LONDON PORTER, just received, and for sale by

H. A. NAGLEE,
No 68, Jefferson Avenue,
nearly opposite the Farmers & Mechanics Bank.
Detroit, June 30, 1835. 37tf

House, and two Lots for Sale.

LOTS No. 11 and 12 on Michigan Avenue with a new house, sufficiently large for two families, with a Coopers shop in the rear. For terms &c enquire of the subscriber, or of Noah Sutton on the premises.

E. JONES.
Detroit, April 1835. 16

TOWN OF CASSANDRA.--A plan of this new village may be seen at the office of the undersigned in the city of Detroit.

The village is situated about eight miles from Detroit, on elevated ground, in a dry wholesome and airy position, in the township of Greenfield, which is destined soon, to be one of the most beautiful and fertile townships in the territory.

The village of Cassandra will present a delightful retreat, for those who desire to retire from the city to the country during the summer months. Durable springs of the purest water are found in abundance, and mineral springs, highly useful for medicinal purposes exist in the vicinity.

Inexhaustable beds of iron ore of the best quality, equal if not superior to the far famed ore of Peru, lie in the immediate neighborhood of the village, the workings of which, it is expected will be commenced without delay, which cannot fail greatly to enhance the value of all the real estate in the vicinity.

The Pontiac rail road, it is expected, if the directors consult the public interest, will pass through or near the village.

Terms of sale are liberal and will be made known, by enquiring at the office of the undersigned, No. 120 Woodward Avenue.

B. F. H. WITHERELL.
Detroit, July 9, 1835. 39tf

1835.

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for sale,and at the New York
are annexed below, with t
on which the transportatio
added. Terms---six months
without interest. Ten per
ed on cash orders for type,
cent. on presses, cases, cha

THE SMITH PRESS.

Medium	$230 00
Super Royal	240 00
Imperial No. 1,	250 00
" No. 2,	260 00
" No 3 and 4,	275 00

THE RUST PRESS.

Medium	230 00
Super Royal	240 00
Imperial No. 1,	250 00
" No. 2,	260 00
" No. 3,	275 00

THE RAMAGE PRESS.

Foolscap,	60 00
Job,	30 00

STANDING PRESSES.

Four inch screw,	200 00
Three and a half,	140 00
Three,	115 00
Two and a half,	90 00
Small Super Royal, all iron,	175 00
Imperial,	300 00

STANDS.

Double stands with racks,	6 00
Douple stands without racks,	5 00
Single,	3 50

FURNITURE.

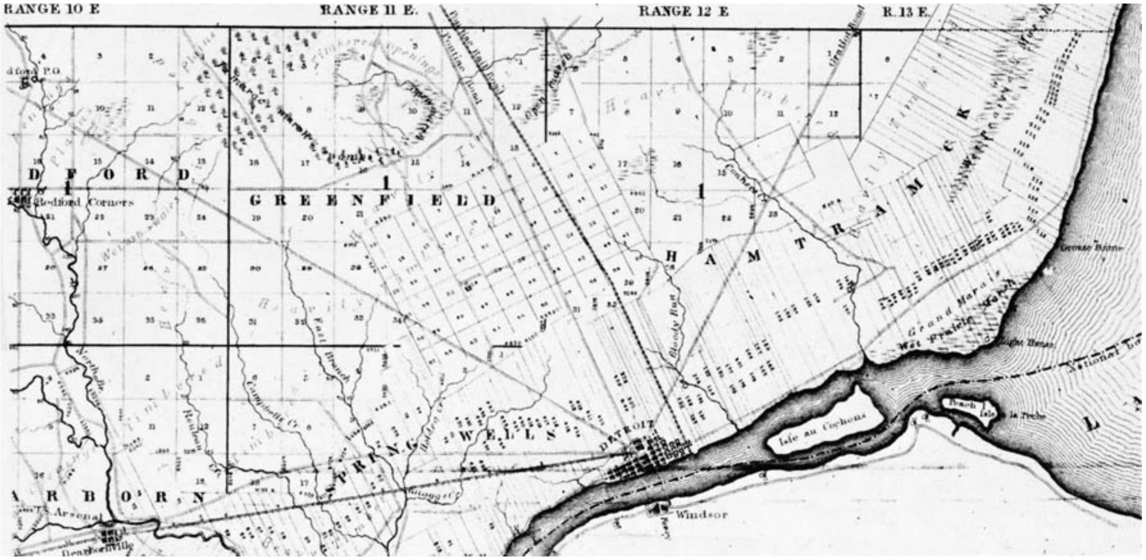
All kinds 6 1-2 cts pr yard

Eastern, Western and Ca
above, will save in their p
portation from New York t
age upon an establishment w
the interests of this great a
and which can only look to
curing so extensive a busine
☞ Cuts of every descri
the shortest notice.

Buffalo, June 16, 1835.

I-9 A Detroit newspaper advertisement in 1835 to sell land in Cassandra.

I-10 This 1840 map by Higgins shows the region that is to become Fitzgerald as section 16 in Greenfield Township, under the word "swamp." The distance to Detroit, a small settlement on the river, was nine miles by the nearly impassable roads of the day.



husband was freed by the entire black population, armed to the teeth, who slew the resisting deputy sheriff and seriously injured the sheriff, literally at the southbound stagecoach. This black rebellion ended the hunt for fugitive slaves in Michigan.

Judge Witherell also purchased a large tract to the immediate east of what is today the University of Detroit (McNichols to Puritan, Fairfield to Log Cabin.) He set up his brother-in-law, Gildersleeve Hurd on the very land which was to become the University of Detroit, then the two worked on a flim-flam:

> *Judge B. F. H. Witherell was a speculator in north Woodward property. He laid out a big parcel of property into lots, in section 15 of the township of Greenfield, about nine miles from the city hall. They called it Cassandra. He had a wicked partner (Gildersleeve Hurd) who sought to stimulate the sale of lots in an illegitimate manner. This "w.p." sent down to Ohio and procured several wagon loads of iron ore, which was brought to the subdivision and half-buried in the land. Subsequently the iron was "found" and the newspapers of the day, in advertising Cassandra, dilated on its mineral rocks.* (Detroit News Tribune, *October 28, 1900.)*

Thus, the first white Fitzgerald landowners, Hurd and Witherell, were swindlers, and Witherell was also a racist of treasonable proportions. Nor were Witherell's contempories fooled. Wags of the town had a nickname for the portly judge, B. F. H. "Big Fat Hog" Witherell; Witherell, of course, had bankrolled the job. But for all the public scandal, the two robber barons got away with it. Witherell became Michigan Supreme Court Justice, President of the Michigan Historic Society (of which both Hurds were prominent members), and died with great public honor, elaborate tribute from the Michigan Bar and, most of all, with wealth. Hurd, his muscle, had $3,000 worth of property in 1850, a tremendous amount for that day.

At this time the area was a wilderness, a jungle of swamps, brush, and forest, marked only by a few badly constructed roads. Horses were useless. Only oxen could stand the roughness. Though no one, absolutely no one, who personally participated in the brutal labor and hardship of the early years recalled it with fondness, to the detached observer the effort was as exciting as a Daniel Boone adventure. A rough log cabin would be built, and then the land would be cleared. Fred Siterlet recalls his grandfather's days:

Every winter they would clear more land. They would keep piling the brush up and they would always save a certain amount of brush for night fires. They would light the brush after dark, and, when the flames had blazed up and thrown light, the wolves would start calling one another from the woods, from the deep woods. One would call from a short distance, and another would answer farther away, and eventually there would be a circle of shiny eyes all around this clearing. My grandparents would sit in the house and watch it. They did not eat wolf meat and they were not interested in the hides, so they did not do any shooting unless the wolves were troublesome. There were many wolves around in those days.

In order to raise hogs to provide meat for the table, they had to build a pen, not only to keep the hogs in but also to keep the bears out. They used to dig a trench possibly three feet deep, lay down logs, build those walls up possibly six feet high, tie them in at the corners and then roof it over with logs. In that way the bears would have to chew through those logs, which was practically impossible. Many, many times they would go out to the pens in the morning and find holes dug along the side of the wall; the bears had been trying to get under the wall, but the wall went down so far the bears could not get at the pigs.

Mrs. Mary Basançon of the Twelfth Street (Fenkell) Phillips family writes of the old days:

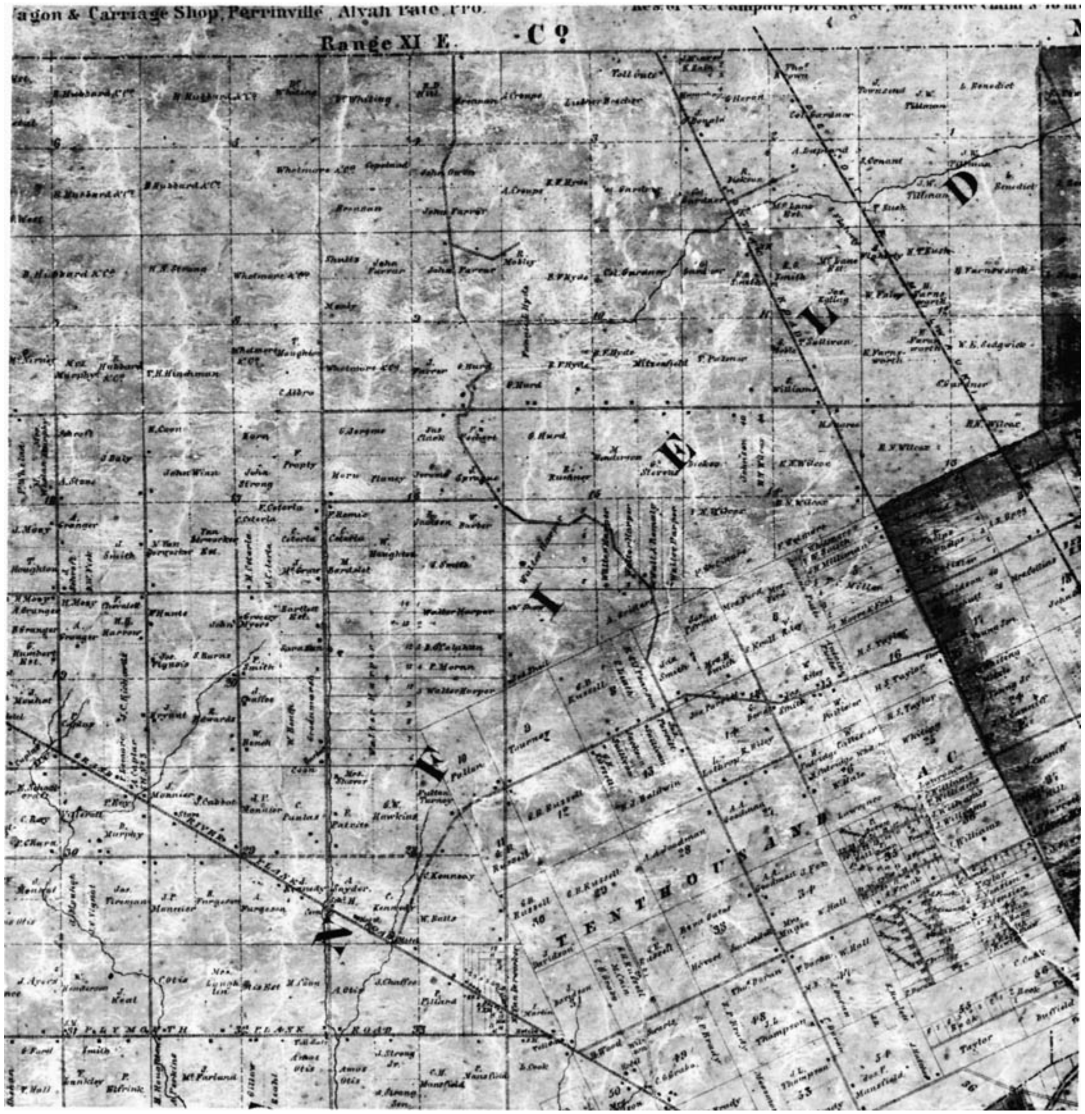
I-11 "Old John" Yelinek on his farm, just north of McNichols on Pennington, about 1910. "Old John" is holding the gun his father had used to kill a bear who had been attacking "Old John," many years before, when he was a boy.

I have heard tell about the bear and deer being plentiful. Wild turkey would come and eat with the chickens. I heard one old lady tell about blazing a trail from Detroit out Plymouth Road. Her father, Amos Otis, built a log cabin around 1835. For quite a while they had no door until he could get the lumber sawed to make one. They used to build a bonfire at night to keep the wolves away and, if they came too close, her mother used to blow a tin horn to scare them away. They had a cow and, when they were cutting trees, one fell on the cow and killed it. Her little calf wandered too far from the house and the wolves got it.

The settlers made their own maple sugar and syrup. Toward the last of the winter, they would ration it out to make it last until the next time the sap ran. They planted the potatoes around stumps until they could get the land cleared. It was hard work from sun up till sun down. Most everyone had a small pasture on the farm. I can remember one man having a team of oxen. I remember Mr. Bardolet using a cradle and a reaper.

Bears could be shot from the front door of Feole's cabin on the north side of Puritan, opposite from where Fitzgerald School now stands. The bears were safe when they were well fed, but they were extremely dangerous when hungry, so everyone would yield the right-of-way to them on a trail. Around 1890 the senior Yelinek shot the last bear. This bear was attacking his son just northwest of the McNichols and Livernois corner.

The landscape changed rapidly under the impact of the farmers, who had settled ninety-nine



1-12 Fitzgerald-to-be, "north Greenfield," on this 1860 Geil map. The Siterlets (spelled "Ceterla" on the map) had settled up their land. Hurd's family still held considerable land. F. Pochert, M. Henderson, John Meyer Planey were names destined to linger but the others, largely absentee owners, would rapidly fade. The road that was to become Livernois originally was an extension of the road that was to become 12th Street. Livernois still snaked all over the map but the Indian trail of the 1835 map was already straightened — it was to become Puritan.

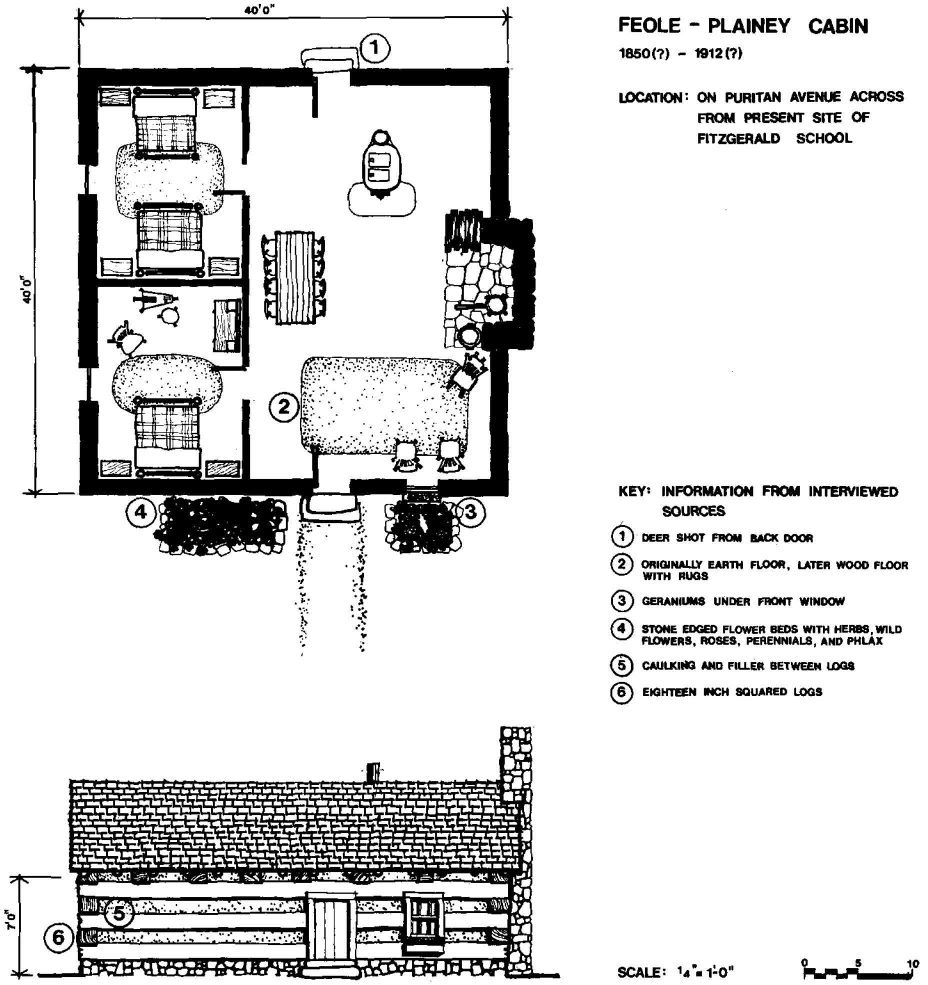
farms in the township of Greenfield (of which Fitzgerald is approximately three percent) by 1850, and 203 farms by 1860. These farmers soon destroyed most of the forest cover. In Greenfield Township 11,230 logs were sawed in 1850, but only 5,510 were sawed in 1860. Some logging continued up to the 1920's. The tamarack swamp on the University of Detroit was lumbered by John Rumsey, who set up a sawmill in the neighborhood. Mill Ray built a sawmill on the northwest corner of Meyer's Road and Six Mile (McNichols). Many small mills were scattered throughout the farms. The first farmers also drained the swamps, and this too altered the appearance of Fitzgerald. The drainage problem has never been completely solved, as basement flooding and sewer backing in summer downpours confirm each year. Once the land was logged and drained, the stump grubbing began. Fred Siterlet again:

After the logs were used up and the tops of trees were burned, the stumps were removed with pick and shovel and a team of oxen. The stumps were burned. Then the "small section," one-quarter acre, could be planted with crops, usually potatoes, corn and cabbage. By continuing this method for approximately twenty-five to thirty years, the farm was cleared of woods.

Gradually logging evolved into a new industry, the making of charcoal. Charcoal was a much more valuable product than wood and was light enough to be economically transported to Detroit, some eight or nine miles distant. In winter, when field work was impossible, the frozen trees could be cut easily and the logs snaked by oxen through the forest on the slippery snow. The wood was also cut and piled in this season. Later in the year a pit as big as a house and several feet deep would be dug on a dry and sandy place, often the pit site of pre-historic Indians who also sought out the dryness. The logs would be placed in the pit in a teepee-like pattern, and would be covered with straw and then with a foot of sand. A fire would be started that would smolder for days. If a flame ate its way through the cover, sand had to be shoveled onto the blaze to smother it. The pit required constant watching. After several days, the fire was put out and the charcoal raked loose from the sand and hauled into town, where it sold for twenty-five cents a bushel. Charcoal making was dangerous work. In 1900 "Old Jake" Phillips was nearly roasted alive when the pit collapsed beneath him; the accident ended the industry in the neighborhood.

The pioneers had almost no schooling past reading and writing. Primary grade schools, called common schools, came with the pioneers, though they were so widely scattered as to require some children to walk three and one-half miles each way. The problem of high school drop-outs did not exist, since all dropped out before high school. The total monthly budget in 1850 for the entire Greenfield Township school system of eleven schools was $272. Each school had one teacher and the average pupil-teacher ratio was 49:1. Unfortunately, 121 years of progress has made little dent in this ratio. Children east of what is now the alley between Cherrylawn and Ohio in Fitzgerald went to the Greenfield School No. 11 or Livernois School, now the site of the St. Francis Club immediately opposite the University of Detroit. To the west of that line the children attended Greenfield School No. 2 or Meyer's School, now called Edward Guest School, on Fenkell and Meyers. But both of these schools drew pupils from miles around. The Fitzgerald portion of Livernois School was only about one seventh of the school's total district. In 1865, Livernois School had seventy-five pupils and a typical monthly school budget of $34.50. Meyer's School had an enrollment of fifty-four students and a monthly budget of $24.84. The "Annual Report of School Inspectors of the Township of Greenfield, 1861," is most interesting, especially because of the inspector's misspellings:

Remarks of Visiting Inspector — Please state the general condition of thc schools in respect to; Ist Good order; 2d Morals and behavior; 3d,


FEOLE - PLAINEY CABIN
1850(?) - 1912(?)
LOCATION: ON PURITAN AVENUE ACROSS FROM PRESENT SITE OF FITZGERALD SCHOOL
40'0"
40'0"
7'0"
KEY: INFORMATION FROM INTERVIEWED SOURCES
① DEER SHOT FROM BACK DOOR
② ORIGINALLY EARTH FLOOR, LATER WOOD FLOOR WITH RUGS
③ GERANIUMS UNDER FRONT WINDOW
④ STONE EDGED FLOWER BEDS WITH HERBS, WILD FLOWERS, ROSES, PERENNIALS, AND PHLAX
⑤ CAULKING AND FILLER BETWEEN LOGS
⑥ EIGHTEEN INCH SQUARED LOGS
SCALE: 1/4" = 1'-0"
0
5
10

I-13 A floor plan of "Old Lady" Feole's log cabin. Of all the pioneers, easily the best and most fondly remembered was "Old Lady" Feole. She was beloved, kind to children, neat as a pin. She fed cakes to all the neighborhood kids and they were all welcome in her home. Among the original pioneers, with her first husband, Plainey, she "cleared the land with oxen, grub hoe and pick." She smoked a clay pipe and chewed tobacco (War Path brand), which made her teeth as black as tar, like an Appalachian's. Indeed, Appalachians are not a different set of Americans; they are the pioneers who were left behind. They are what we were.

I-14 1915. "Uncle Jack" (John) Williams is standing on the left. "Uncle Jack" was a Civil War veteran and Indian fighter. This cabin stood on the Marygrove College campus near what is now the main gate. Not only do all humans have some humble ancestors, all geographic sites include some humble historic land use: "Uncle Jack" hunted and skinned so many skunks that he was known as "Skunky Williams," and his place as "The Skunk Farm."
He was "not much of a man to work." His wife worked terribly hard and had thirteen children, seven of whom lived. It was after her death that he moved from a farm into this cabin, a sort of middle-aged bucolic hippie. Wild and wonderful behavior shook his cabin and delighted neighborhood boys. Once "Uncle Jack" went after the cat, rousing the dog, putting the whole place in an uproar and ultimately exciting the dog to jump clear through the window. As his free spirit moved him, the veteran would fire his rifle in the cabin to knock off the heads of matches or to drive nails into the wall.

Progress in scholarship; 4th Regular attendance. "In answer to the above inquiries the order of the schools is passably good. Morals and behavior out of School not as good as will be desired but generally civil and 3d in many of the Schools good Proficientcy has been made in those studies and 4th the schools are well attended in the winter season but quite irregular in the summer."

To term summer attendance "irregular" is to understate considerably. School attendance was practically zero during the growing season when all hands were called to the family fields to prevent starvation the next winter.

The pioneers were exceedingly poor by today's standards. They scratched for a living. In the beginning they had just oxen and some hogs and chickens, like the "hillbillies" of Appalachia today. For instance, "Old Lady" Feole smoked a pipe and went barefoot, Mammy Yokum style. Pioneers would make what extra money they could by butchering a calf, carrying vegetables into Detroit, or working as laborers in Detroit, in addition to charcoal burning and logging. In 1850, the average monthly wage of a farm hand with board was $10.00 for a sixteen hour day, six day work week. A day laborer with board made four bits and without board six bits, while a skilled carpenter without board made $1.25 a day. The weekly wage for a hired girl with board was one dollar. All pioneers simply had to have some cash for cloth (though some homespun cloth was made), salt, grinding flour, and for steel tools, like plow tips, which were necessary for farming. Taxes were also collected, but extremely destitute farmers were allowed tax delinquency.

What is known today as "soul food" was familiar to the Caucasian pioneers. Poor people will eat almost anything. Fred Siterlet describes the consumption of the hog.

Hogs were killed as they were needed for meat. The hams and bacon were smoked to preserve them from spoiling. The ears, tail, jowls, and meat off the head were made into head cheese. The feet were cleaned and cooked and used for pickled pigs' feet. The intestines were used in making sausage casings. Blood was saved to make a kind of blood sausage. The only thing lost was the squeal.

These poor and spirited people, who did not feel poor, had a rough rule of thumb: fifty dollars and a barrel of flour would get the family through the winter. Some of the farmers in the Bohemian settlement on Livernois, to the immediate northwest of Kanada's place, had to kill rabbits in the winter not for sport, but to eat, to live. The Siterlets were so poor that Mrs. Siterlet proudly volunteered as the family beast of burden. She would balance a half-bushel of potatoes on her head, pick up a half-bushel in each hand and walk to the market, which in those days was at Cadillac Square, ten and one-half miles away. The cracks in the Engels' cabin were so bad that snow would cover sleeping children's beds during the winter blizzards. Diseases were hideous. The children died like flies. Often huge families of fifteen or sixteen would be all but wiped out by tuberculosis, then called consumption. At first there were no doctors, just midwives. One of the Siterlet women and a Ballow woman were midwives for the whole community, which stretched for miles in those days. When men were injured, and there were many accidents in this rough life, they dabbed at their wounds and prayed. People died for reasons that were not understood. As late as 1879 the death certificates for Greenfield Township listed such strange causes of death as "rupture of the bowels," "paralysis," "old age," "spasms," "cramps," "fits," "inflamation on the brain," "cancer in the stomach" and "brain fever." Perhaps the saddest entry in the health records is that of Henry Siterlet who was declared insane at forty-three and kept ten years in the Wayne County Asylum, until 1880. He was adjudged nonviolent. He had epilepsy!

But life was not entirely grim and even the early days saw humor and progress. Eva Fuerst tells of her father's and grandfather's times:

My mother went to a real red school house. The children sat on planks. They had to watch and not sit on the ends or some of the boys would get up and tip them over. That was where Longfellow School is now.

Farmers all would say when they met each other in the fall of the year, "Got your cider made yet?" One night grandfather said to grandmother, "Listen to it rain!" The bung had come out of the cider barrel — that was the rain.

My Grandfather was the first one in the neighborhood to have a coal stove. When the farmers came home from town they would all get in the first wagon and visit and the other horses would follow. When they heard about the new coal stove they all stopped by to see it.

Siterlet's pioneer farm on 12th Street (Fenkell) was typical of the more prosperous ones. By 1850 he had twenty acres improved and 100 acres unimproved. The total value of his place was $700. He had $40 in machines and $125 in livestock (one horse, two milch cows, two oxen, two other cattle, four swine). In 1849 he grew 20 bushels of Indian corn, 40 bushels of oats, 200 bushels of Irish potatoes and only 2 tons of hay. His wife churned 150 pounds of butter. 1849 was a bad year for the farmers. The wheat crop was off one-third, the potato one-half. But then, these crops never did do too well in the area; wheat averaged only 15 bushels per acre and potatoes only 150 bushels.

Life was hard but getting better. By his own hand a man could make his dreams come true, could see the achievement of his life's work. But not for all. Some people, in addition to the Indians, were being systematically held back: the black people.

"Go West, young man, go West" applied to the South as well as to the North. White and black Southerners moved westward on their particular geographic latitudes. Half the continent was cleared and "civilized" by blacks.

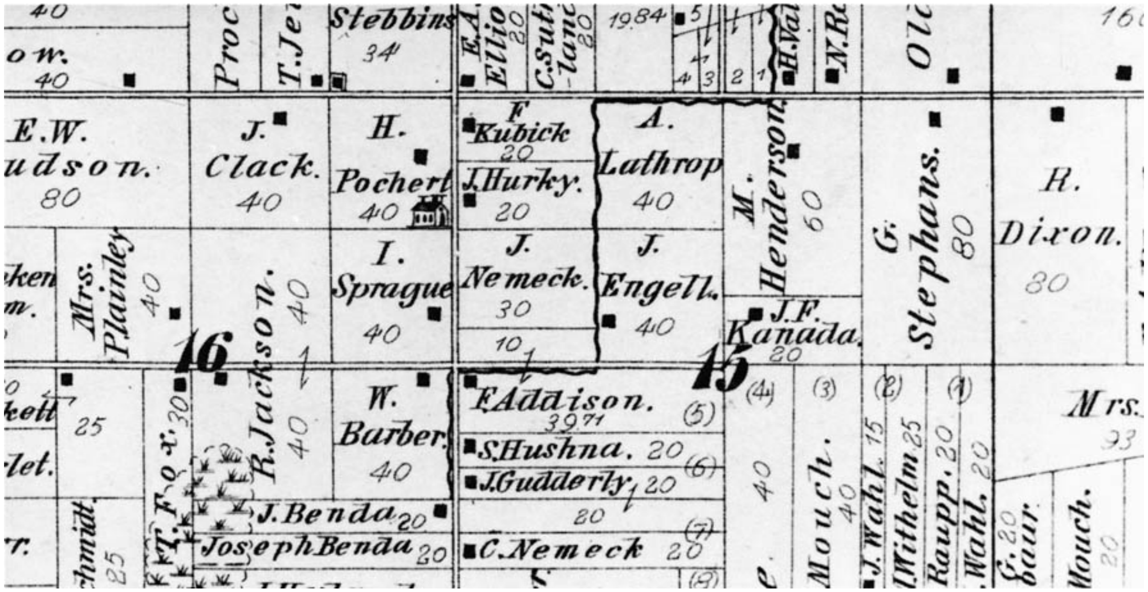
Virginia, January 28, 1820: James J. Kanada was born to slavery in the land where all men are supposed to be born to freedom. Along with millions of his fellow Americans, Kanada, in chains as a chattel slave, legally just a "thing", was "shipped" West. We do not know the exact date of his travel from Virginia to Mississippi, but we do know that these virgin pioneer lands were mostly seized from Indians by whites around 1836 and immediately resettled by Afro-American slaves. Most likely Kanada was sold individually, apart from his family, and forced West when he was between twenty and twenty-five years old.

It took enormous courage and initiative for a slave to try to escape. Hundreds of miles and often many months of continuous danger faced a freedom-determined man. The railroads were easily watched and therefore unsafe for fugitives. If caught, the punishments were as barbaric as any devised by the Nazis to torture the Jews of Europe, such as crushing the thumbs in a blacksmith's vise. Yet, Negro slaves persistently tried to escape to the Dismal Swamp, to the Everglades, to the Indian lands and to Canada. The image of a dull, immobile Negro, too slow of foot and mind to move for his own advantage, is one of the numerous indignities of a false history under which black Americans continue to suffer. Only the brave would try and only the strong would succeed, but James J. Kanada was such an American. Kanada made his move around 1855. In 1850 only 40 slaves out of 309,878 escaped from the State of Mississippi, 1 in 7,747; in 1860 only 68 out of 436,631 escaped, or 1 in 6,421.

Mississippi is considerably west of Detroit, but all the western Underground Railroad routes flowed first north and then east to Detroit; they poured almost everyone into refugee camps in Ontario, then popularly known as Western Canada. By every means available — the ferry to Windsor, rowboats to Amherstburg, and dashes across the frozen river from Port Huron — fugitive human beings fled, escaping the living Hell of the slave system with the same ingenuity, determination, and persistence with which whiskey would be smuggled back from Canada during Prohibition. The reason most escaped slaves went to Canada was that the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 allowed a Southern slave-owner to come right into the North to catch a fugitive and return him to the life of an animal, no matter how many years he may have lived in the North. The route from Detroit to Canada was so well-known that the United States Senate, dominated by slave-owners, conducted a special census of Negroes in Michigan in 1851 to estimate the "property" loss.

The Negroes of the Detroit area were alert to political shifts on both sides of the Detroit River, and would move back and forth in search of citizens' rights. River-hopping was a way of life. An examination of the Negro pioneer families in 1870 in Greenfield Township shows that every family's history involved Canadian residence. This was true of the Debarys, Jacksons, Greens, Allens, and Hatfields — all the families. The thoroughly integrated Canadian-American Underground Railroad conductors pricked the conscience of American democracy by pointing out the bitter truth: they compared the actual freedom in then "monarchical" Canada to the fictitious freedom in the "democratic" United States.

One of the most tragic incidents that spurred a migration to Canada occurred on March 6, 1863. The Copperheads, the equivalent of modern racist groups such as the American Nazi Party or the Ku Klux Klan, falsely accused a Negro man of raping a white child, and then used white anger at the false arrest as a pretext to burn the Negro portion of Detroit to the ground. Almost all our Negro citizens, including James J. Kanada, fled, half to Canada and half to upstate Michigan. After the race tension of 1863 eased, Kanada and the other persecuted Americans returned to their "free" Detroit, a journey



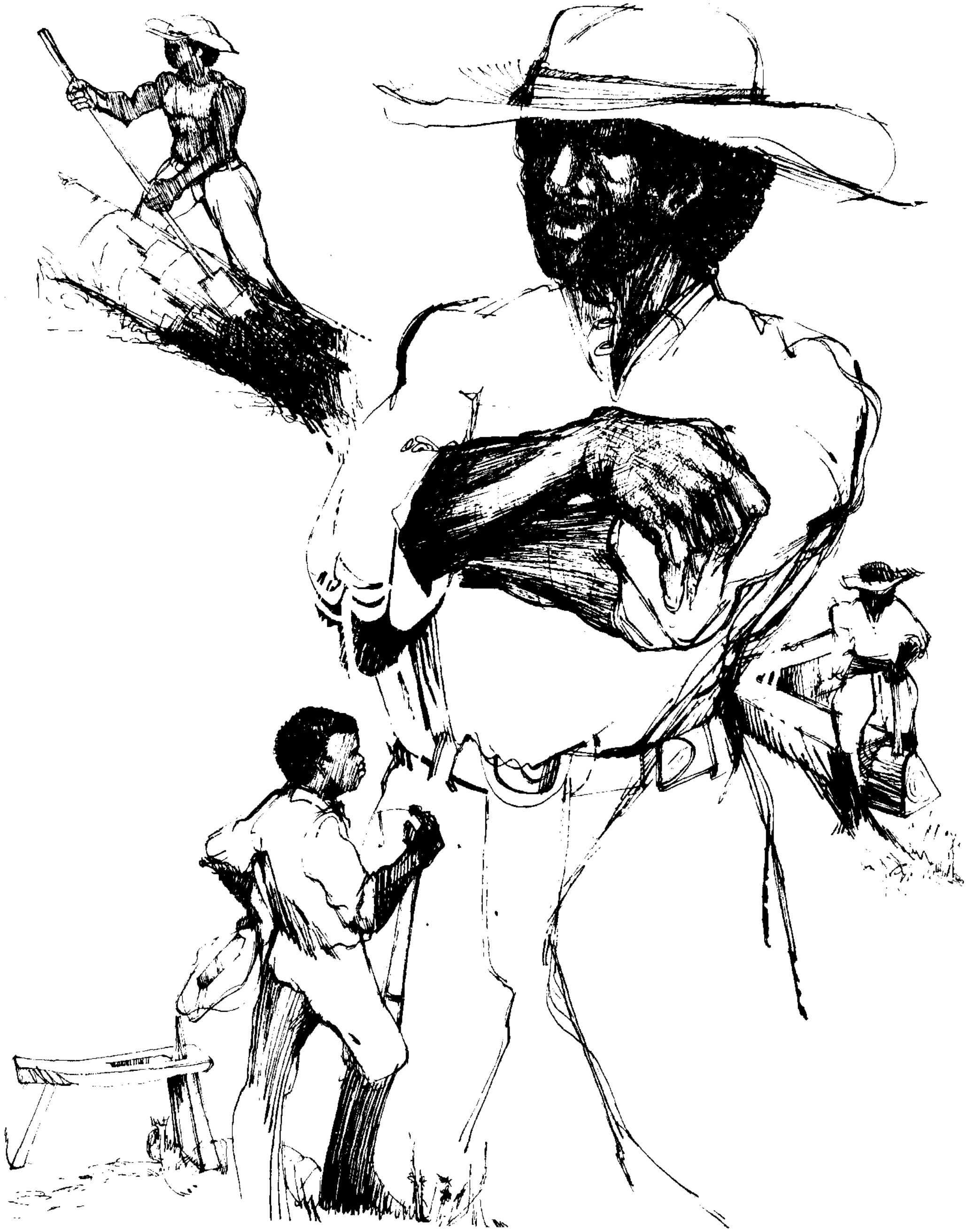
I-15 "J. F. Kanada" is shown on his expanded farm of twenty acres on this 1876 map. The road terminating at his place was then called "Kanada Road". The farm families who shaped his life surround him: his enemy M. Henderson to the north, his friends J. Engel and H. Pochert to the west. The school shown on the south portion of Pochert's place was being attended by Addie Keyes, his housekeeper's daughter.

which must have held a certain irony for the ex-slaves. It most probably was the debt to freedom that America owed Canada during this disgraceful epic of persecution that caused Mr. Kanada to adopt his false surname; too, a false name made recapture more difficult, separated his identity from that of some past slave-master, and the word "Kanada" had a pleasant, crisp ring.

After his forced period in Canada, Kanada moved to the countryside northwest of Detroit. He drew up a land contract with a wealthy farmer of some local political position, Michael Henderson, to be paid off with goods and services, and moved onto the land on September 10, 1864. It was located on what is now the northeast corner of Puritan and the alley east of Parkside. He settled down to the hard labor of pioneering. By 1870, Kanada calculated he had filled his obligation of goods and services, but Henderson refused to grant him the deed to the property. Kanada was not bitterly nihilistic. His neighbors, the Fuersts, had a little girl who used to open the gate for him when he drove his wagon into town. Jacob Phillips, whose farm was on what is now McNichols and Stoepel, the present site of the Bell Telephone Company, loved to play euchre with Kanada in Phillips' kitchen. Phillips' brother built Kanada's house. But for all his congenial ways, Kanada was no Uncle Tom. His agreement with Henderson had been in writing and somehow, despite the fact that slavery had deprived him of literacy, he had kept careful account of all cash, food, labor, and other services that he had given Henderson over the years to pay for the farm. Perhaps Henderson believed that Kanada was stupid or easily frightened. If so, he miscalculated. Kanada dragged Henderson into court in 1870 and kept him there for four solid years; Henderson squirmed and twisted, but in the end a court order forced him to give Kanada his land.

The account Kanada kept of his payment in goods and services to Henderson is a good picture of pioneer activities. To quote exactly: "Corn, squash, potatoes, chickens, cabbage, wood hauling, hay, cucumbers, pears, vegetables, butter, labor, cutting trees, stonework, fence, timber, making posts and rails and stakes, clearing, plowing, making cordwood, burning brush, loading hay, pulling up fence, burning brush at night, ten and one-half rods of ditch." Many of these activities, and particularly splitting rails for construction of fences, seemed burned into association with Kanada's contemporary pioneer, Abraham Lincoln, in American minds. Yet all pioneers in the wooded eastern half of America did such work. Kanada probably learned the frontier arts when he was a settler in Mississippi. The image of Western life as presented to American school children does not include Negro frontiersmen, but it did, just as it included thousands of Negro cowboys, butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers.

As a black frontiersman, Kanada needed a different courage from the physical courage that he had already demonstrated. This labor was lonely, and he was getting on in years. He needed help for his enterprise. In 1867 Kanada hired a housekeeper from Detroit, Sarah Francis Keyes. She brought her daughter, Addie, age four, to live on the farm. Things were better. He would call out after supper, "Sally, fetch me my pipe." There were voices in the house. Kanada was an excellent farmer; he worked diligently and courageously and grew more diversified crops than his neighbors. Between 1870 and 1880 he expanded his farm from fifteen acres improved and five unimproved to twenty improved and ten unimproved. In just the ten years between 1870 and 1880 the total value of his place tripled from five hundred dollars to one thousand five hundred, a great sum of money for a frontiersman. In his farm he invested not only his money, for he lived modestly and saved, but also all his energy, intelligence, and dreams. He was a free man on free soil.



I-16 James J. Kanada, American Pioneer and Freedom Fighter.

KANADA'S WEALTH, CREATED BY HIS LABOR

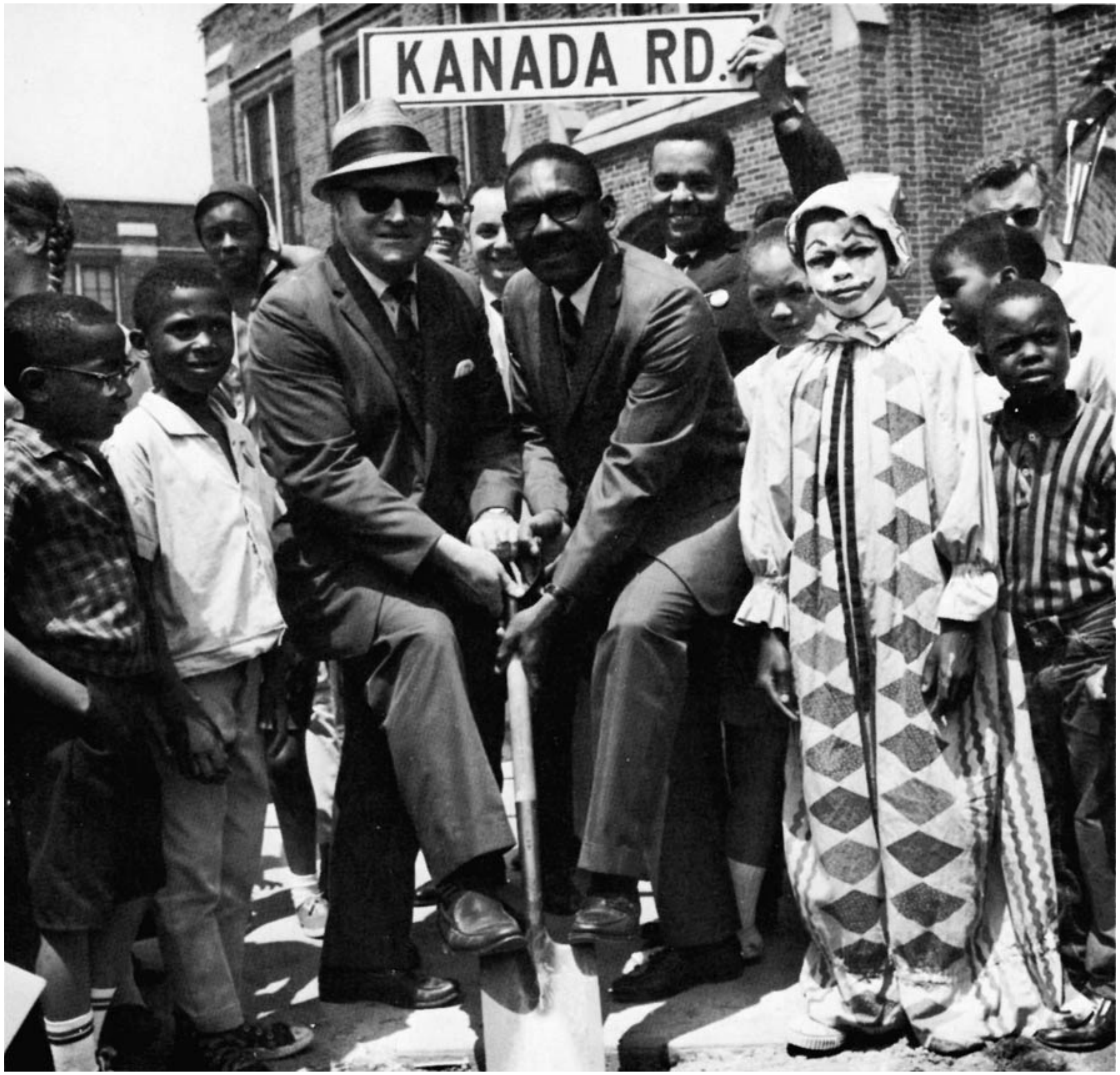
Durable Wealth	*1870*	*1880*
Acres Improved	15	20
Acres Unimproved	5	10
Machinery Value	$25	$50
Livestock		
Horses	1	2
Swine	2	0
Milch Cows	0	1
Calves Dropped	0	1
Cattle Sold	0	1
Value All Livestock	$100	$150
Vegetables		
Bushels Peas and Beans	35	8
Bushels Indian Corn	50	100
Grand Total, Farm Value	$500	$1500
Bushels Irish Potatoes	150	200
Market Gardens	$25	$150
Grains		
Bushels Oats	0	60
Bushels Rye	0	40
Bushels Wheat	0	42
Miscellaneous		
Tons Hay	3	5
Cords Wood Cut	0	2

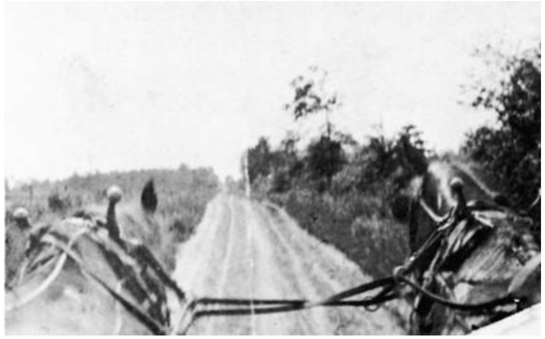
Not suprisingly, Kanada was something of a curiosity. The feeling among whites was highly mixed on the racial question. Many were truly integrationists or judged men by what they were, not by the color of their skin. But others were less fair. Some farm families called him "Nigger Kennedy", not with a hard, mean "nigger", not a lynch "nigger", but not a dignified one either — a sort of joking "nigger". He was often the butt of stereotyped jokes. Eva Fuerst tells such a story about "that colored Kanada man."

Someone was stealing his melons. So one night he heard a noise in his melon patch and he called out 'who dar?' No one answered so he fired his shotgun. In the morning he found he had shot his old sow pig.

Caucasian boys in the neighborhood did in fact steal the Negro farmer's watermelons, in an exact reversal of the usual caricature. Everyone mispronounced Kanada's name "Kennedy," even the Engels, who addressed him as "Mr. Kennedy;" but then everyone mispronounced every name. Benda, the Czechoslovakian, was mispronounced "Bender"; Siterlet, the Swiss, "Siterlay." A rough humor lay in many of these nicknames; Snyder Road, later to become Wyoming, was locally called, with mock grandeur, "Sauerkraut Boulevard"! But Mr. Kanada had a friendly strength and inner toughness which bore him through the jokes and won him more and more respect.

Puritan Road was originally built in 1851 between what is now Wyoming and Livernois and extended later one-half mile east to Kanada's farm. At first, the people of North Greenfield, as the settlement named itself, called Puritan the New Road, but in time it became Kanada Road. Detroit slave-owners, such as Joseph Campau, had roads named after them, but not many ex-slaves were so honored.





I-17 The horses are going east on Kanada Road (Puritan) in 1910. Kanada had cleared the land on the left, the site of his pioneer homestead.

I-18

A Testimonial Resolution To James J. Kanada, 1820-1885

WHEREAS Mr. James J. Kanada (1820-1885) was a "freedom pioneer", having escaped from bondage in the southern United States to settle a farm in the hinterlands of what is now Northwest Detroit;

WHEREAS Mr. Kanada, through his labors, settled and developed a prosperous farm in the area of what is now the intersection of Puritan and Parkside Avenues;

WHEREAS The significance of Mr. Kanada's labors and other contributions to the area caused the road, which is now Puritan Avenue between Wyoming and Parkside Avenues, to be named in his honor. The name "Kanada Road" thus appeared on maps of the day.

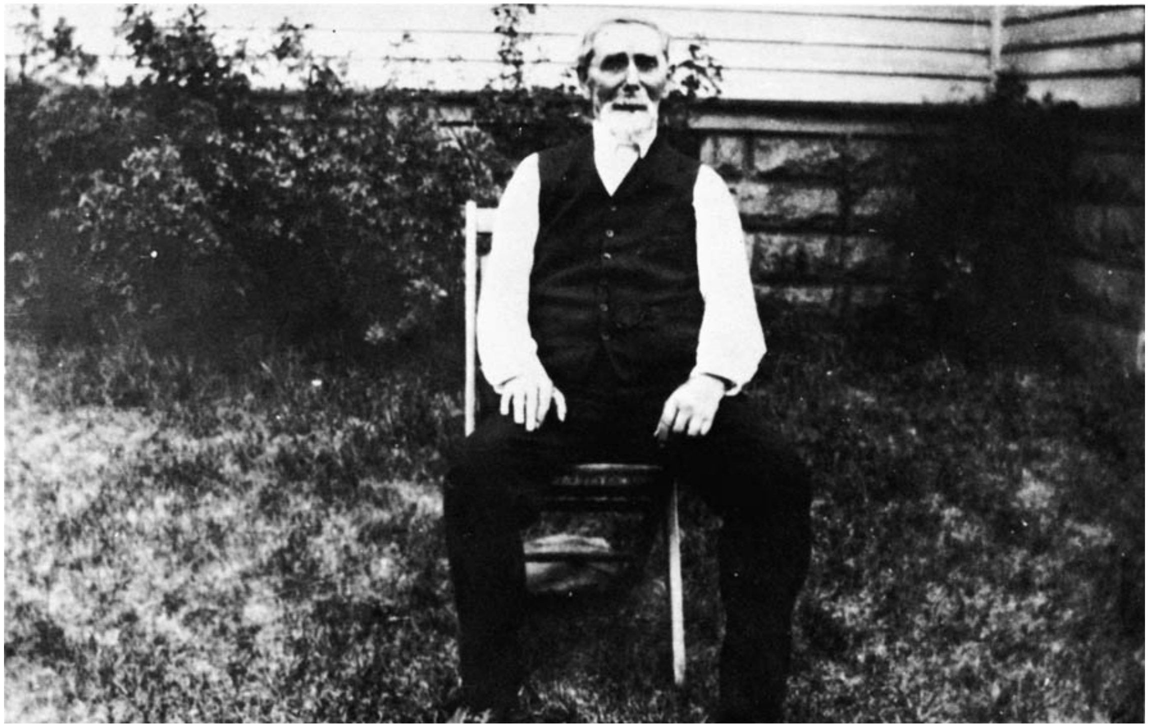
NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED That the portion of Puritan Avenue, between Wyoming Avenue and Parkside Avenue shall be designated "Kanada Road", for the period beginning June 3, 1967, and ending July 5, 1967. This period of designation shall encompass the Fitzgerald Children's Day Parade and Festival, the International Freedom Festival, and Independence Day, and shall thus fittingly honor Mr. James J. Kanada.

Jerome P. Cavanagh
Mayor

John Engel, Kanada's neighbor to the immediate west, developed a strong personal friendship with him. When Kanada was in his final illness with tuberculosis, John Engel and his faithful housekeeper, Sarah Francis Keyes, stood by. Engel constructed his friend's coffin with his own hands, dug his grave and buried him on Kanada's own beloved land, March 29, 1885. The probate file told the story of his lonely struggle: "The deceased had no relatives in this country nor anywhere else as far as is known. The deceased was a Colored Man who fled from slavery about thirty years ago and knew nothing of his relatives since".

Kanada's housekeeper, Sarah Francis Keyes, inherited the bulk of his estate, which amounted to over two thousand dollars, a princely sum in those days for pioneer farmers. She lived after Kanada in his modest house for another three and one-half years. We know much less about her than about her employer. Like Kanada, she evidently was born in Virginia around 1838. According to the census, a child, Addie Keyes, seven years old in 1870, was also living at the Kanada farm. This young girl integrated the Livernois School. Negro children were welcome, although Indian children were not; but then the neighborhood was filled with men who had fought in the South to free the slaves in the not-so-distant Civil War, but were still fighting the Indians in the West. Addie Keyes would carry little Mary Engel piggyback to school through the winter snowdrifts. We find no other reference to this youngster. In 1888, Sarah Francis Keyes' only living relative was an aunt in Detroit, Sarah A. Lewis. All descendents of these people are lost to us. It must have been lonely in the modest house for the aging housekeeper, and she died December 26, 1888, owning most everything in pathetic two's: two stoves, two bedsteads, two trunks, four chairs, but only one of herself.

A bitter racist twist is that one William H. Johnson, a Caucasian, was appointed executor of her estate. He named himself beneficiary without explanation, leaving a strong suspicion of theft; but then, what land that the Negroes cleared, North or South, became theirs, or what steel mills, or coal mines, for that matter? Out of what has the Negro not been cheated?



1-19 John Engel, James J. Kanada's friend and neighbor, photographed on Engel's farm thirty-five years after he buried Kanada.

Thus, after twenty-four years, the neighborhood immediately around Fitzgerald was resegregated; that is, it was mixed white and Indian, without Negroes — except for their graves. Rudolph Nemechek tells a story of these graves:

The Kennedys (Kanadas) were a colored gang. They were right next to the Engel farm and close to the Henderson farm. Every once in a while one of the Kennedys would die. They had a burial plot in the back corner. My brother said he went to one of the funerals and they just made a pine box for the dead man, lowered it with ropes and dropped it right in the water. Later on, when we got chasing rabbits, the woodchucks used to get in there and every time you scared a rabbit and you did not get him, he would get into a woodchuck hole in the graves. I was working at Ford's and there were some guys who bought some lots there and they . . heard I knew all about that section. "Well," I said, "that was the nigger cemetery." They got excited and sold their lots. They wouldn't build there.

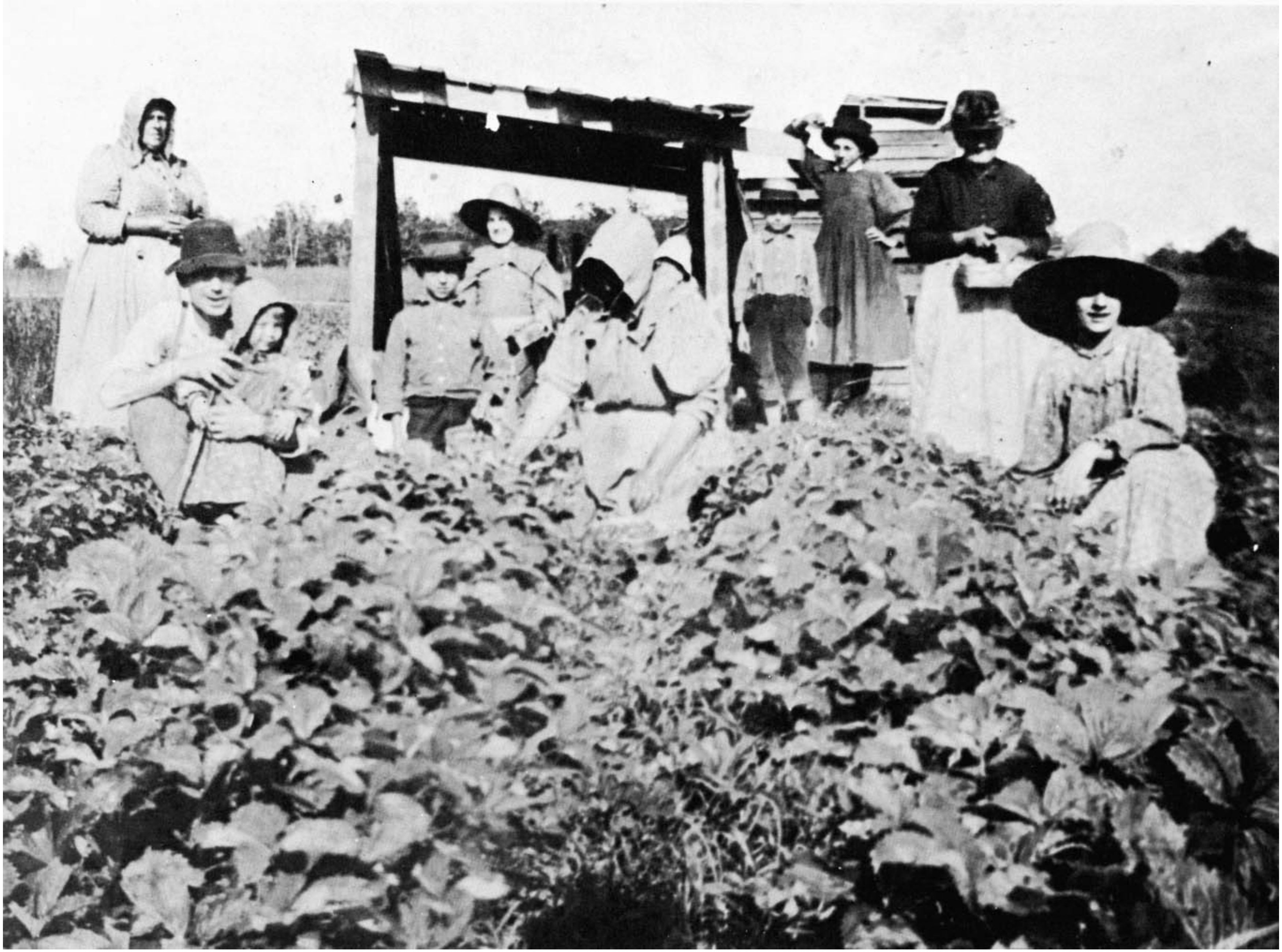
But other Caucasians were not so squeamish about desecrating graves. Mary Engel, years later, would watch anxiously out of the windows of the new Engel farm house, the building that still stands on the northeast corner of Puritan and Parkside, to see if Kanada's bones were being scooped up by the contractor's steam shovel. Whether or not the graves were violated, she could not say.

Chapter II: The Farms Prosper

Farm Men and Machines

II-1 Shepherding, a most ancient Biblical labor, was still practiced on this Labor Day, 1921, on the site of what is now the University of Detroit. The shepherd, barely visible in the center just past the sheep, is Marion. His dog and his staff are in the foreground. This pasture, characteristic of the Bronze Age, was replaced by, among other things, the Physics Building of the University of Detroit. It was constructed on the land to the far left in the picture.

Permanent human change, as opposed to styles and random fashions, is best explained by the change of tools. The world over, men that used stone tools are "stone age men", for example. Other differences, such as race, color, creed, or national origin, obviously count for comparatively little in explaining ways of life.

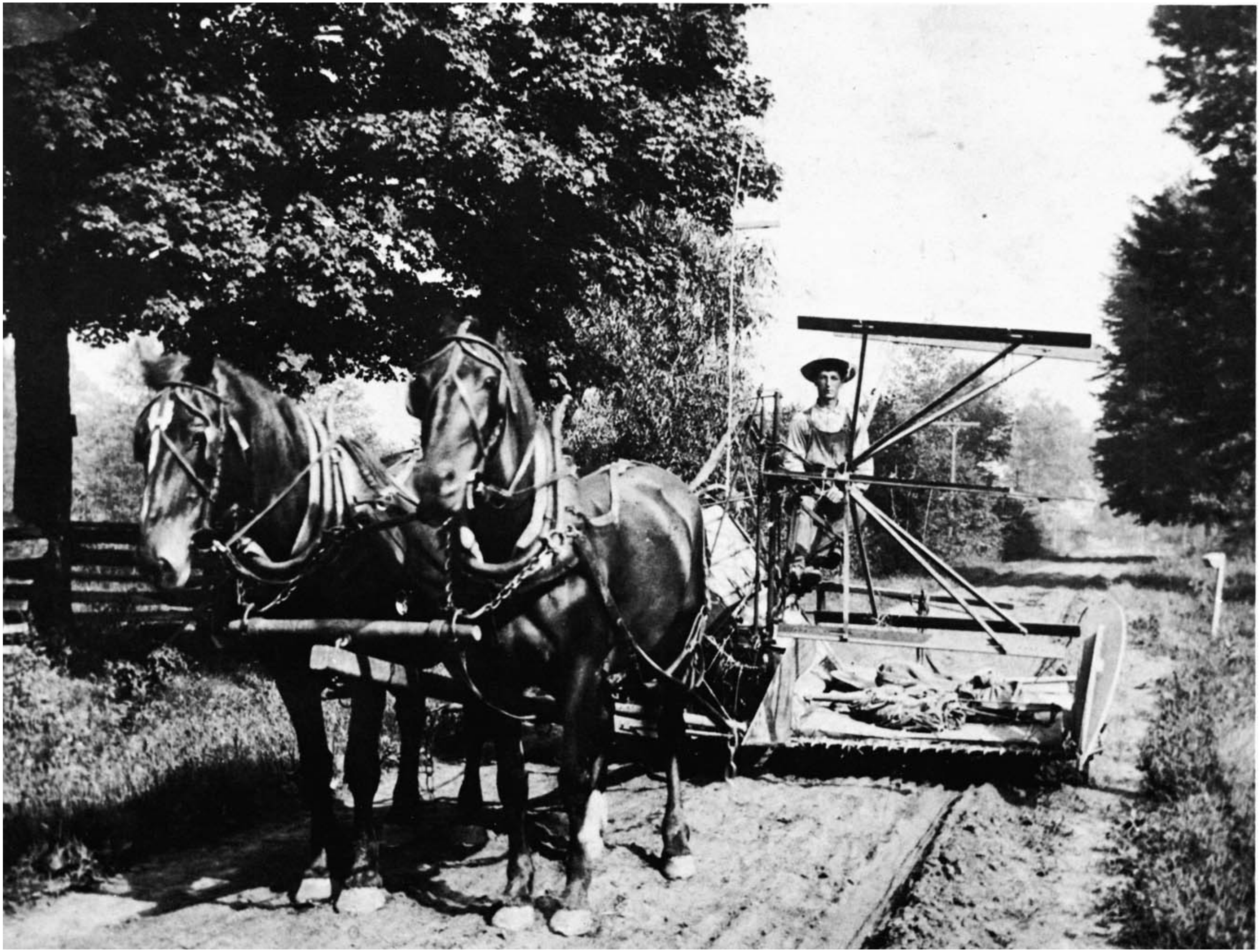


II-2 1899. The Schmidt-Hunsinger family work force on Twelfth Street (Fenkell) pick their berries.

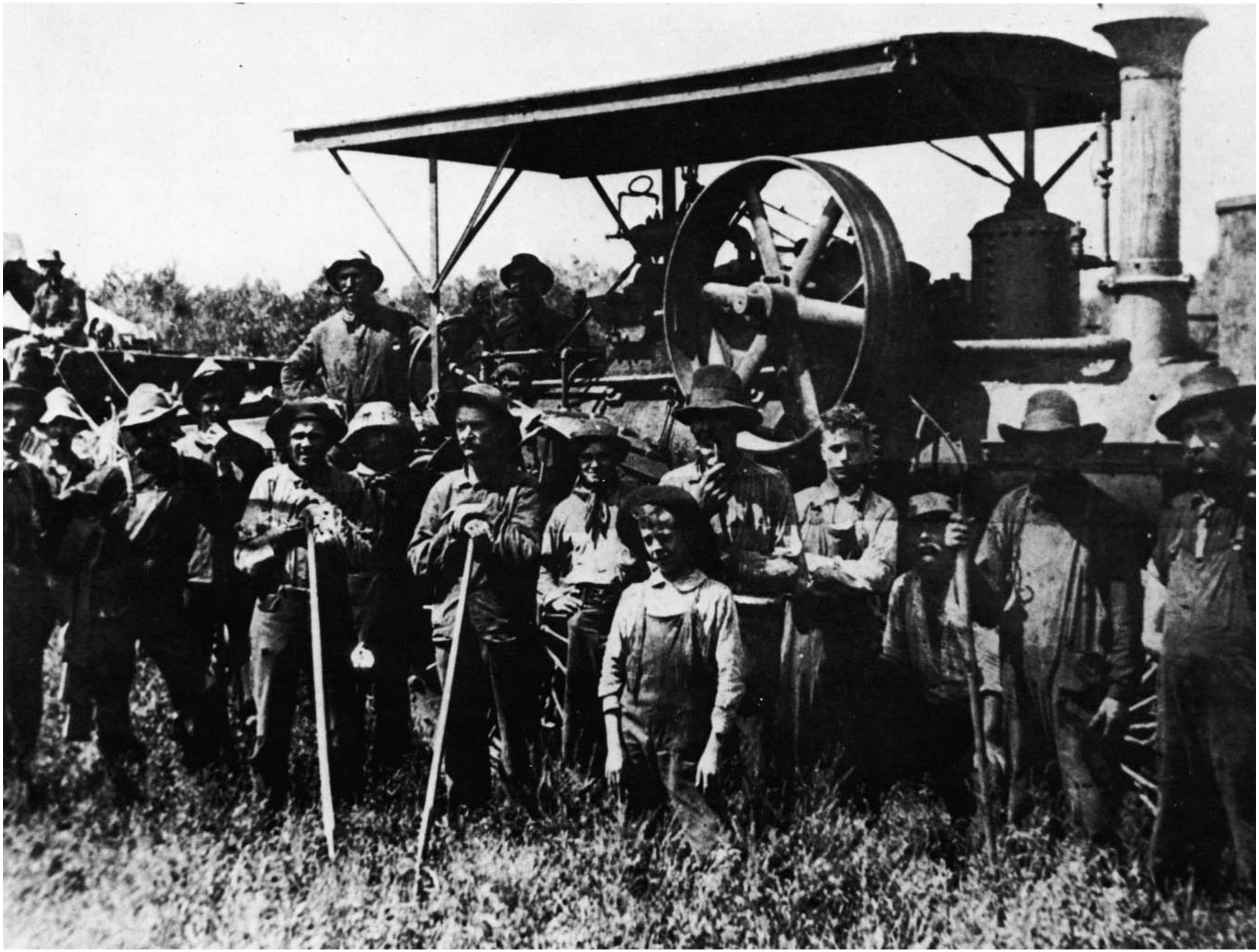
If changes in tools are the great steam engine of human events, then Fitzgerald has been through four revolutions in little over one hundred years and the social pain must be fantastic. The first tools were the stone tools of the Indians, followed by the steel hand tools of the white settlers. But these tools and their related skills were rapidly replaced shortly after the turn of the century by internal combustion machines made by the likes of Henry Ford. This sweep of "progress," as it is vaguely called, caused many family arguments between the old ways and the new ways. Still, the labor saved by such devices as power-driven saw mills and thrashing machines was so great that they were irresistible, particularly to the young men who loved to cluster about them. Hand labor and machine labor coexisted for a brief period, and there is still some hand labor performed in Fitzgerald, such as the ritual "farming" of mowing the grass or weeding the flower beds. But clearly, major hand production has almost vanished in the wink of an historic eye.

II-3 Advanced tools were used before farm machinery was introduced and, later, along with the machinery. This two-man saw, operated by Frank Phillips (left) and Lou Slotki, was a great improvement over the eight pound hand axes of the pioneers. The tree being felled was on the Pocherts' farm in 1918 at a place now between Stoepel and Monica on the south side of McNichols.
The white shirts and ties were not a pose. The young men always wore them to show style, or pride, or individuality, just as men in other pictures wore bowlers or sported jaunty pipes.

II-4 Wence Nemechek plows the twenty-acre Livernois farm near Twelfth Street (Fenkell). This would appear to be a primitive way to farm, but it was more sophisticated than it seems. The plow and the harness may look Appalachian, but then Appalachia itself is extremely sophisticated by historic-geographic standards. The original pioneers had to use oxen, awkward if powerful animals, because the land was full of rough stumps.



II-5 Rudy Nemechek, proudly seated on a truly advanced piece of machinery, the reaper. This photograph was taken on Twelfth Street near the modern Glendale in 1909. This street is one of the oldest in the area. Farmers would use it and the old plank road on Grand River to go to market. Intense rioting occurred here In July of 1967.



II-6 Men stand with a power-driven machine, Humphrey Brown's thrasher, at Six Mile (McNichols) and Lilac in 1907. The machines took their price in flesh, too, including one of Brown's arms. How long in such a mechanical environment before one of the bright young men would invent an automobile?

Another myth explodes under examination. The pioneers did not live in an open egalitarian society. From the beginning, there was great social stratification on the frontier. There were class differences among individual homesteaders, and even greater class differences between homesteaders and renters. The wealthiest homesteaders, like Hurd and Witherell, possessed considerable capital, and hired others to clear the land. Mary Basançon, a homesteader from the Twelfth Street (Fenkell) Phillips family, suggests both the superiority and the sympathy that many homesteaders felt towards the renters:

I do not mean that renters were bad people, but they just were people who did not seem to get ahead. You know if you did not own anything you had a hard time to save your money to buy it. If you were fortunate enough to have somebody leave you something, perhaps a piece of a farm, you were pretty well set.

In spite of early land ownership, the Pocherts fell on hard times and became one of the poorest families. The father Pochert would not work, and the children never had enough to eat. Other girls at school would give part of their lunch to the Pochert girls, but they would still be hungry and would resort to taking other people's food. Mrs. Horkey was their favorite target, as Rudy Nemecek reports:

Mrs. Horkey used to put skimmed milk, the whey, in a great big dishpan in the yard for the chickens. They had a high gate and kept it shut because they had a couple of savage dogs. But the Pochert girls would squeeze through that gate and eat that sour milk out of those pans. They were hungry.

Like many poor people, the Pocherts tended to be touchy. The Pochert girls were never liked by their classmates, the other girls at school, even though these other girls condescended to give them some lunch. When a Pochert girl and another girl from school got into a fight, the Pochert girl's mother, "Old Lady" Pochert, would really retaliate. Rudy Nemechek tells of one incident:

II-7 "Old Lady" Pochert, a tough, touchy buzzard.

A Pochert girl was having some trouble with Eda Holman. They had quite a row. When the Pochert girl went home and told her mother, her mother went over to Eda Holman's house and waited until Eda came out. She attacked Eda on the road and blacked her in the eye. "Old Lady" Pochert was a miserable buzzard.

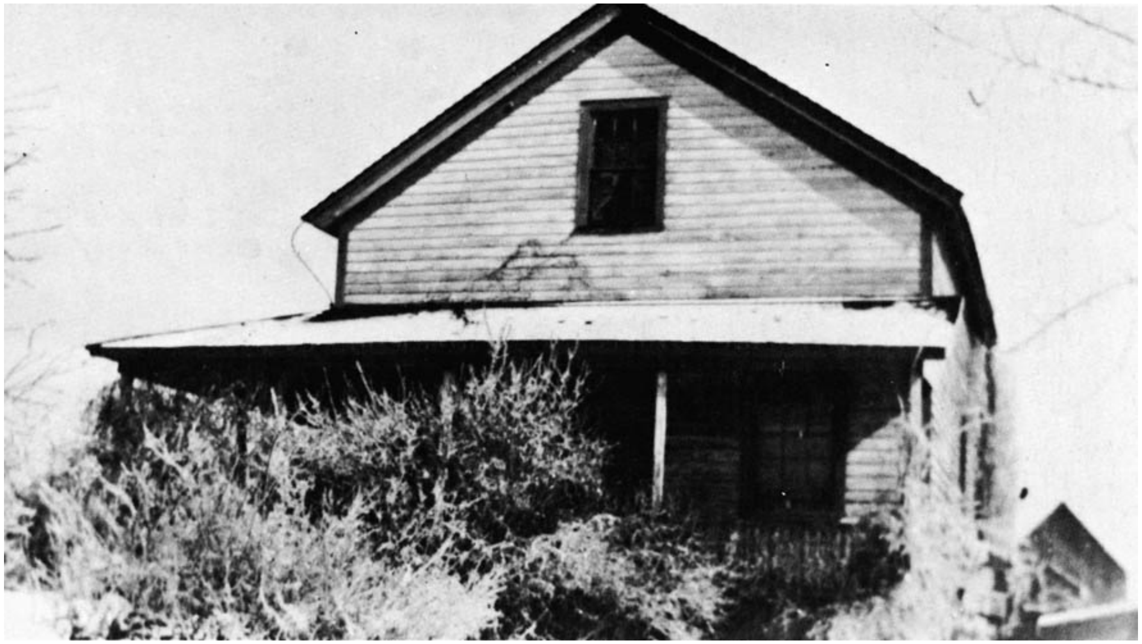
The renters sensed their differences from the homesteaders, and formed their own society.

The leader of the "renters" was "Old Jake" or "Chicken Thief" Phillips, as the homesteaders called him. He was not a relative of the 12th Street Phillips'. He worked as a horse jockey (horse trader). Tough but understanding, he was the friend of the other less socially prominent members of the community, including "Nigger Kennedy" and "Black Jack" Cavanaugh.

"Black Jack" Cavanaugh was Irish, and an alcoholic. Frank Phillips tells how he lived and how he died:

The Cavanaughs still have an undertaking establishment. Bill Cavanaugh, Jack's brother, laid all my family away. We called him "Black Jack" because he had whiskers that came way down to here and they were black and his hair was curly. He never liked to work. But Jack would not harm anybody. If he had a bottle of whiskey, he had all he wanted. In those days there were gypsies, so when we kids saw Jack we would run. He came up to the house one time and Dad said, "Jack, you got any potatoes down there?" "Oh, I might have one or two." Dad said, "Well, there is the fork, go out and dig some for yourself."

"Black Jack" went down off Six Mile and Hamilton and took two of those old piano boxes and put them together. There was a hole in the bottom and he crawled in that hole. It snowed and it was pretty cold, and Dad wanted to see him

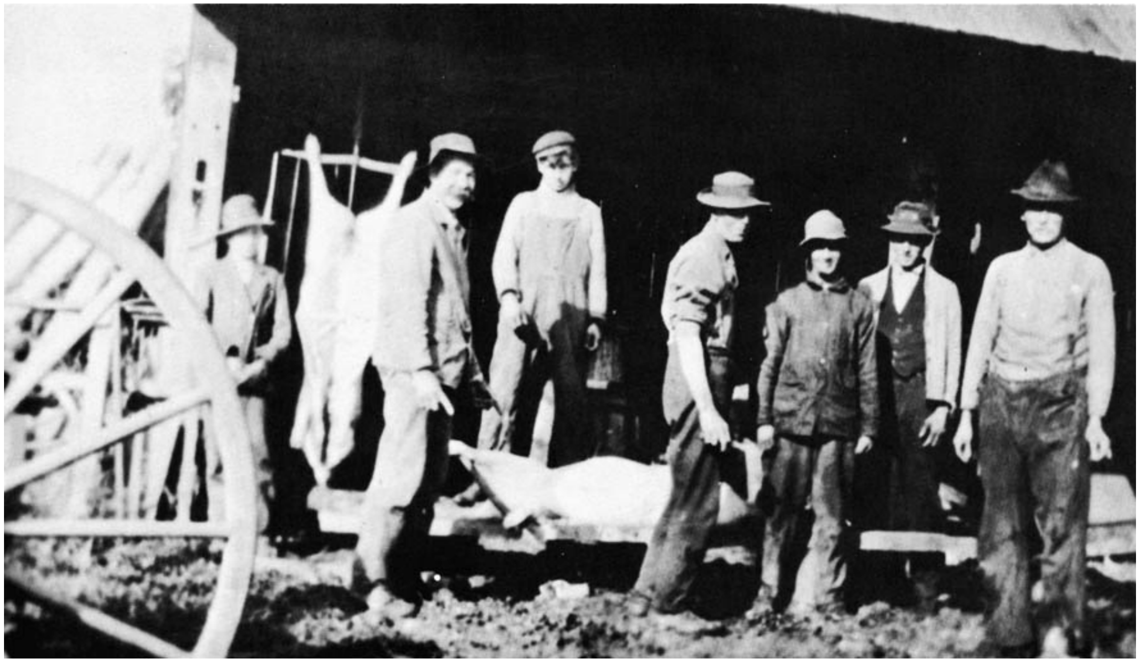


II-9 The marginal house of "Chicken Thief" Phillips, on Six Mile (McNichols) and Monica.

for something, so we got a horse and a wagon and went on down. Jack lived way back in the woods. I went and knocked on his place and there was no answer; so I went back to Dad and he said, "He must be there because there are no tracks in the snow." So Dad went to look while I held the horses; he found Jack dead. He may have frozen to death. We never knew. His brother buried him, but not from his funeral parlor.

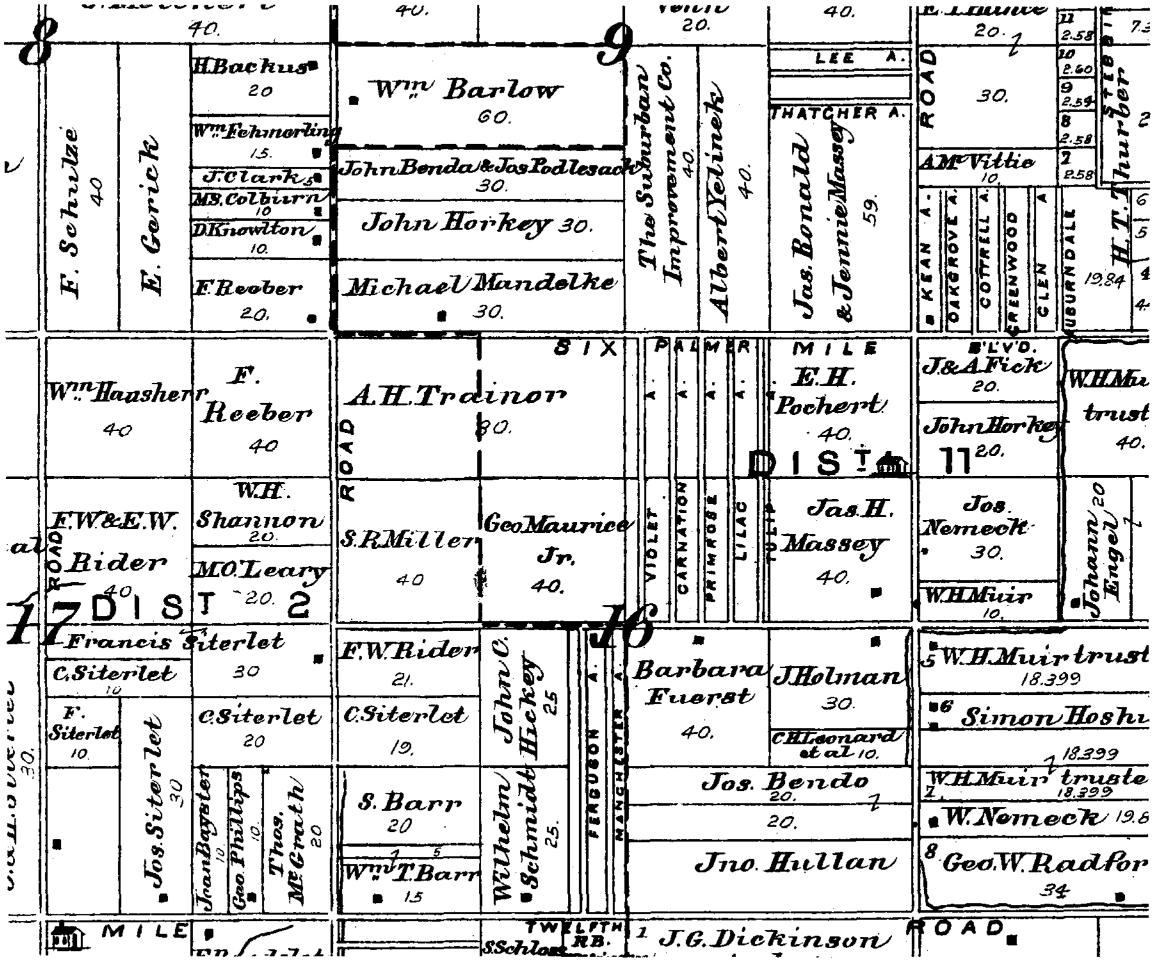
By 1890 farmers began to work the land as a market garden for Detroit. As Detroit grew, the need for huge quantities of vegetables became pressing, and farmers expanded their gardening, which had originally just provided food for their own families. They turned from such products as milk, oats, hay, hogs, and cows, to such cash crops as melons, tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers and green onions, and still later to Will Barr's berries, especially strawberries. People began to buy automobiles and trucks. Most people no longer had that dirt-poor, that Appalachian poor, look to them.

Gradually, the value of the farms increased. "Some farm families did very well." For instance, in 1852, Frederick W. Pochert paid one hundred and sixty dollars for forty acres of land at the southwest corner of McNichols and Livernois. In 1916 the same land (no longer owned by Pochert) sold for two thousand dollars an acre. That is, its value increased five hundred times in sixty-four years. The rise in value was coincident with the expansion of the City of Detroit. Some families, such as the Meyers, did very well indeed.



II-8 Renters butcher hogs on Six Mile (McNichols) in 1916. The butcher, with a knife in hand, was a narcotics addict whom the renters seemed to treat with sad regret, even tenderness. "Old Jake" or "Chicken Thief" Phillips is seen at the far right of the picture.

II-11 1919. Mary Siterlet, daughter of a proud and prosperous land-owning family, is all dressed up in front of the barn and corn crib. This farm was immediately to the south of the Fred Siterlet place on the west side of Snyder Road (Wyoming).


8
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16
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H.Backus 20
Wm Barlow 60.
Wm Fehmerling 15.
J.Clark 5
M.S.Colburn 10
D.Knowlton 10.
F.Reeber 20.
John Benda & Jos Podlesack 30.
John Horkey 30.
Michael Mandelke 30.
F. Schulze 40
E. Gerick
The Suburban Improvement Co. 40.
Albert Yelinek 40.
Jas. Ronald & Jennie Massey 59.
LEE A.
THATCHER A.
ROAD
30.
A.McVittie 10.
H.T.Thurber
KEAN A.
OAKGROVE A.
COTTRELL A.
GREENWOOD
GLEN
USURNDALE
19.84
Wm Hausher 40
F. Reeber 40
A.H.Trainor 80.
SIX
PALMER
MILE
E.H. Pochert 40.
DIST. 11
J.&A.Fick 20.
John Horkey 20.
W.H.Muir trust 40.
F.W.&E.W. Rider 40
W.H. Shannon 20.
M.O.Leary 20.
DIST. 2
ROAD
S.R.Miller 40
Geo.Maurice Jr. 40.
VIOLET
CARNATION
PRIMROSE
LILAC
Jas.H. Massey 40.
Jos. Nemecek 30.
W.H.Muir 10.
Johann Engel 20
Francis Siterlet 30
C.Siterlet 10
F. Siterlet 10.
Jos. Siterlet 30
C.Siterlet 20
F.W.Rider 21.
C.Siterlet 19.
John C. Hickey 25
S. Barr 20
Wm T.Barr 15
Wilhelm Schmidt 25.
FERGUSON
MANCHESTER
Barbara Fuerst 40.
J.Holman 30.
C.H.Leonard et al 10.
Jos. Bendo 20.
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Jno. Hullan
W.H.Muir trust 18.399
Simon Hoshi 18.399
W.H.Muir truste 18.399
W.Nemecek 19.8
Geo.W.Radfor 34
Jean Bayster 10
Geo. Phillips 10
Thos. McGrath 20
MILE
TWELFTH
S.Schlos
J.G.Dickinson
ROAD

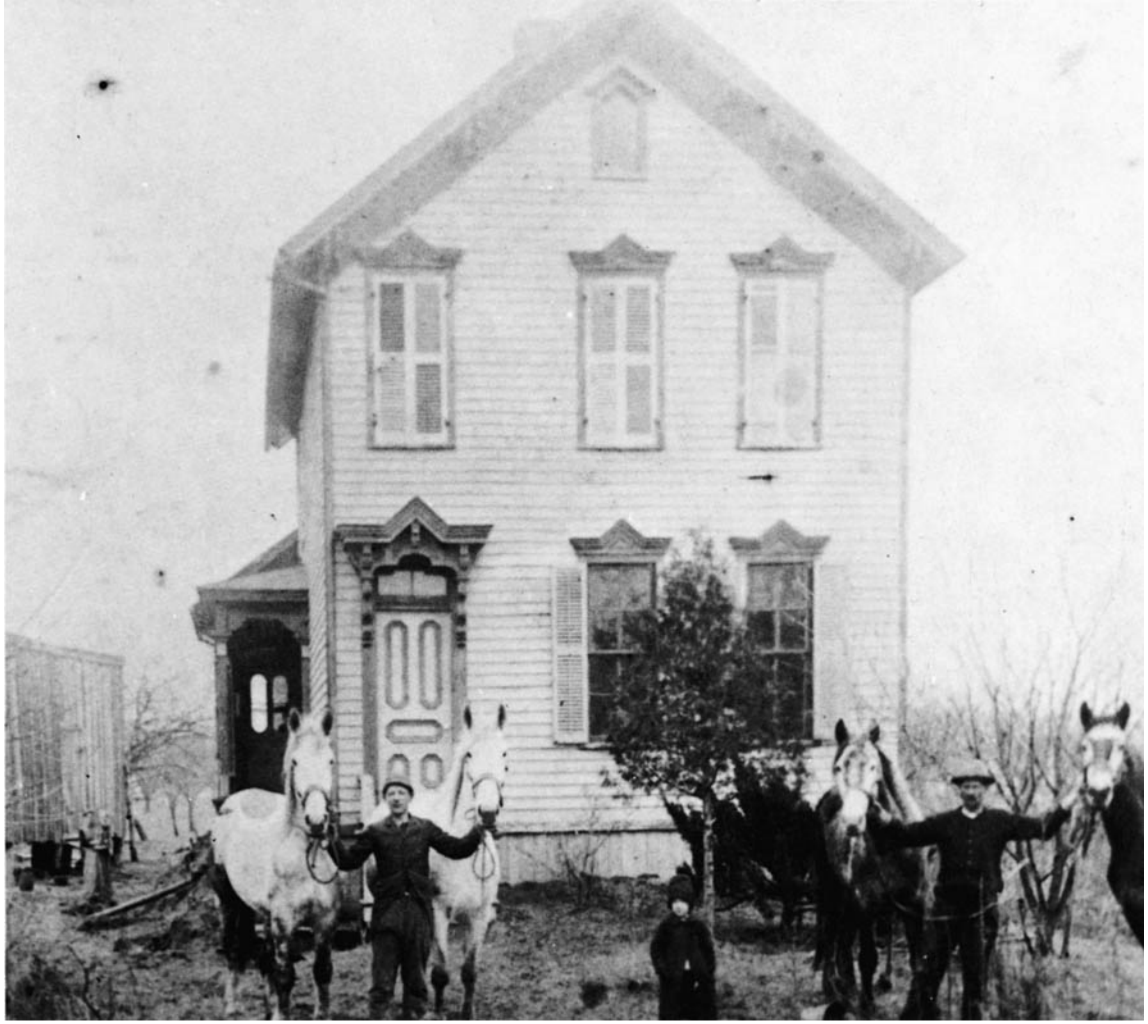
II-10 1917. The farm families' properties.

The farms developed in five different stages, each characterized by a different type of economic activity. From 1830 through 1840, the very early pioneer days, the economy was semi-Indian, with game-hunting and berry-gathering the essential occupations. Peaking before 1870 but continuing later was the mixed forestry and farming economy: the charcoal industry supplied the necessary cash "crop" that supplemented agriculture. Between 1870 and 1890 a mixed general farming dominated; then truck farming became preponderant. The last paramount farm crop was berries, a crop that Wilbur Barr introduced around 1910 to the derisive hoots of his neighbors on the northeast corner of what is now Fenkell and Wyoming. But Will Barr's Folly turned to Will Barr's Triumph as the money rolled in. On June 20, 1915, for example, strawberry pickers were in the fields, other crops were growing, and the animals were grazing in the pastures; as you can see from referring back to the large farm map in the front coverfold. The final economy was sub-dividing the land to sell to city slickers, and this economy reached its climax in the 1920's. Thus the past appears as one stable occupation — farming — only to those who don't examine it from the point of view of the people who lived it.

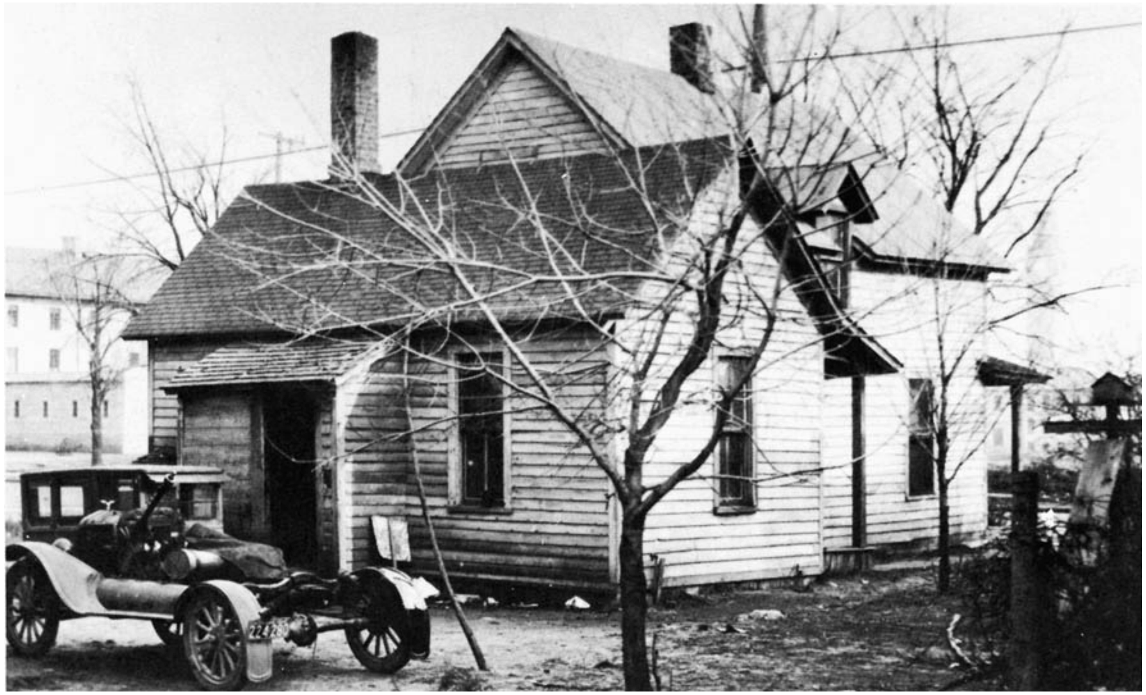
Old Farm Buildings

The Feole cabin stood across from Fitzgerald School till 1912 and the old Lewis cabin remained one block north of the present University of Detroit stadium on Six Mile (McNichols) at least till 1918. The cabin where the Siterlet boys played on the northwest corner of 12th Street (Fenkell) and Snyder Road (Wyoming) stood well into the century and "Uncle Jack" Williams occupied the log cabin on the Marygrove College campus into the early 1920's. But none of the log cabins could survive the change into city life.

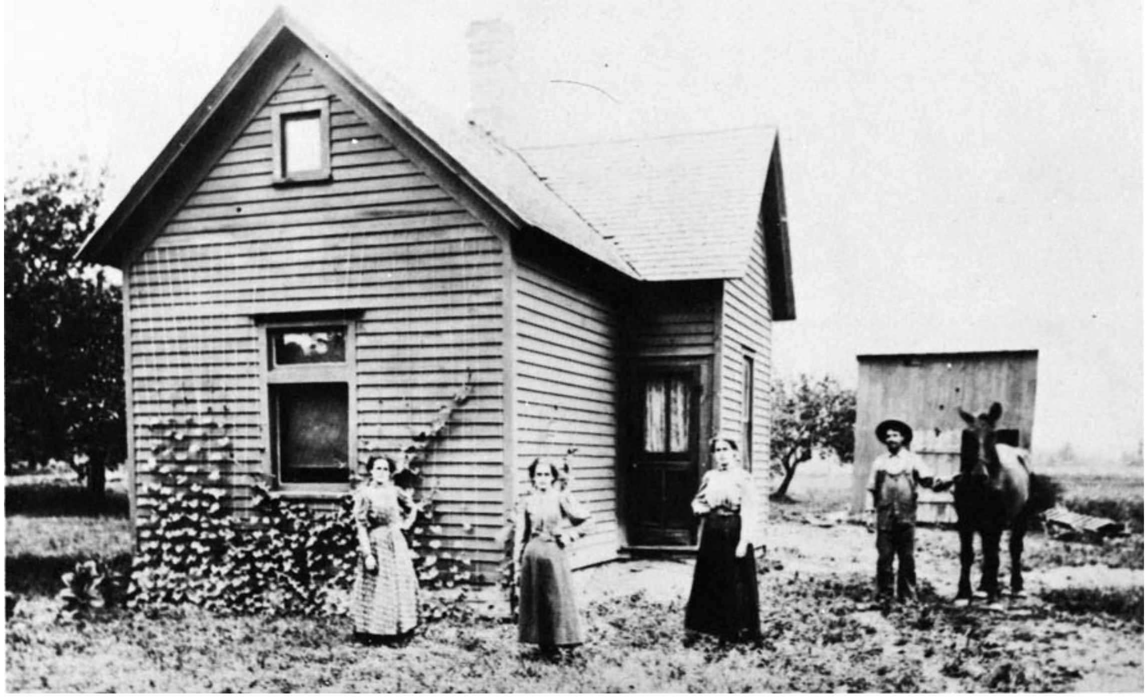
On the other hand, almost all the farm houses of frame or brick construction were saved. Many of them were moved to fit urban lot and street patterns, but not destroyed. Often the houses were not only moved but were extensively changed. For instance, the Honsinger farmhouse was cut in two, moved across the street to the south side of Fenkell, and had two store fronts attached to the two halves at 7345 and 7351 Fenkell. Some houses are known to have been moved but have been lost, though losing a house seems a little like losing an elephant. Two of the three houses of the Horkey family facing north on McNichols, which were purchased by the University, are misplaced somewhere on the map. The Athletic Department was housed till quite recently in the last of these three houses. This same house had been Father McNichols' home when he pioneered the new University of Detroit campus. The house was last seen heading west on McNichols for some vague semi-suburban site.



II-12 The Fuerst house on Livernois with Joseph Nemechek, little Lawrence Fuerst, and Jacob Fuerst.

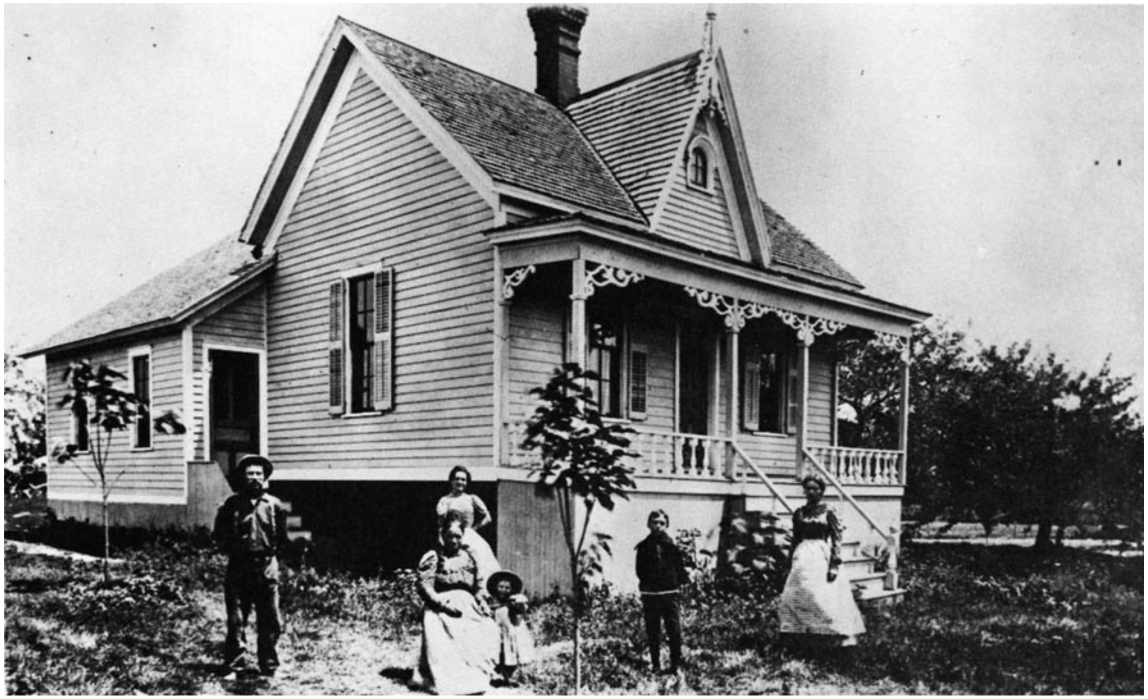


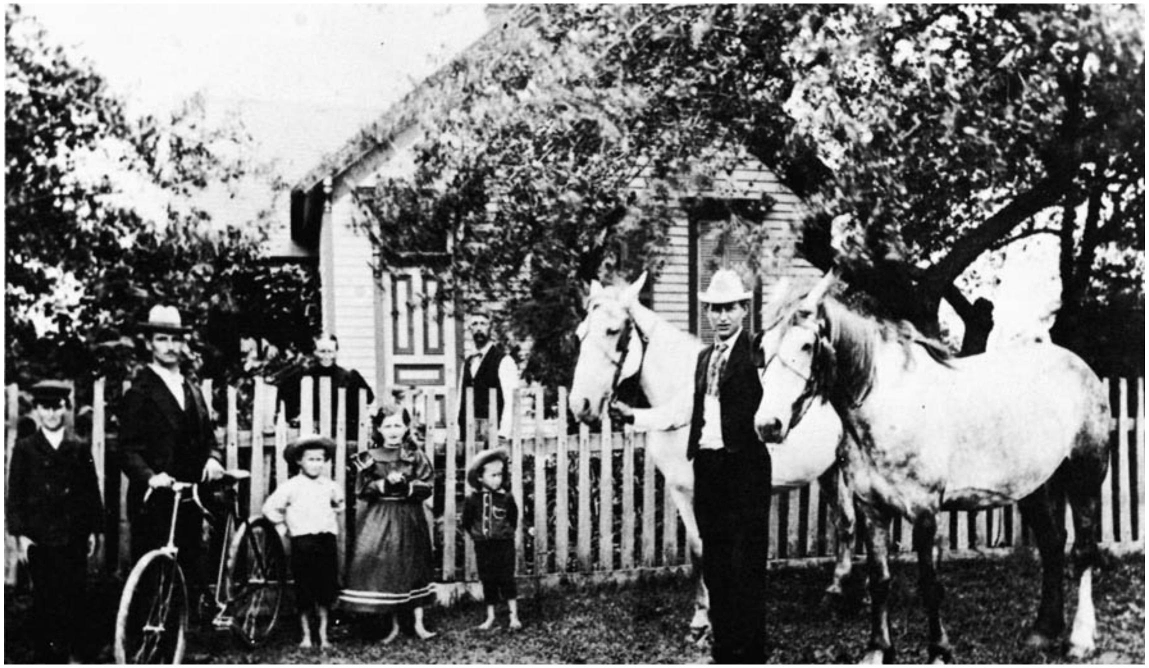
II-13 George Flury's house on Six Mile (McNichols) and Petosky.



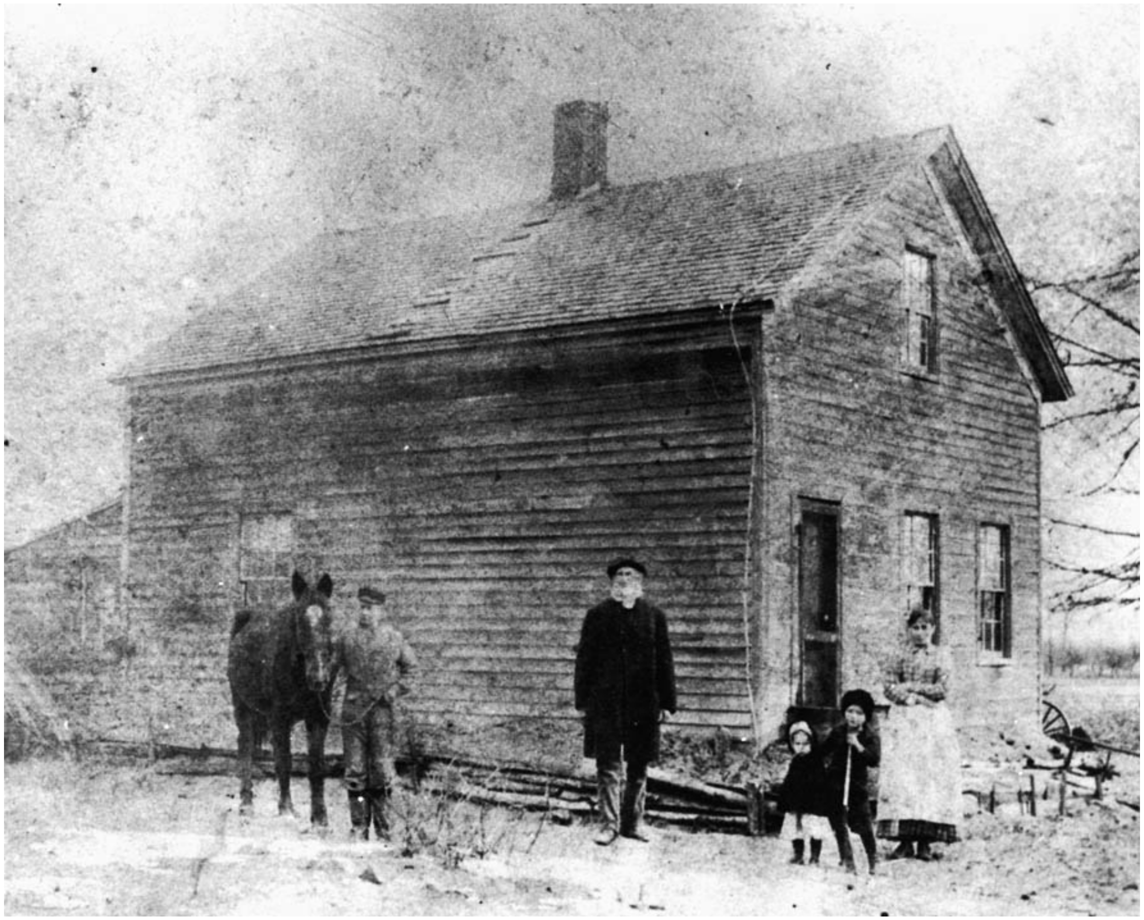
II-14 The William Schmidt family and property around 1899. Left to right are Edith, Christine, Emma, William, and the horse.

II-15 Hunsinger farmstead on Twelfth Street (Fenkell) near Snyder Road (Wyoming). 1892.





II-16 The Nemechek family and its proudest possessions assembled on the Livernois farm near Twelfth Street (Fenkell) around 1900.



II-17 Phillips farm on Six Mile (McNichols) and Monica, 1902.

Most houses stayed in the neighborhood and are identified as follows: 16639 Stoepel (Pochert), (this address also houses the only barn left standing), 16841 Stoepel (Austin), 16933 Stoepel (Marion), 16859 Stoepel (Ballow?), 16725 Tuller (Phillips), 16755 Tuller (L. Schulze), 17334 Meyers (F. Schulze), Marygrove Woods at Indiana (Mandilka) 15325 Birwood (G. Phillips), 15372 Meyers and 15445 Meyers (Siterlet), 15923 Stoepel (Holman), 3010 Puritan (Engel), 15327 Santa Rosa (Yelinek), 7345 and 7351 Fenkell (Hunsinger), 17050 Dexter (unknown), 17151 Belden (Charles Phillips), 17161 Belden (Horkey).

Modernization covers up our debt to the past. It is not clear how much of the neighborhood is still benefitting from the labor of 1850, 1890 or 1930, because we have "redecorated" so much of it to keep up with fashions. In this way, we somewhat cheat our forefathers out of their life's work, out of their monuments, out of credit for their mark on the landscape.

Yet, a disaster could strike at any time. Fire was perhaps the worst danger. A fire destroying a house or a barn could really wipe out a farm family. On July 25, 1922, a fire struck the Yelinek barn; serious as the damage was, the Yelineks managed to revive the farm.

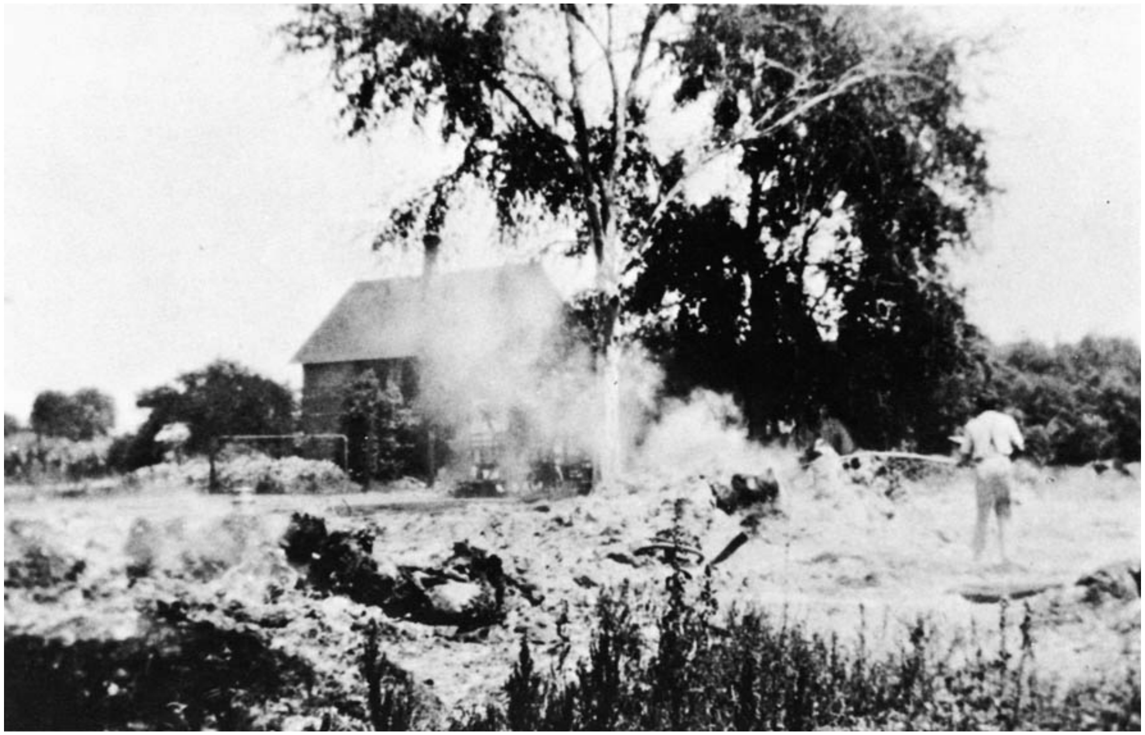
The poorest people were those from distinct minority groups — Poles, gypsies, and Indians. The Poles were imported from town as pickers, and had the same problems that stoop laborers have today. The work itself was back-breaking and monotonous. The Polish children were often pulled from school to pick, thus mining their future as well as their present. The normal labor safeguards — on children, on sanitary facilities, on safety standards, on the minimum wage — are always ignored for migrant workers. Yet, consider this: the farmers themselves had a low standard of living; what wages could they afford to pay? The farmers really began to make money only when truck farming came into the neighborhood, that is,when they began to make money off the depressed Poles. Mrs. Basançon writes off the hard work and low wages of the pickers:

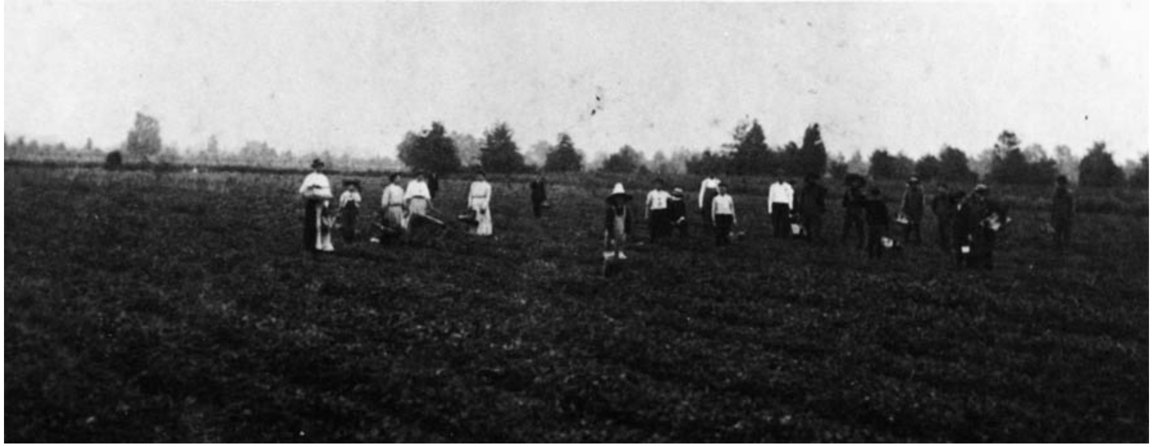
Polish pickers used to come out and pick berries. These kids would come out to our place by six o'clock in the morning after walking all the way. They picked berries all day for one cent a quart; some of them would pick as many as 90 to 100 quarts a day, and then walk home again at night.

Iva Fuerst's account confirms Mrs. Basançon's:

My brother used to drive down Livernois to Grand River Avenue with the team and manure box and pick up a bunch of Polish people who had walked all the way from Michigan Avenue and 23rd Street. We raised a lot of strawberries — had as many as thirty pickers in the field at one time. No pickers — a lot of soft berries. The men, boys and women, with white babushkas around their heads, were paid one and one-half cents a quart. The really good ones would pick as many as one hundred quarts a day.

II-18 The Yelinek barn was still smoldering after a fire in the summer of 1922 at Six Mile (McNichols) and Pennington. The carcass of a dead horse is shown in the left foreground.





II-19 For a group to change status, it must change jobs. Or put in a more flamboyant way, whoever does "nigger work" is a "nigger." At the turn of the century, the stoop laborers in the neighborhood, the grape pickers, the migrant workers (although they only migrated from the city) were Polish.

We had a Polish hired man who worked for fifty cents a day. He would walk back and forth every day from around Michigan Avenue, always ready to work on time. He was such a good willing worker that my father told him he could sleep in the hay mow if he wanted to save the long walk. He was so pleased that, when my father got up at two in the morning to go out to the barn and take care of the horse before going to market, the Pole had the horse fed, watered, curried, and harnessed, all ready to go.

The gypsies were another group who led rough lives in the farm world. The gypsies used to come through the neighborhood regularly, and had several camp sites there, including a large one in a woods that is now the southwest corner of Puritan and Hamilton. They were feared as kidnappers and thieves and were treated with hostility. Rudy Nemechek's animosity was blatant:

Once in a while the gypsies would come, always from the north. We had them park further east. We used to let them stay in that woods for forty-eight hours. While they were there everyone had to watch their stuff, because the gypsies would steal chickens and anything they could get a hold of. They did really steal, because they had to live.

I had a store on Livernois. These gypsies came along and they were great fortune tellers. I was in Detroit for a load of stuff one day; when I came back and went into the store, there was a gypsy girl with her arm on the cash register fingering around trying to see how she could open it. I said, "What's goin' on?" And some women customers said, "Oh don't go in there, don't go in there. Your wife is in there getting her fortune told." "Yeah?" I opened that door and here my wife had silver all over the table and this woman, a big fat juicy one, was reading her palm. I shoved all the money over toward my wife and I got this woman by the neck and I marched her through the store and threw her through the screen door. The road at that time was all sand, no sidewalks. I threw her out there on her back. I got a hold of the little one and I flung her out there and those women customers said, "You could have bad luck with that."

They had that camp and I drove down there, and I got a hold of the chief. He was walking around with a great big horsewhip. Oh, he was real friendly, real nice, and he spoke good English too. I said, "Your people are coming down to buy from my store and they are stealing on me." He said, "How much did they get from you?" I said, "About twelve dollars all together."

He hauled right off and gave me the twelve dollars. Then he said, "Can we come and buy from you?" And I said, "Yeah, but let only two come." And do you know he started lashing those women with that old whip! Whether he was just a bluff, I do not know, but he paid the money. He knew damn well they were stealing.

The prejudiced credo that gypsies stole horses is especially interesting because a local farmer, O'Leary, was widely believed to be a horse thief himself. His farm was on what is now the northwest corner of Puritan and Wyoming. Fred Siterlet speaks of O'Leary's escapades more sympathetically than Nemechek did of the gypsies':

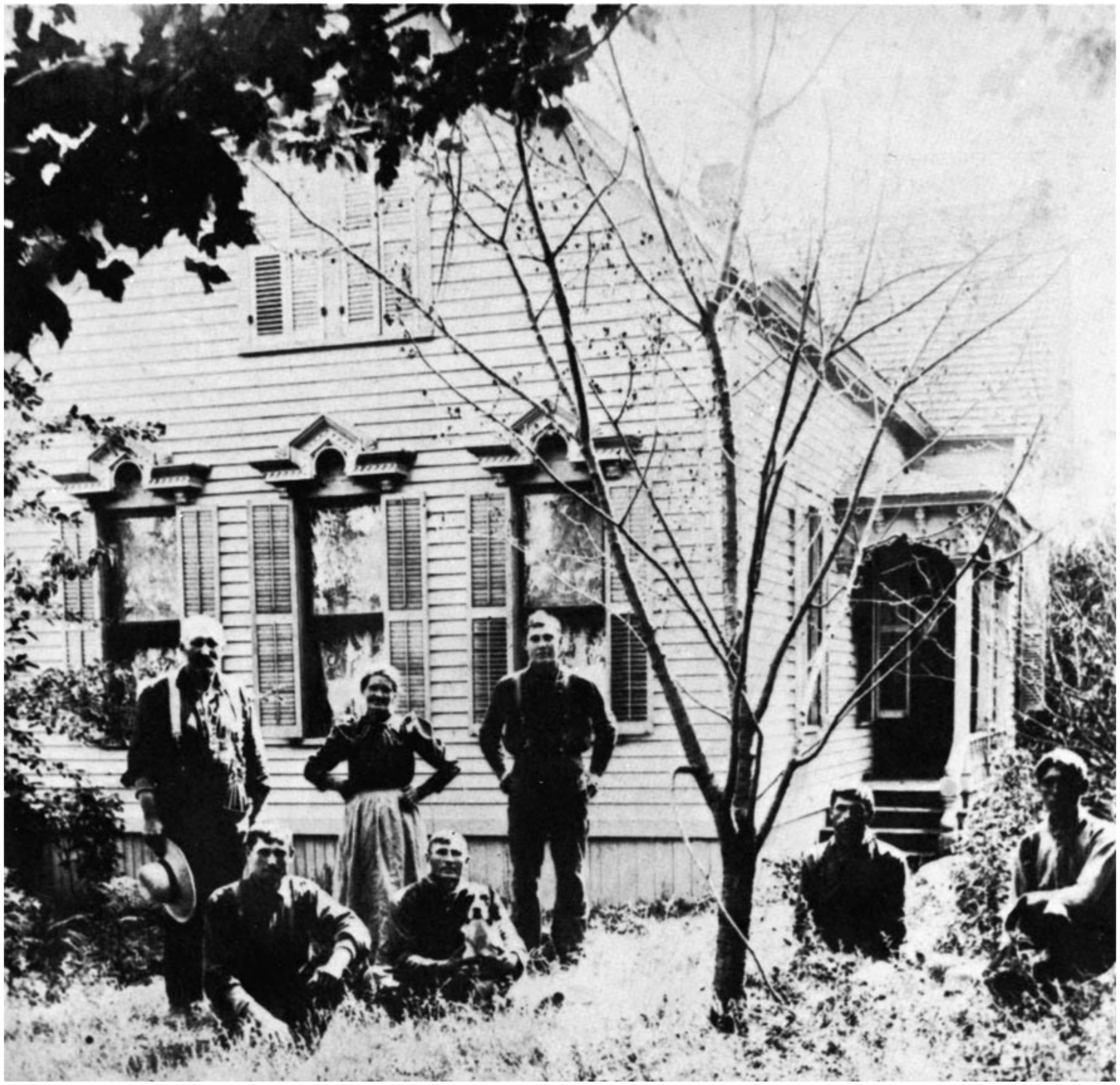
Grandfather O'Leary had an old stage coach and was in the ragpicking business. In order to trade and double his profits, he used to carry tin ware in all the different compartments on top of the coach. He made voyages out through the country and used to be gone a week or ten days. When he came back, he would come home at night and in the morning he would leave early with horses tied behind with halters, and head for Detroit. That would be the end of the horses. We suspected he took them out of some pasture.

But then, O'Leary was a relative of half the township so his thefts were a sort of joke; and too, the horses he allegedly stole were from a great distance, not like the ones the gypsies purportedly stole locally.

The last Indians to live as Indians, not absorbed completely by white culture, were shunned by all groups. They were a band of fifteen who cut wood on the old Meyer farm, immediately west of what is now the Guest School at Meyers and Fenkell. The seasonally drifting band was on the land clearing timber for Meyer from approximately 1915 until the mid-1920's. They were never accepted into society.

While the prejudice against Poles, gypsies, Negroes and Indians was intense, other prejudices tended to melt. The original pioneer families were a mixture of all nationalities of Northwestern Europe and, a little later, of central Europe, especially Bohemia. Through the generations they fell in love with each other, broke up, married—all the human things. The Protestants are still buried in the old cemetery on Meyer's Road on the south side of Butzel Playground. The Catholics were married and buried at St. Mary's Church on Grand River; the cemetery was moved later to Holy Sepulchre. But members of the two religions intermarried. The couples jumped in and out of Catholicism and Protestantism, not easily, not without ecumenical strain, but they did so nonetheless. There were a great number of non-churchgoers, ranging from the lazy to the militantly atheistic. Ironically, much of the site of the present Jesuit property, the University of Detroit, was cleared by a flaming God-is-Deader, Old Man Horkey. Rudy Nemechek tells the story:

Old Man Horkey came there and went on that farm and had to clear the stumps and built the house. He was a big husky man. He did not believe in any religion. He married Joe Benda's sister and Joe Benda was a strict Catholic. Horkey used to make fun of how he had to run to church every Sunday. Benda had to walk from Livernois clear to Woodward Avenue to the street car. There were no sidewalks. He would get in mud right up to his knees. The next day his boys would have to polish his boots to get them slick and clean for next Sunday. Horkey would make fun of him about that. Joe Benda and Horkey would visit once in a while but they would always get into an argument, so they quit visiting.



II-20 The old Horkey place on Livernois around 1910. The patriarch, John, is standing at left with his wife and five sons, all good workers, in front of the house that was to become Gesu Parish's first church and the first of the two buildings from the farm days that the University of Detroit was to keep.

Another theme running through the history of this square mile is physical violence and crime. All through the farm days almost everyone fought everyone else. Every night, coming home from Meyer's School, boys would fight in McGraw's old abandoned log cabin, located about where the John Lodge Expressway is, just west of Wyoming. In McGraw's cabin, the valuable milled doors and windows had been removed. It made an excellent boxing ring. Albert Shannon, Milo Balow, Fred Siterlet, Howard Knowlton and Claude Shannon were the "prize" fighters. Fred Siterlet reports:

We would choose which two of us were to fight that night. In this log house there was straw on the floor. We would put our dinner buckets down, take our coats off and really go at it. Many a time I came home with a bloody nose. One time another smaller boy and myself took on a bigger one. This smaller boy was not doing too much, just sneaking up behind and punching him once in a while. In the meantime, I was getting the punishment. We just did that for something to do, for excitement. There was nothing else to do except play shinney or go into the woods.

It was great fun and after the battle the boys would go home and wash off the blood in the horse trough; their fathers would laugh and kid about their unwashable injuries, such as black eyes. It was not only young Abe Lincoln who liked to fight and wrestle, it was most boys who knew the way of life of the American frontier.

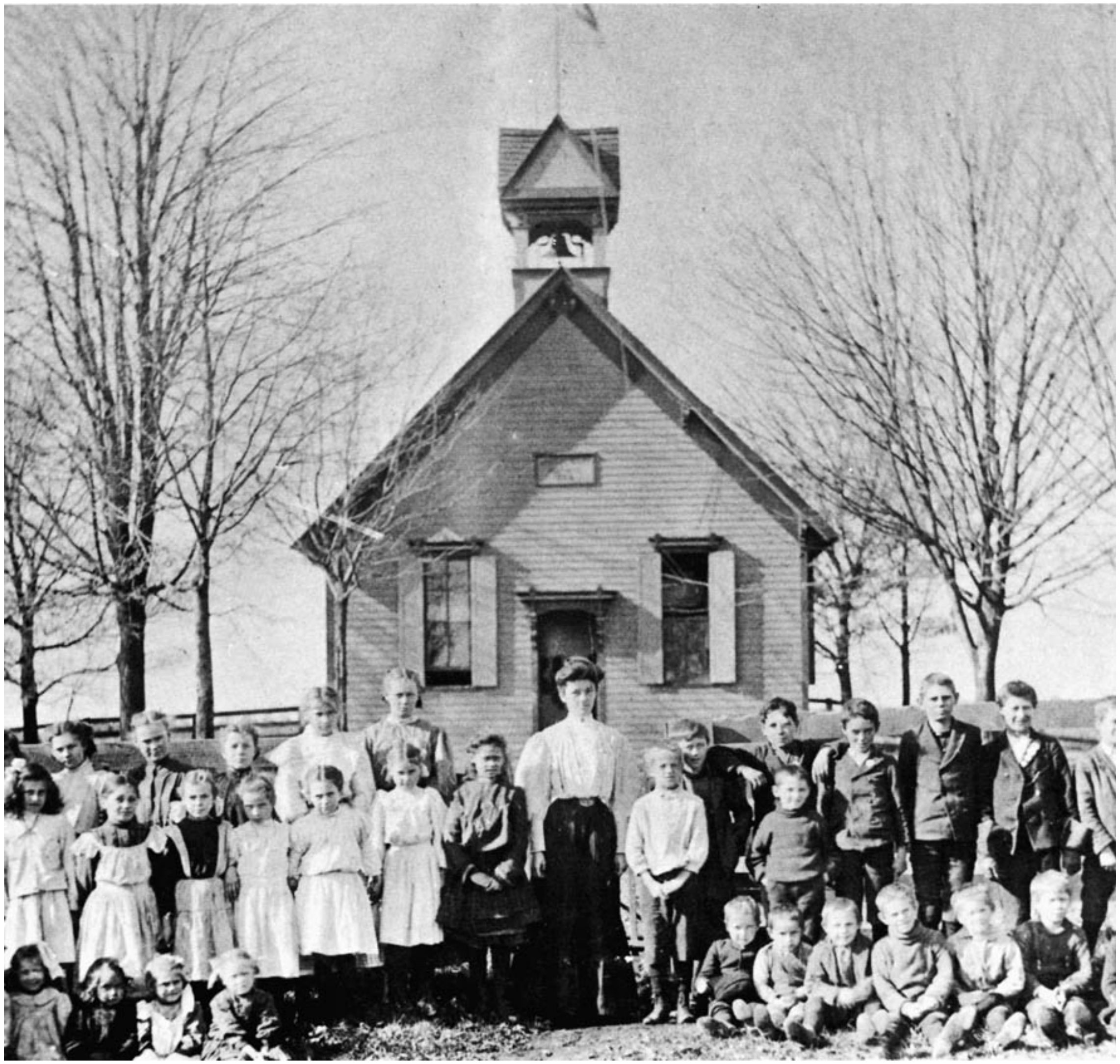
And the men fought and fought at the dances over something perfectly comprehensible today, the girls. The men came to the dances armed to the teeth, not just with shotguns and hunting pieces but with 32 caliber hand guns. Everyone carried pistols and occasionally pulled them on one another, sometimes in earnest. Frank Phillips tells a story of a typical argument over a girl: He was leaving his girl's home in a section called "Robber's Roost" on Chicago Boulevard and Linwood. At the corner of Oakman Boulevard and Livernois, an hysterical girl threw herself in front of his pony. Her skirt had been ripped off and her assailant was chasing her down the road. At her behest Frank intervened and the man made a clip at him with a fist "as big as an elephant's foot," so Frank shoved his gun in the man's face, backing him off. The girl decided that Frank was really tougher than her assailant and ended up going home with her attacker.

The farm days generated much casual violence. Fred Schmidt reports:

> *At a picnic at Engel's, Ed Gettrie got hit by a fellow from Detroit. They were selling beer on Sunday and Gettrie went up to this Detroit bartender and said, "What's a matter, can't we get no beer?" The bartender said, "Are you ready for it?" Gettrie said, "Yep", and he hit Gettrie with a shupper of beer. He laid out Gettrie and cut his right cheek. They went up in an old barn and put spider webs on it, across his right cheek and part of his ear. It could have been fatal. The bartender paid the doctor and bought Gettrie a new suit since his old one was ruined from blood.*

Most of the violence of fights and the thieving worked out all right, but not all of it. A salesman named Charles Farley, from Cleveland, was made drunk, poisoned and robbed in Detroit and then shoved out of a carriage at the corner of what is now Livernois and Fenkell. Farley staggered down 12th Street (Fenkell) toward Snyder Road (Wyoming), and at the Schmidt farm, on the northeast corner of Fenkell and Northlawn, talked to one of the boys, George. Farley did not seem in too bad shape to George, but his condition worsened, for he soon fell in a ditch, where his boots were found. He staggered back onto the road, crossed Snyder (Wyoming) going west, and then fell in the ditch against the Phillips' place, losing his hat. Though extremely weak, he made it back to the road, but at the Bardolet farm, at what is now approximately Birwood and Fenkell, he fell again, this time in a puddle of mud, and drowned. When found, he was carried to the Bardolet's barn; Dr. Dohnay came out to perform the autopsy. Poisoning with intention to rob was not uncommon.

II-21 George Schmidt in 1910, in front of his place on Twelfth Street (Fenkell) between Snyder Road (Wyoming) and Greenlawn. This is approximately where the poisoned salesman from Cleveland spoke to him.



II-22 1904. Edna Winn, teacher, with her pupils at the old Livernois School, immediately across from the University of Detroit. But the rural school soon became rougher, as John Holman reports:

"If a teacher told those boys to sit down, they would tell her to sit down herself. They had to get a male teacher."

During these years diseases were more dangerous than they are now. Since the conquest of polio, the last of the epidemic killer diseases, we have forgotten just how terrified mothers were of these child-killing diseases. The flu wave of World War I resembled aspects of a plague. Very late, up to the 1900's, mad dogs were a real danger in the neighborhood. A bite from a mad dog caused lockjaw; this disease led to a horrible death.

In this period the farm community was slowly developing intellectually. The new library consisted of 500 volumes. Until 1890 there were no newspapers, but after that date the Grand River stagecoach dropped off a weekly paper at Snyder Road (Wyoming). In 1917, a high school was established. The first high school students had to travel hours to the Central High School Building, located at Old Main on Wayne State University's present campus. The students paid a tuition of $120.

Small game was hunted to the very end of this farming period. Rabbits and squirrels were shot; northern pike, abundant in the spring in drainage ditches at such unlikely corners as today's Wyoming and Fenkell and at Fairfield and McNichols, were speared with pitchforks by the farm boys. The ditches were deep and in the spring boys would swim nude in them. The big swamp at Seven Mile and Meyer's Road was hunted for muskrat, the open fields for quail. Snakes were sought, especially the poisonous ones — water moccasins, puff adders, blue racers, and rattlesnakes, which were a danger to the women, when, like the Indian women before them, they picked blackberries, huckleberries, and cranberries in the uncultivated brush and swamps. A den of rattlesnakes was burned out on the east side of San Juan just south of Six Mile in the 1920's. Fascinated by snakes, the farmers told many stories about them; one involved a snake of enormous size that escaped from one of the numerous traveling circuses of the day and hung out for years in the neighborhood, periodically scaring the daylights out of man and horse alike. It was never caught, and moved northwest when houses began to be built in the 1920's.

Another subject that entranced the minds of farmers was the human bones that were buried and accidentally dug up. Fitzgerald is a colored cemetery. Besides Kanada's bones, centuries of Indian bones are buried throughout the area. The bodies from the medical school in Detroit, or more accurately the pieces of bodies, were dumped in a "cemetery" at what is now Prairie and Curtis. When the sewer went through, the workmen as a joke would throw bones at the kids watching them. Another time, a little girl died of diphtheria and was buried on the Yelinek farm. The body was accidentally dug up around 1910; murder was suspected until she was identified.

Farm life provided many fine moments. It was much better than the brutal pioneer life. A man was his own man. No one could threaten his livelihood personally, though depressions and bad weather took their toll. Life had a plan to it — to clear and improve more and more land— and progress in the plan could be seen. People were kind; when Jake Phillips' family was laid up with typhoid, all the neighbors pitched in to help, in his house and in his fields. Funny things happened, like the time Bill Smith, barely rising from his chair, threw an antagonist out the Meyer's School window at a School Board meeting; good things happened, like the dances held almost every other week where the young people drank, hollered, and danced till dawn. The Meyer's School (Greenfield No. 2) cheer is awe-inspiring to this day:

Hickey, Pickey, Dippey,
Pin, Chin, Chaw,
Greenfield Two,
Raw, Raw, Raw.

These were the happiest days, many people in the neighborhood felt, for themselves and for America — the days of the farm way of life. Iva Fuerst reminisces:

The boys in the neighborhood used to catch frogs and sell their legs to Ardussi's on Woodward Avenue for spending money. They also caught muskrats and sold them on Grand River. And, when someone's cats were missing, we all had a pretty good idea what became of them. One night a big black skunk fell in the open well down in the lane. We fished it out and buried it; when one of the neighborhood boys heard about it, he dug it up, skinned it, and sold the hide.

We raised a lot of tomatoes, too. In the fall of the year we would scrape the manure box, sweep it out, fill it up with soft, over-ripe tomatoes — pitched in with the manure shovel. Down to Williams Pickle Factory it went. Everybody did the same thing. They made chili sauce and catsup, Williams Pickle Factory did. You could follow all the wagons by the juice dripping through the boxes.

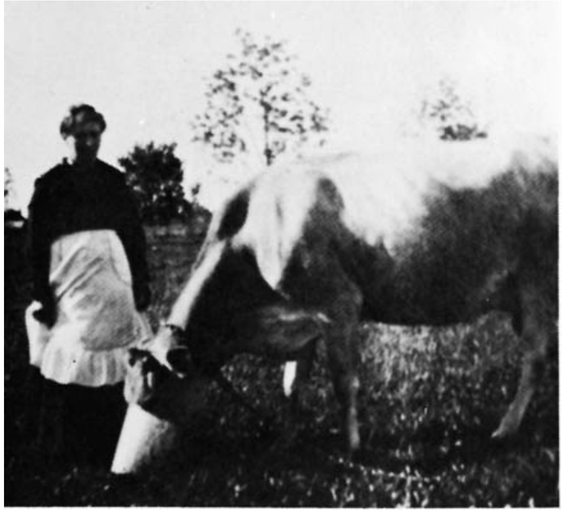
And Mary Basançon feels the same way:

Oh, in the spring, the wild flowers! The woods would be full of them, cowslips especially, and they were so beautiful. We used to go into the woods picking flowers where we used to pick huckleberries. Up at Gerig's they had wild flocks and they were so pretty. There were lots of birds: bluebirds, robins, and wild canaries, too. We had quite a big apple orchard and nice apples.

You couldn't go barefoot if the sand was too hot. You would burn your feet. If you had to go out and hoe in it, you didn't think it felt so good. We would get up in the morning and my father used to raise carrots and onions and we would have to weed those cussed things, pick berries, skin onions, bunch pie plants. I used to hate them. It would be so hot sometimes, and they used to say, "When the maple tree turns her leaves it is a pure sign of rain". Tired and hot, we would look and moan, "The trees aren't turning one bit today. Guess it isn't going to rain." A rainy day — it was wonderful. After a rain the soil felt kind of gooey, it came up between your toes.

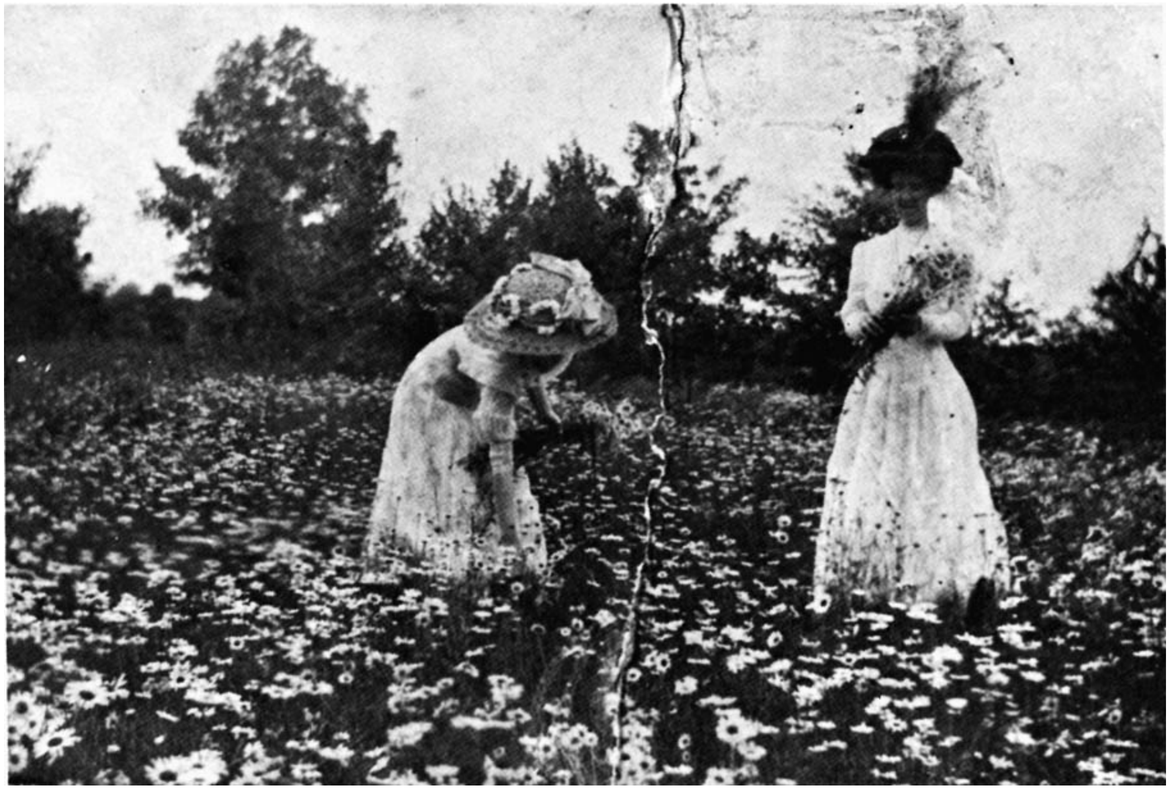
Rural Nostalgia

The farm days were happy days, and the people from the neighborhood remember them with feeling.



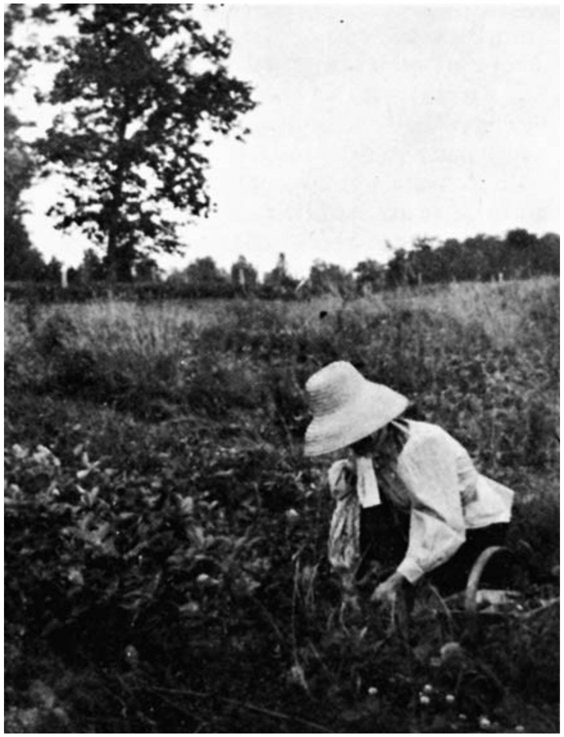
II-25 Becky Fuerst and one of her family's Jersey cows, shown on the Livernois farm near Twelfth Street (Fenkell) around 1916. Becky's life on the farm is fondly remembered by her daughter Iva:

> *"We had cream colored Jersey cows. My mother would get up at two o'clock in the morning when it was cool and make the butter, forty pounds every week. She would hang it down the well during the day so it would stay firm; she would get ice to put around the butter.*
>
> *We had an ice house filled with ice, packed with sawdust. The ice came from Palmer Park. The farmers could have all the ice they wanted after they filled Senator Palmer's ice house, My father had a horse sharp shod that could stand on the ice and cut the ice with a horse-drawn saw. Those were the happy days!" (13852)*



II-23 Ladies pick black-eyed susans on the Holman farm in 1910 in the forty acres southwest of Kanada Road (Puritan) and Livernois. Iva Fuerst loved these adventures:

> *"The boys and girls now-a-days sure are missing a lot: finding the first violets in the spring, wild strawberries in the pasture; chewing sassafras leaves; raising a setting hen off her nest and finding it full of little chicks; picking wild blackberries, wild huckleberries and climbing up to get big black sweet cherries off the trees." (200055)*



II-24 Louisa Holman picks strawberries on her farm in 1920 Louisa's neighbor, Iva Fuerst, reminisces about the strawberries:

> *"We would coax our parents to let us go barefoot early. My mother used to say, 'Not until the strawberries are ripe.' We used to walk all over the strawberry patches looking for a ripe berry. When we found one, Mama used to say, 'Go ask Papa.' Soon our shoes and stockings were off. (200067)*

The people in the area stretched their stories a little to get close to Success, the American Dream, Horatio Alger. For instance, on the Sheridan Miller farm a hired family named Guest was employed for several years. Later the Meyer's School was renamed the Edgar Guest School after the Detroit poet, Edgar Guest. The people in the neighborhood put these two facts together and concluded — totally incorrectly — that Edgar Guest, the poet, had been born right in their own midst. Henry Ford was so close to the community that the people could feel him, and they remember and cherish their contacts with him. It was Henry Ford, not Daniel Boone, who was the hero of the latter-day farmers. Henry was a farm boy from Dearborn with a mechanical bent who made good.

The impact of Henry Ford was planetary. His Highland Park Plant, just two miles east of Livernois, was perhaps not the genuine first mass production plant in the world, but it was the one from which the explosion of the mass-produced society grew. It was here, in 1913, that mankind began to turn into a human monkey for machinekind. No farm work was as continuously dull, robot-like, as production work at Ford's. From this spot flowed out, all over the world, hundreds, then thousands upon thousands of similar factories with their assembly line work. Driving by the Highland Park Plant fills one with wonder that in 1913 it was the only such plant in the world.

It is the purest of geographic coincidences that such an event, an event that would lure farmers all over the world into the cities, just happened to be located so close to Fitzgerald. The very first plant hired many people from Fitzgerald. For instance, Perry Seymour worked there for years. He was one of the first of the urban dwellers to move into the neighborhood. Ford's plant enabled him to urbanize. Rudy Nemechek, gradually drifting from farming, worked at Ford's.

II-26 Fred Siterlet proudly holds his team, Old Jake (left) and Maggie; the family's 1913 car is in the background. Clyde Ford, a cousin of Henry, and a Ford dealer, personally delivered and then instructed Fred how to drive this machine. The photograph was taken around 1913 on what is now approximately the southwest corner of Wyoming and Puritan. (13727)

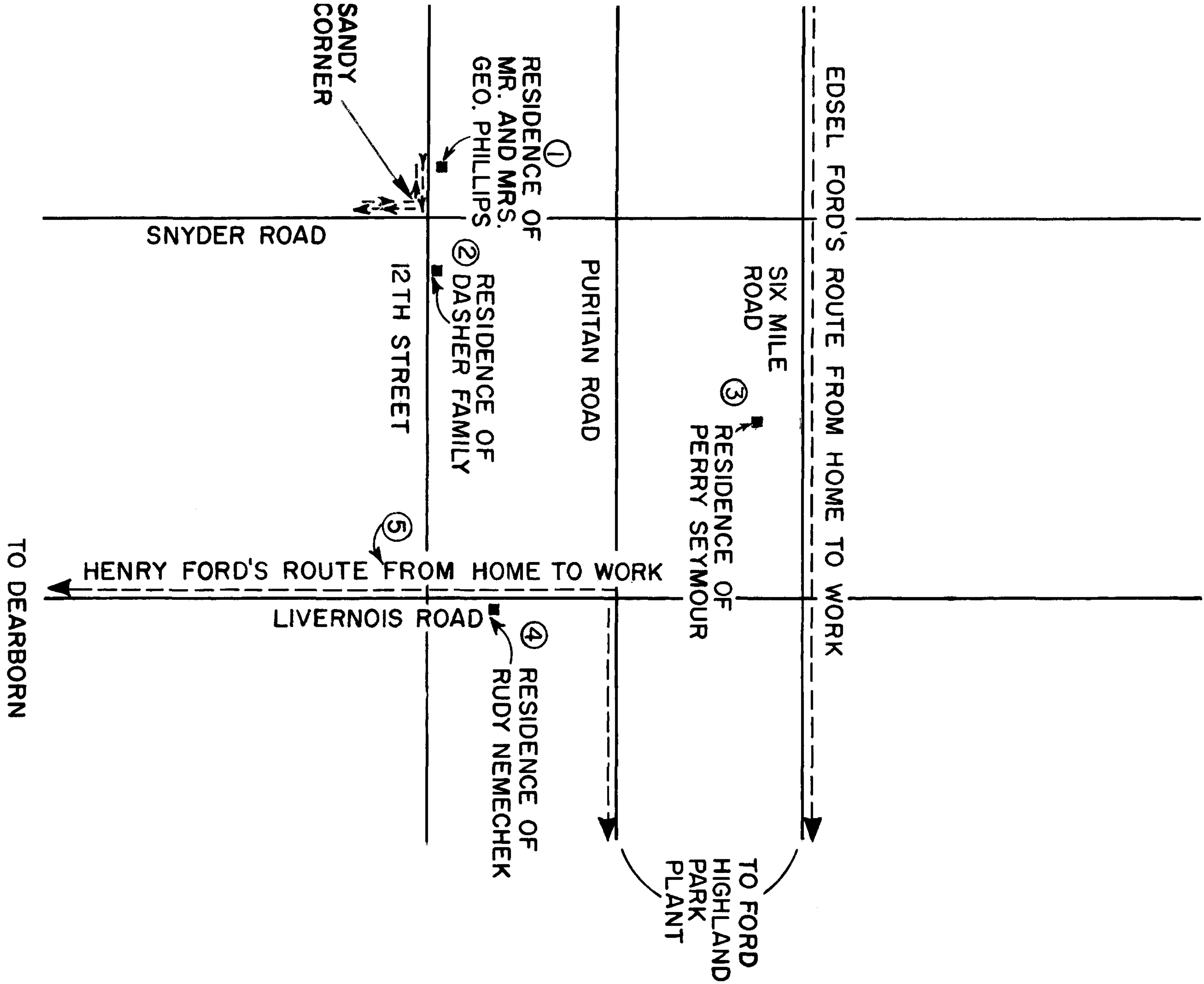
Before founding the lily-white City of Dearborn, a living monument to his racist prejudices, Ford brushed through the neighborhood. It was not his home place, but it was his wife's, Clara Bryant's, and that pulled young Henry into the community. He went to the square dances dressed like any other farmer, bib overalls and all, and was known among his contemporaries in the settlement as "The Nut", because he fiddled around instead of settling down to honest farm work. He went to trade school with Dasher who later farmed on 12th and Snyder Road (Fenkell and Wyoming). After becoming famous, Ford would hang over the fence with Dasher on his way to work. Edna Dasher reports:

Sometimes Dad would cut asparagus twice a day and Henry would drive by on the way to the Highland Park Plant and they would talk over the fence. Mother and I would be waiting in the house to bundle it and that would go into sixes to be tied. We'd be waiting. Henry used to have a small coupe so you could always tell. Mother would say, "I don't care if it is Henry Ford. Let him go to work, so we can get ours done".

Starting in 1915, Henry would regularly drive up Livernois and then turn down Puritan to the Highland Park Plant and he would wave democratically to the farmers on the way. His son, Edsel, preferred to go down Six Mile; the farmers would wave to him, too.

One family Ford did know well: the Phillips family on 12th Street (Fenkell) just past Snyder Road (Wyoming). Mrs. Nellie Phillips was Clara Ford's favorite aunt, and Clara was always bringing the family out to "my Aunt Nellie". Henry, and later "the little boy" (Edsel) and a whole parade of Henry's contraptions, starting with the first one in 1896, dutifully made their Sunday call at Snyder Road and 12th Street. Mary Basançon, née Phillips, tells of Henry's first automobile:

FORD AND THE COMMUNITY OF FITZGERALD


SANDY CORNER
① RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. GEO. PHILLIPS
SNYDER ROAD
② RESIDENCE OF DASHER FAMILY
12TH STREET
PURITAN ROAD
SIX MILE ROAD
③ RESIDENCE OF PERRY SEYMOUR
EDSEL FORD'S ROUTE FROM HOME TO WORK
⑤
HENRY FORD'S ROUTE FROM HOME TO WORK
TO DEARBORN
LIVERNOIS ROAD
④ RESIDENCE OF RUDY NEMECHEK
TO FORD HIGHLAND PARK PLANT

11-27 1) Mrs. George Phillips was the favorite aunt of Henry Ford's wife, Clara Bryant Ford. From her house around the sandy corner at Twelfth Street and Snyder Road, Ford drove and displayed his first car.

2) Young Dasher was an old school mate of Henry Ford; Ford and Dasher carried on conversations over the fence on the Dasher property.

3) From his property, Perry Seymour saw Edsel Ford drive daily to and from work.

4) Rudy Nemechek worked on the Ford farm in Dearborn.

5) Ford knew many of the families on this road; he waved to them as he passed and occasionally stopped to talk with them.

II-28 Young Henry Ford in his first car, the one that, among other things, frightened Gladys Phillips. (Courtesy of Henry Ford Museum.)

They lived on Bagley Avenue at that time. He had built that car. He came out with his first little run-about and said, "Do you want to go for a ride, girls?" He gave my sister, Jennie, a ride and my little sister, Gladys, was in Jennie's lap and hung to her neck. She was scared to death. I thought he would get stuck in the sand at Snyder Road and 12th, but he didn't and he turned south to Cerveney's farm and then turned around and back.

But for Ford himself, nothing really worked out. Ford was simply a farm boy in the age of farm machinery, of new engine-powered saw mills and new threshing machines. Ford himself threshed; he employed a threshing crew that included Rudy Nemechek. Nemechek and Ford would climb into the thresher and pound out bent blades together; Nemechek told of the event over and over, the rest of his life. Ford really hoped that Ford Motor would be a boon for the farmer, helping him with tractors and other machines. But it was a false hope. Machines ultimately gobbled up farm life. Farms today are an industrial product, a product of cities, thanks in part to Ford. So, nothing worked out for Ford — which proves again that progress is not the product of genius, which Ford — the greatest businessman of all time — undoubtedly had, but of great grinding anthropological forces. Attributing the modern age to Ford personally is as silly as attributing the evolution of the opposable thumb to a brilliant ape.

Even though the farm people of Fitzgerald did not hit the Henry Ford jackpot, many achieved some economic security. At the 1967 conference of farm families held at the University of Detroit, over fifty individuals attended, almost all the families that had been on the land at the time of the sub-division in the 1920's. They were a prosperous bunch. Many had fine cars and were comfortably retired; in fact, several could not attend because they were enjoying their annual vacations in Florida. In 120 years, America had done well by them, fabulously well. America, and Fitzgerald as a part of it, was on the move.

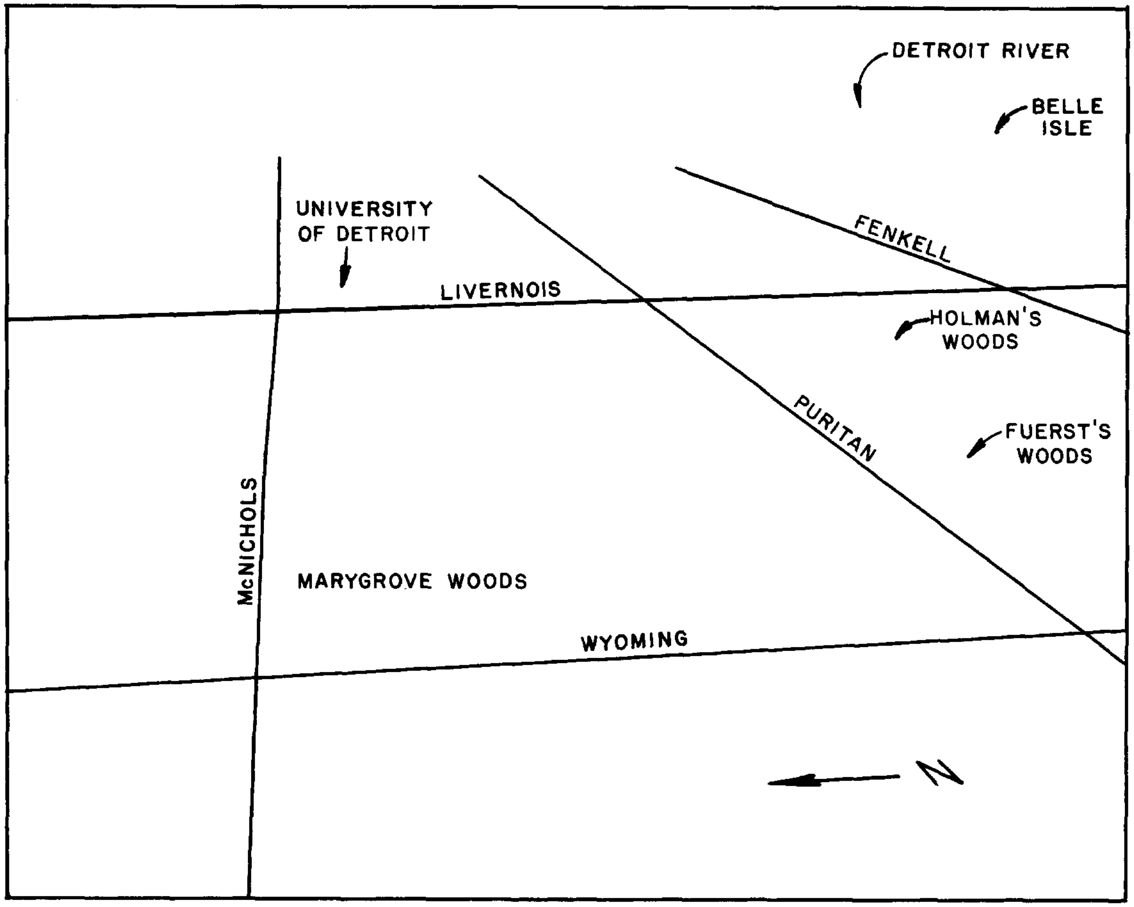
II-29 Mary Nemechek displays boxes of strawberries at the strawberry shed on the Nemechek south farm (Livernois, south of Puritan). The time is World War I (1915), and the flag, with only forty-five stars, is flying patriotically. The neighborhood boys were off fighting "the war to end all wars." In many ways, this war seemed to mark the end of a century of growing optimism in the neighborhood and in America itself.

Chapter III: Detroit Envelops Fitzgerald (1925-1960)

Sub-division of the land for urban home construction started in earnest in the mid-twenties and was fairly well completed by 1929. Yet, urbanization was uneven and for a few years many open spaces existed, especially west of Wyoming, providing play space for the young. Other undivided lands were commercial; a special strip around Marygrove College on the Marygrove and Greenlawn sides of the campus was set aside in 1922 by the College in speculation of higher values to come. Considering the liberal policies of the College in the sixties, it is interesting that it originally advertised the lots as in a "highly restricted" neighborhood. The last of the farm people on the lots of the campus-to-be was Williams, who hunted and skinned small game, especially skunks, as mentioned earlier.

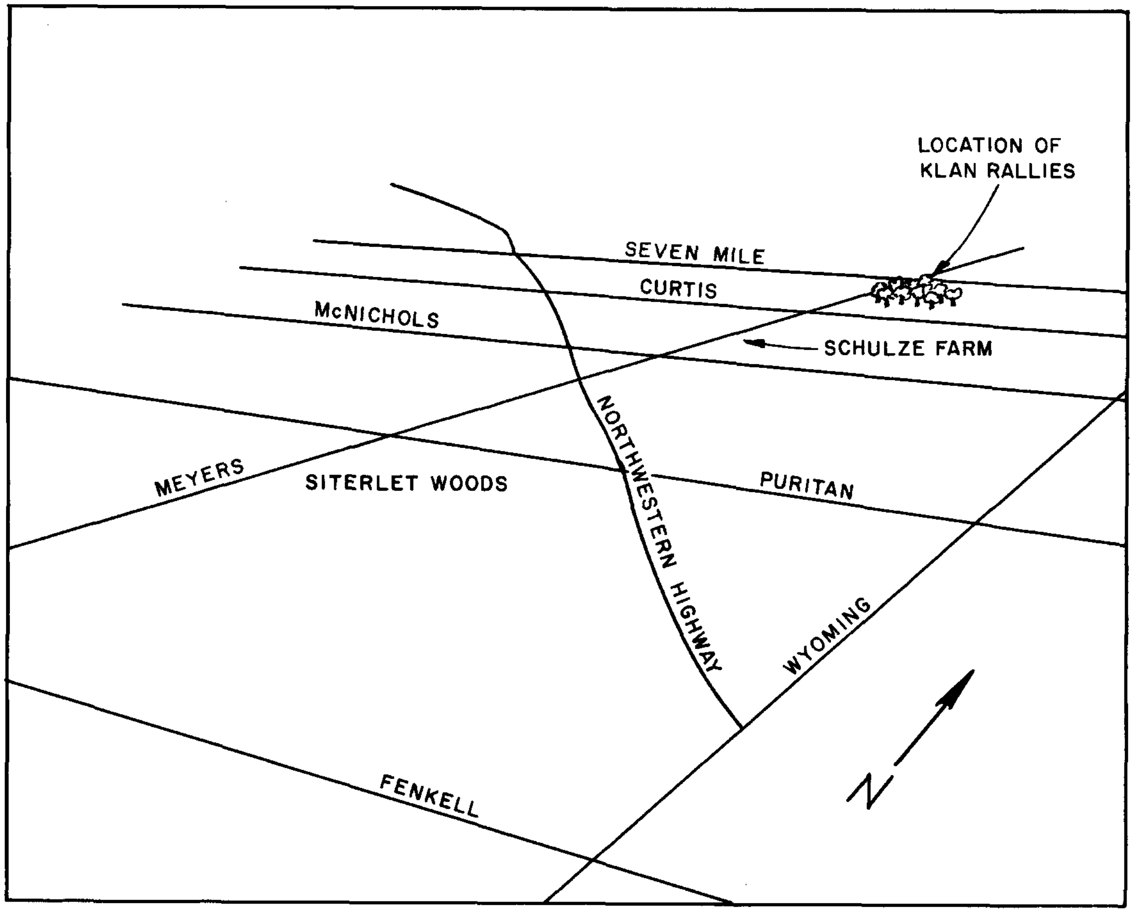
The Suburban Edge

In 1931, Fitzgerald had changed a lot from the farm days, and other changes would soon take place as well.


DETROIT RIVER
BELLE ISLE
UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT
FENKELL
LIVERNOIS
HOLMAN'S WOODS
PURITAN
FUERST'S WOODS
McNICHOLS
MARYGROVE WOODS
WYOMING
N

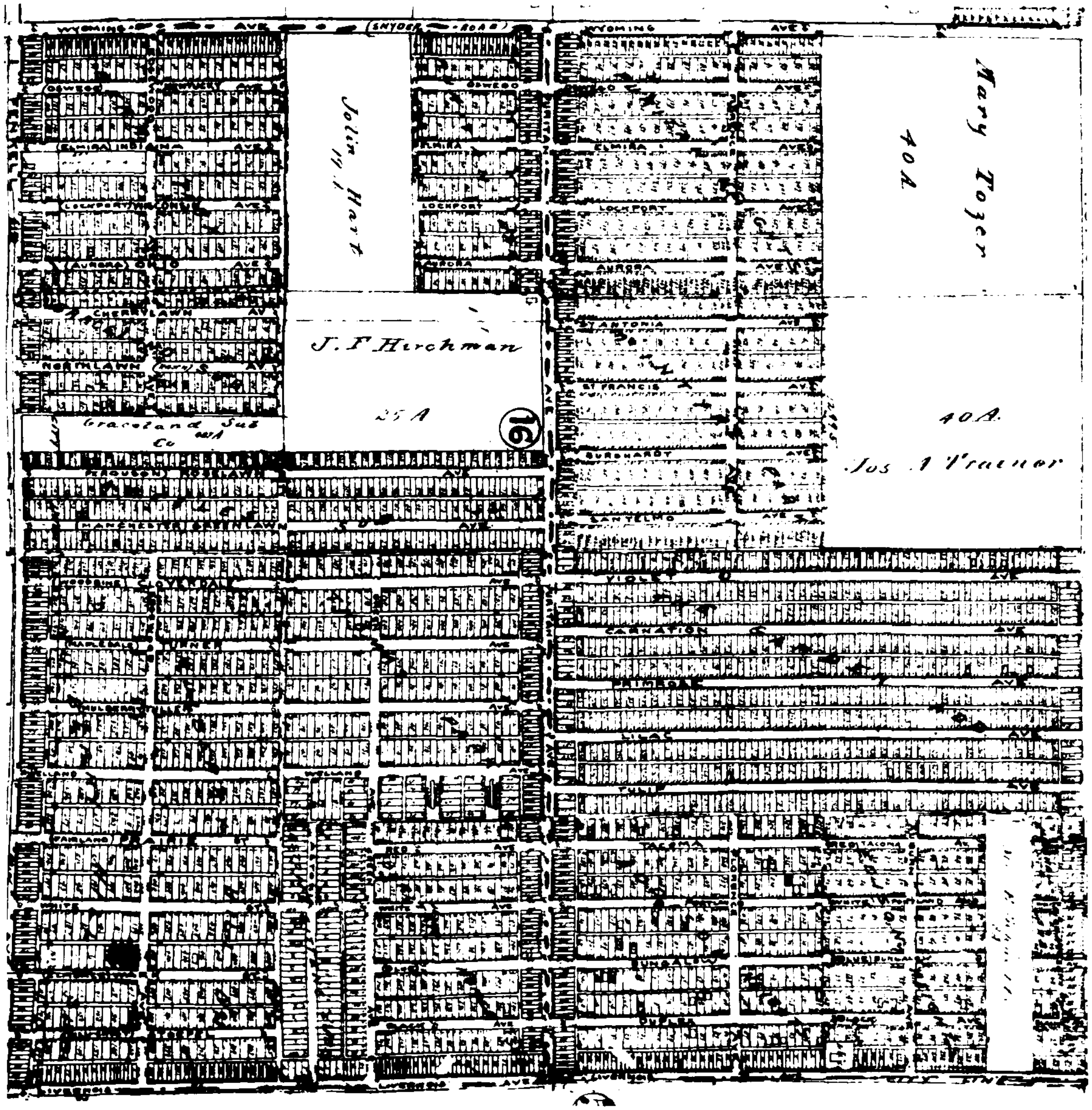
III-1 1931. Suburban Fitzgerald. Facing east, the photograph looks toward the city. Marygrove College with its woods extending close to Fitzgerald School is clearly seen. On the other side of the school campuses are two additional dark areas of trees. The area furthest foreground is the remnants of the wood lot that stood behind the Fuersts' farm near Puritan. The area furthest in the background adjoins Livernois; it was the ten acres pastured by the Holmans and known as "Holman's Woods." The influence of Detroit's original French street pattern is seen in the diagonal line that eventually intersects McNichols. Downtown is off the picture, to the right horizon, but Belle Isle is dimly seen in the Detroit River. Most of Fitzgerald's features are established, including the University of Detroit and the golf courses beyond, but the commercial property is underdeveloped, especially along Wyoming in the foreground.

These northwest suburbs, nearly a semi-rural region, would in little more than thirty years be part of the inner city.


LOCATION OF
KLAN RALLIES
SEVEN MILE
CURTIS
McNICHOLS
SCHULZE FARM
NORTHWESTERN HIGHWAY
MEYERS
SITERLET WOODS
PURITAN
WYOMING
N
FENKELL

III-2 1931. Suburban Fitzgerald. Facing northwest, the photograph looks toward the countryside. The intersection in the center foreground is Puritan and Wyoming. The conspicuous swath of new road is the beginning of what eventually became the expressway. "Old Jake" Phillips, as a working man, turned the first shovel of non-ceremonial dirt for this road, the last built in the neighborhood. The woods in the left center are the back acres of the Fred Siterlet farm which ran over to Meyer's Road. Following Meyer's Road across the future expressway and then across the intersection of Curtis (the earlier Lover's Lane), the Fred Schulze farm can be seen almost intact. The woods immediately to the north of the Schulze's farm is where the Klan held mass rallies in the 1920's. Fred Siterlet describes the place and the events:

> *"At the southest corner of Seven Mile Road and Meyer's Road was a sand knoll. We used to call that place Hungry Hill because of the fine red sand. Nothing would grow on the place. It was used by the Ku Klux Klan as a parade ground. There was an old farm building on the property that they used as a dressing place, to put on their robes.*



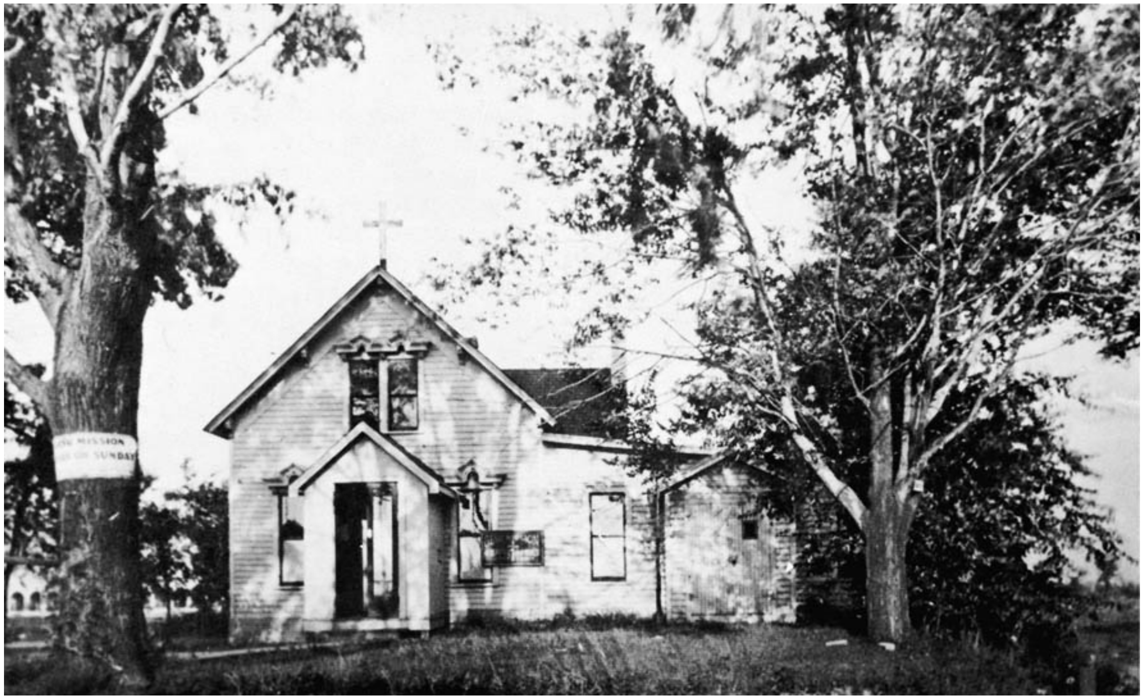
III-3 This map illustrates the juxtaposition of farm and town within Fitzgerald. About half of the region has given way to subdivision; their roads are named and houses numbered. The other half remains farm settlements.

The City of Detroit annexed the Fitzgerald portion of Greenfield Township in 1922 and erected the first units of the Ella Fitzgerald Elementary School in 1925, and of the Post Junior High School in 1931. Post was racially integrated from the start since it served the predominantly Negro elementary school, Higginbotham. True to the pioneer tradition in the neighborhood, these children walked over three miles to school. At least one of Post's former students from Higginbotham, James Garrett, lives in Fitzgerald today.

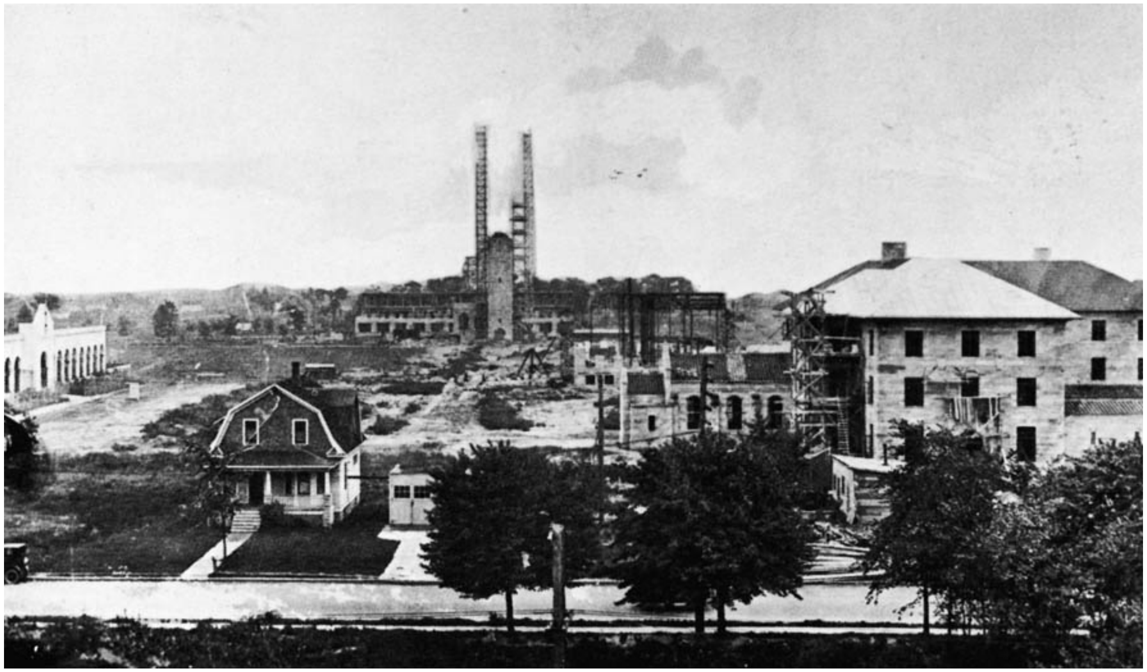
Garrett, a Negro successful in society, business and city government, had gone to Post in the sub-division days; so had Doris Grozner, a white housewife who lived south of Fitzgerald, but who attended Post and was a member of its first graduating class. Garrett was one year behind her, but they knew each other. Both Doris Grozner and Garrett have been on the Executive Board of the Fitzgerald Community Council, are active in local PTA's, represent the neighborhood to the city at large, and are held in high community respect.

Another important feature of today's urban landscape, the University of Detroit, was gradually moved during the 1920's from its original downtown site to the present campus in Fitzgerald. The campus occupied land once owned by Gildersleeve Hurd, but most recently by the Horkey family. The Horkeys had several farmhouses, one, the oldest, on Livernois and three on Six Mile. Their land, partially boggy at first, had gradually been improved and agricultural production had intensified with the coming of truck farming. The Horkeys had gone in for green onions in a big way, and had prospered. Except for the elder Horkey's anti-theism, the family was highly conservative. When Father McNichols, who led the move of the University to its present campus, came to purchase the property, the assembled Horkeys insisted on payment in one dollar bills. Father McNichols was stunned, but evidently retained his practicality, for he and his aides dutifully marched off to the bank and returned with an enormous wad of one dollar bills, which the Horkeys counted carefully. After the papers had been signed and the Father had departed, the Horkey family carefully divided the money into small piles, rushed out to the hen house, and placed the piles under various nesting hens. There were enough country slickers around so that the farmers were afraid of robbery, and the entire male contingent of the Horkey clan stood armed guard in the hen house all night, waiting for the bank to open in the morning.

As a result of the land sub-division, Fitzgerald's final road system is not symmetric: the crazy street pattern in Holman's Woods in the southeast portion of Fitzgerald was the creation of one crazy sub-divider, who also gave the streets such crazy names as Blue Street, Green Street, and Black Street. There is "one street too many" north of Puritan as compared to south. The "extra" street was arbitrarily picked to be Lilac. Lilac is the only street in the entire area that retains its original name. The others lost their original names as Detroit grew toward the



III-4 The Horkey farm became the new University of Detroit, November 11, 1921. By 1923 the structure had become the Mission of St. Peter and the St. Paul Jesuit Church, but it still looked the same.



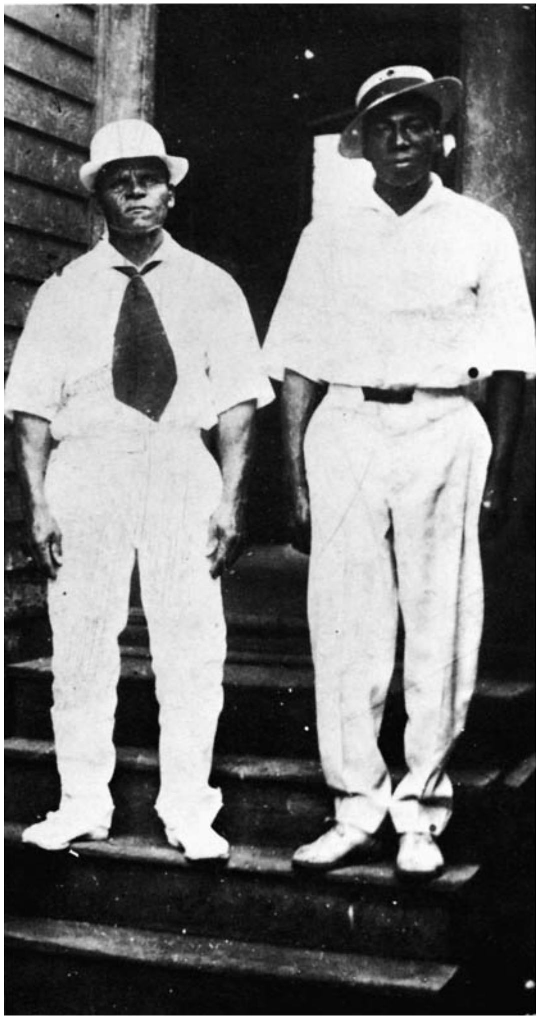
III-5 The north end of the University of Detroit in the early thirties. The campus landmark, the Engineering Tower, is being constructed between lofty scaffolds in this somewhat doctored picture. The house in the foreground, facing McNichols, is the last of the Horkey's four homes; his sons lived in the three other houses, and these stood in a row on McNichols. "Father Mac" lived in this house.

neighborhood from the east and south and forced city street names on the old farm and sub-division road names when a conflict existed. The old street names such as Palmer Park Boulevard, Edward, Lockport, Primrose, Astonia, and Crest, were changed to McNichols, Grove, Wisconsin, Tuller, Globe, and Stoepel, respectively. The last name to be changed was Crudder, which was altered in 1941 to Woodingham, perhaps when the word "cruddy" came into vogue.

The jogs and eccentricities of the streets break the basic order of the neighborhood and give it a flavor, a flair. So, too, do the bends and valleys of the newer expressway. The crooked northwest section of the old Northwest Highway, now the John Lodge Expressway, was not a result of the survey of 1817 or Indian trails; it was added much later, in 1923.

Land sub-division and urbanization caused many farmers to leave the neighborhood and continue farming elsewhere. But, when the city dwellers "invaded", many adopted the urban way themselves, and became links between the farm past and the urban present. A few farm families continue to live right in the neighborhood; the Yelineks were farmers but stayed on and are a neighborhood force working with their church in Gesu Parish.

Cecil Erbaugh, the founder of the neighborhood's liberal homeowner's group, the Fitzgerald Community Council, is a western Michigan farmer who has been highly loyal to the neighborhood. Circumstances — the Great Depression of the 1930's, the shifting size of his family, and the construction of the expressway — have caused him to change houses five times, but never neighborhoods. Erbaugh bridges the farm days and these. He is not upset over a fist fight, for he had a few himself as a boy. He has a sturdy quality to him, a country integrity, which urban people with their little deals and side hustles tend to lose. He is trusted by every individual and group in the neighborhood. He has been the leading member of the Commission on Christian Social Concerns of the local Methodist Church. He literally helped lay the foundation of the present church.



III-6 Charles Pollard and Roy Turner (his son-inlaw) at Pollard's house that stood at 15727 Roselawn, land which is now part of Post Junior High School.

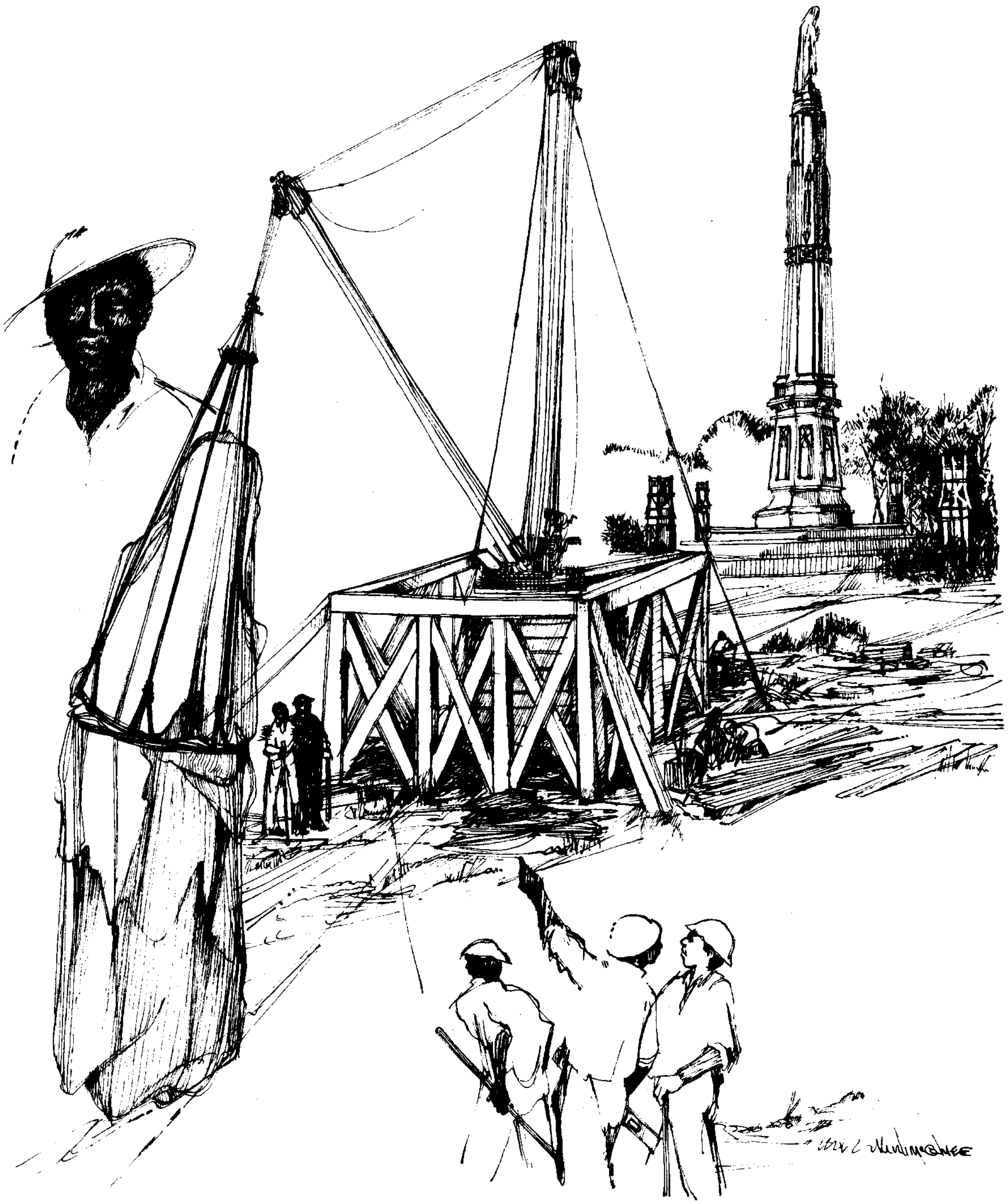
Another long-time resident of the neighborhood is Margaret Staley, who also links the farm past and the urban present. She is on the Board of Directors of the Community Council, and served as President in Erbaugh's absence in the spring of 1967. She is also on the Commission on Christian Social Concerns of the Methodist Church. She remembers the beginnings of the sub-division days and knew such old farm family members as Frank Phillips, the son of Old Jake. She remembers the riding stable on Tuller which was owned by Frank Philips toward the end of the farm days and patronized by Marygrove students.

Urbanization brought into the neighborhood four Negro suburbanite families. Three of the families, the Pollards, Turners, and Greers, lived side by side on Roselawn near Pilgrim, now the site of Post Junior High School. When the Pollards moved in, alone, their white neighbors, the Daniels, were friendly, but when the Turners came and started building, the Daniels froze, or as Rose Pollard puts it, "One colored family was OK, but not two." So the Daniels' were anxious to sell, and did, to the Greers in May of 1924. The Turner children, Marion and Harold, went to Livernois School, the old township school that many years ago had enrolled Addie Keyes as the first Negro student in the community. Later, when the Fitzgerald School opened in 1925, they transferred to it; so Fitzgerald, like Post, started integrated. Fitzgerald was so overcrowded its first year that "portables", temporary shack-like classrooms, were placed on the Greenlawn side of the school and used by kindergarteners like George Ann Greer.

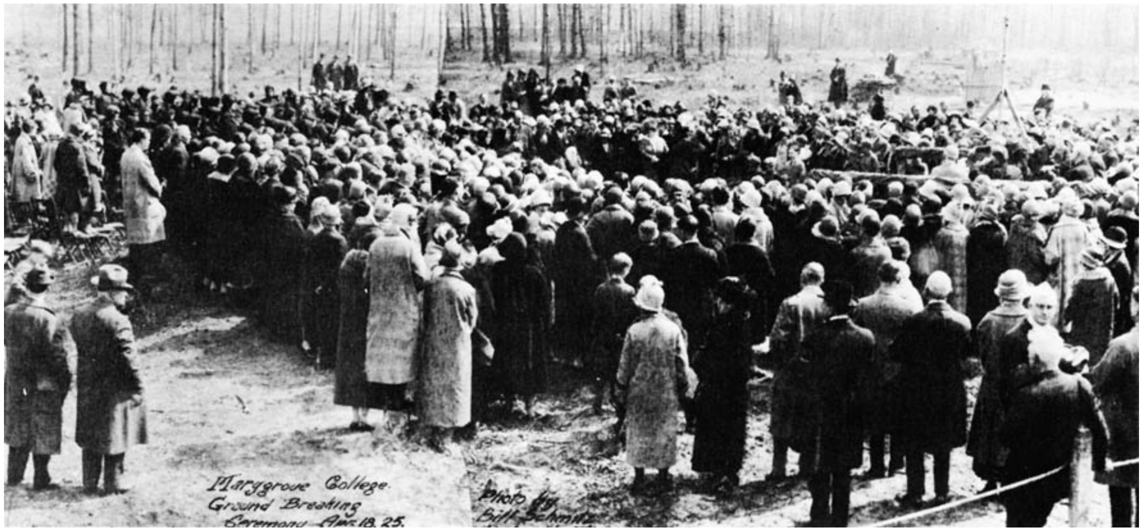
The three families stayed pretty much to themselves. They played baseball in the dusty street in front of their homes. Mrs. Greer had a car in which she drove about. Wild berry picking, the ancient Indian occupation, continued. There were gardens to hoe and pick. Every year Pollard would celebrate his birthday with a party, inviting people from town to swell the festivities. Young Harold Turner had a newspaper route, *The Detroit Times,* up and down Greenlawn and Crudder (Woodingham). The carnivals performed on Livernois, and once the gypsies camped in the field on Cherrylawn north of Puritan: lying in bed at night, the excited kids could hear their music across the fields. It was a pleasant life for the children.

Roy Turner had an unusual job, especially for a Negro: He was the first Negro rigger in the State of Michigan. Later he moved to Lansing, and, with a mostly white crew, raised the State Capitol Buildings. On their class trips there, children from the neighborhood should be told of his engineering job. But Turner's first big job as rigger, with an all-black crew, was right in the neighborhood at Marygrove College. The rigger for the entire job, he is especially proud of having raised the fine Italian statue of Mother Mary that dominates the entrance to the College.

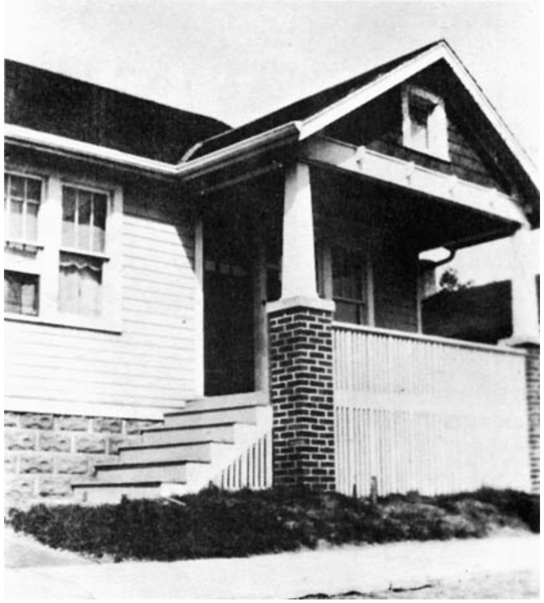
In 1930 the Detroit Board of Education decided to construct Post Junior High School, and to do so, condemned the homes of Pollard, Turner and Greer. The City used the presence of the three Negro families to their advantage by claiming that the white homes on the site, normally valued at $8,000, were worth only $7,000, due to their proximity to the colored families' homes. Roy Turner found it ironic that the white homeowners took the injustice to court and argued, "The property values are not necessarily devaluated," because "we could build a high wall around the Negroes and down the alley." Incredible as that possibility may seem, Turner was quick to point out that at about that time a wall was being built around another Negro settlement on Eight Mile and Wyoming. But the possibility of building a wall did not win over the judge, and, trapped in some strange sense of "justice," the white families each lost a thousand dollars. Turner and the other Negro families received full value.



III-7 Black Men, bossed by Turner, raise the white Virgin Mary onto her pedestal at Marygrove College.



III-8 Marygrove College breaks ground. How often this scene was repeated during Fitzgerald's suburban years by churches, schools and even small stores, holding "Grand Openings" with high hopes. New institutions are still opening, but less frequently. The sense of improvement, progress, and growth in a community is relative.
The ceremony is interesting, too, for the great number of white faces. It appears to be a totally segregated crowd, yet the labor force that constructed the original campus buildings was two-thirds black. As Roy Turner puts it, "Each brick, stone, and piece of concrete was touched by black hands."



III-9 This was the house that Roy Turner personally built in the 1920's at 15751 Roselawn, land now part of Post Junior High School. Of the three black houses in a row, the Turners on the north, then the Greers' and last the Pollards', this house was easily the best. It was also the only one of the three built by black labor. To build a house as well as this requires great skill. It makes a person understand why the building trade unions have been so reluctant to let Negroes freely compete for construction jobs. Turner's house was clearly worth saving when Post School was constructed; the house was moved to its present location, the southeast corner of Midland and Roselawn.

The fourth Negro family in Fitzgerald in its suburban days was Perry and Ann Seymour's. In 1919 when the Seymours moved in they were the only house on Crudder (Woodingham) between Puritan and Six Mile. Typically, Seymour worked at Ford's in Highland Park, and remembers Edsel Ford's daily trip down Six Mile, then a dirt road. In the summer Edsel would drive by in an open car, hatless, going like sixty in a cloud of dust trying to reach the plant on Woodward in time to satisfy his irascible father.

But in other ways the family was not typical. All these families lived in a white enough world to take on many of its values. But the Seymours were almost totally involved with whites, and with whites alone. Not before or since has a Negro family been so integrated with whites in Fitzgerald. For instance, the Seymours would occasionally run into the three other neighborhood Negro families, picking berries, or the like, but would not strike up a conversation; the Seymours' friends were white. The Yelineks, the Bohemian family, had a blind boy that took to Seymour. Seymour would sample "Old John" Yelinek's wine and "talk American" with him. Seymour also got on with Jacob Phillips: "Jacob was as nice a fellow as you ever met. Went barefoot all the time and brought me watermelons." The Horkeys would not let Seymour pay for anything they grew, whether potatoes, beans or squash. Horkey told Seymour, "Don't ever plant," but Seymour had "the prettiest little garden" where he grew cantaloupes, in spite of Horkey's generosity. For a time Seymour worked in Diehr's gas station on the northeast corner of Six Mile and Livernois as straw boss over Diehr's two sons, Harold and Lawrence. Seymour attended the Greenfield Township meetings and had enough status in the community to freely criticize the whites. Of one white woman, he said:

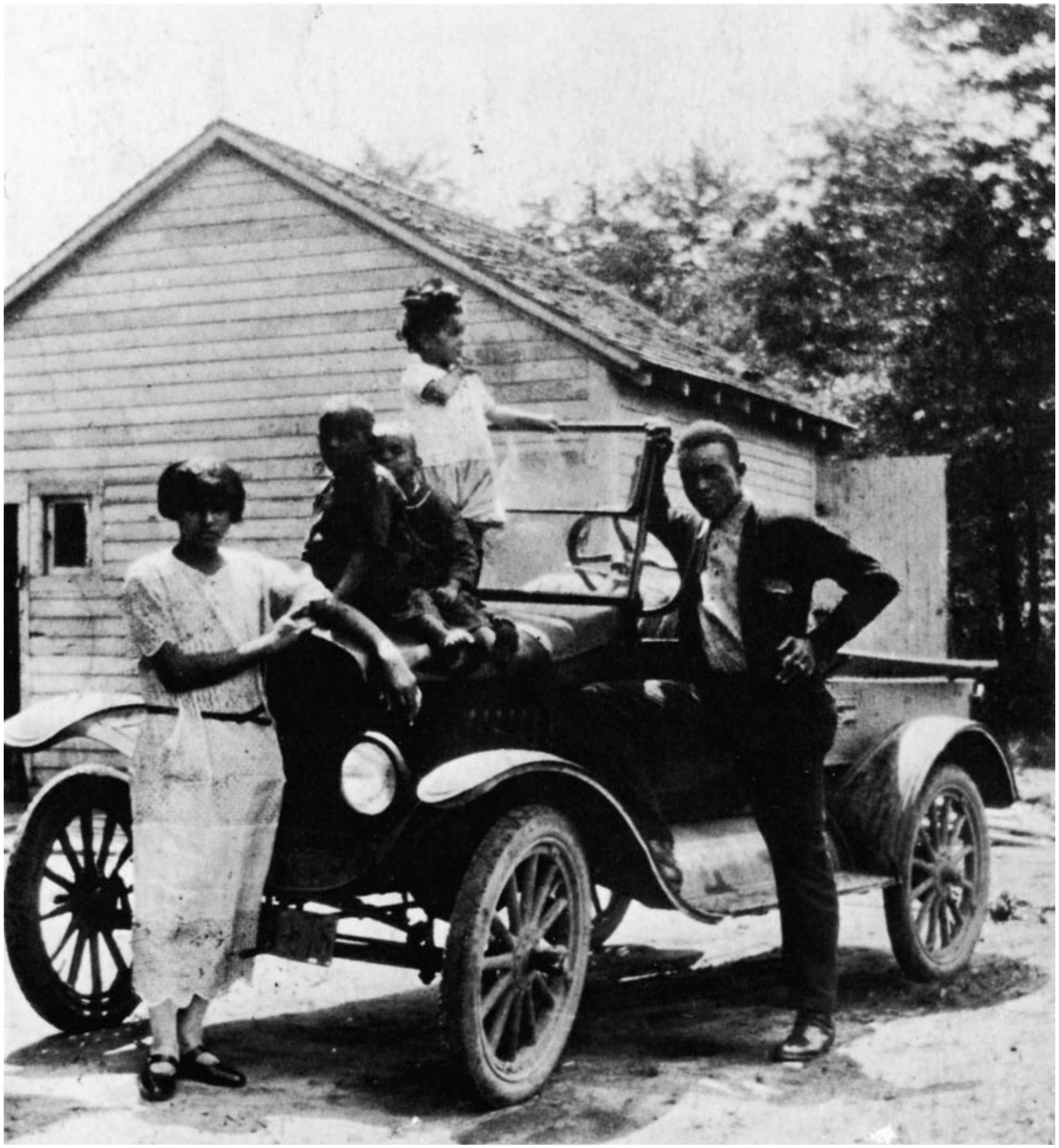
Old Lady Pochert was a Frenchman. She went to school meetings and used what we called "vulgar language". She raised sand about a toilet in the school house. She did not want it. She used to take the floor at the meetings and *keep it. Boy she was tough. I said to my wife, "Honey, just get along with her. Soon the city will be out here with schools". And they were.*

The Seymours' enterprise also made them a part of white America. When Marygrove College began to build, Seymour went into the business of providing lunches for the work crew and for the Sisters who came out every day to check the construction. He knew all the important "Founding Sisters" of the College. With upwards of three hundred and fifty men in the crew, he made good money. He was flexible. Sister Mary, the Mother Superior, requested cheese sandwiches in addition to hamburgers and pork, for religious reasons. He obliged. She requested that he not sell cigars to the workers till after the whistle signalled the end of the day's labor, and again he obliged, even though men would try to "confidence" him into selling cigars before quitting time. And when other men, white men, tried to take his lunch concession away, Sister Mary turned them down. He prospered and graduated from selling basketloads of sandwiches from the ground to selling them from his own new Ford truck. He hired two white women, Ann Ford and her daughter, Helen, to help.

The Seymours' children seemed to fit well into an integrated world, too. Like the children in all four of the Negro families in the neighborhood, they stared at the Negro garbage men who served the area, as if the garbage men "were crazy" just because they were Negro. But the Seymour children seemed to play almost exclusively with white children. Robert Seymour's best friend was Helen Ford (Nave), daughter of Ann Ford, whom his father Perry had hired to help with his Marygrove lunch concession business.

Whenever one of the children did get into a fight with potential racist overtones, somehow the fight never seemed to lead to any hard feelings. Helen Ford tells a story about Clara, the Seymours' daughter:

We were coming home from school in the bus and Clara went to powdering her face. And the

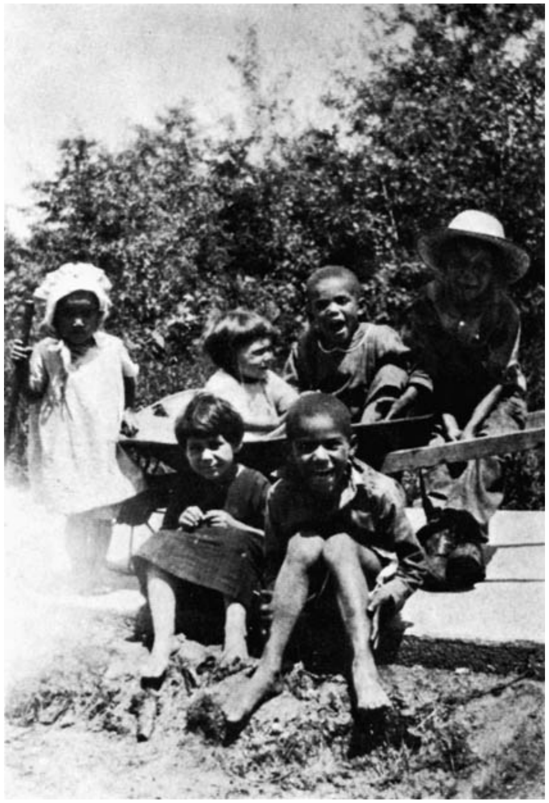


III-10 Perry and Ann Seymour with their children behind their place on Crudder. The Ford truck was the one he purchased for his sandwich concession business during the construction of Marygrove College.

oldest Marion girl, a white girl of foreign extraction — her father did not speak good English — she said to Clara, "What are you trying to do, make yourself white?" And Clara, who always minded her own business, said, "I'm not trying to make myself white but I will make you black and blue!" There was a hair-pulling contest. The driver had to stop the bus and pull them apart. Later Mr. Seymour went down to the Marions' and settled it.

And, when Frank and Robert Seymour first went to the new Fitzgerald School, there was some racial name-calling and some fights, but after a month or two, the racism subsided. To stage fights, the two sides were divided up, integrated; the two Negro boys were not enough to make up a good side. Like the Siterlets and the pioneer boys before, Frank and Robert played shinny. They loved to set the Marygrove Woods on fire in spring and fall, and then, from a safe distance, watch the fire trucks come. The woods were a swampy peat moss, and the fire would smolder for days in the punky soil. The boys would also jump drainage ditches, slide on a sandy hill (an old beach ridge on Woodingham that was subsequently graded out) and ice skate on a shallow pond at the corner of Greenlawn and Marygrove. The neighborhood families, white families all, would come to their parents' house for quilting bees, and all the children, black and white together, would pile into bed, whisper late into the night and overhear their parents talking about important matters.

III-11 Ann Seymour and her daughter Clara on the front porch of their home around 1922. The original address was 16739 Crudder; it now stands on the same site as a double brick house at 16733-35 Woodingham, just south of McNichols.



III-12 This amazing piece of semi-rural Americana was shot in front of the Seymour home on Crudder (Woodingham) as the sidewalks were being constructed. Sitting is Bobby Seymour's good friend, Helen Ford. She is next to Frank Seymour. The little girl standing and holding a tool of some sort is Ruthie and the white girl in the wheelbarrel is a Carter girl. To the right are Bobby Seymour and then a Carter boy. The two Carters were brother and sister. The amazing aspect of the group is that the Carter father was a member of the Ku Klux Klan, and yet this picture was titled by a Seymour youngster "Our Gang." (71)

As Frank and Robert grew up, they used to go down Six Mile to the University of Detroit on Saturday afternoons and climb the fence to see football games. They both caddied at the Detroit Golf Club; Robert became a superb golfer, and eventually was the first Negro golf professional in the nation. He was widely publicized. Frank Seymour, too, would seem to be the perfect integration success story: At present he runs a prosperous public relations firm at 17350 Livernois in a posh new office building. The address is not three blocks from the gas station where his father used to pump gas for Diehr. He attends the same church that Helen Ford, his childhood friend, attends and has a lovely and capable white wife.

It may seem that the American Dream had come to Negro America, especially in the form of Fitzgerald's Seymour family, but it was not so. Terrible clouds hung over the story. The most ugly cloud was the Klan. Like other fathers and mothers, Negro parents kept the more terrifying, more deadly incidents, from the children as much as possible. Roy Turner rather casually mentions the cross-burning behind his house on Cherrylawn in 1925, which his children did not notice and about which they never were told. Frank Greer had an eerie and dangerous experience. One night in 1926 at about 3 a.m., coming home from work, he got off the street car at Fenkell and Livernois and set off for home across the field about where Midland lies today. Half way across the fields he heard a shot and a bullet whizzing close past him. He stopped and looked around but could see and hear absolutely nothing. For the rest of his years in Fitzgerald, he walked across the same open field twice a day; there was no other way to and from work. It must have been uncomfortable, for he and his family always think of it whenever they think of their old home.

The Seymour experience was worse. In 1927 Perry Seymour took his family from the neighborhood, partly because Marygrove College was complete and his sandwich concession business ruined, but partly for other reasons. Real estate men had been trying to get him to sell out, to swap his house for any house he desired on the west side, but in any case to move. Over the years, no house had been built on Crudder (Woodingham) nearer than five or six lots to Seymour's. His family was like a conspicuous spot in an open circle. But more serious than the real estate pressure and geographic isolation was the Klan. The Klan threatened Seymour, and it taxed all his courage and intelligence to protect his family from it. He spoke boldly to them:

They talked about (burning) a cross, but I told them if those Ku Klux stir up trouble, they would be burying Klux for a month 'cause I would sit in my upstairs window with my Winchester and cut heads off as they stuck them up.

But while prepared for an armed defense, Seymour also used psychology:

I wasn't afraid. I'd come home up and down that road all times of night. I told Moran, because he was white and could talk to the Klan, "You just tell the Klux to come over if they will give me what it's worth. They will not have to kill me out. But I don't want anyone to tell me or my womanfolks how to live."

His son, Frank, says out and out that his father actually befriended the Klan, that the Klan were among the people who attended his family's quilting bees, and that one tall white man actually showed him his Klan ring. Both father and son agree that a man named Trail, who lived across Six Mile on Woodingham, was definitely a member. Frank Seymour pointed out that the Klan talked about Catholics and Jews, not Negroes, but then perhaps they talked that way in front of the Seymours for their benefit.

III-13 Father McNichols is widely known in Detroit as the founder of the University of Detroit's expanded campus on Livernois and the former Six Mile. Six Mile was re-named from Palmer Park Boulevard, a name never popularly used, to McNichols in his honor. Father McNichols had most of the Protestant community attending Mass in Gesu Parish in the old Horkey farmstead, with ecumenical affection. A good man, he was also the organizer of armed self-defense against the violent threats of the Klan to his Catholic property and people, a just position well understood among whites. When blacks take similar measures against whites, the justice of their position is not so well understood by the whites.

The Klan did threaten Fitzgerald's Catholics, too. The Klan was at the height of its power in the early 1920's just as Gesu Parish was being established in the old Horkey place directly across the road from the Livernois School. John L. Yelinek tells the story:

Father Mac (McNichols) held the first Mass in Horkey's house. Made the altar on the kitchen sink. You could hear the rats running around upstairs. All the farm people, not just Catholics, were there.

The Klan enjoyed staging huge marches in their robes as a pre-Hitlerian mass terror tactic. Yelinek describes the tension in the summer of 1923:

The KK's paraded down Livernois coming out of the city and marched to the south side of Seven Mile to an open field west of Livernois. They had to pass the church at Horkey's. Father Mac would call for me and my uncle, who was a deputy sheriff: "Better bring your guns." My uncle had a double-barrelled shotgun and I had a pump gun. One of us stayed in front and one in back. Father Mac did not want them to burn down the church.

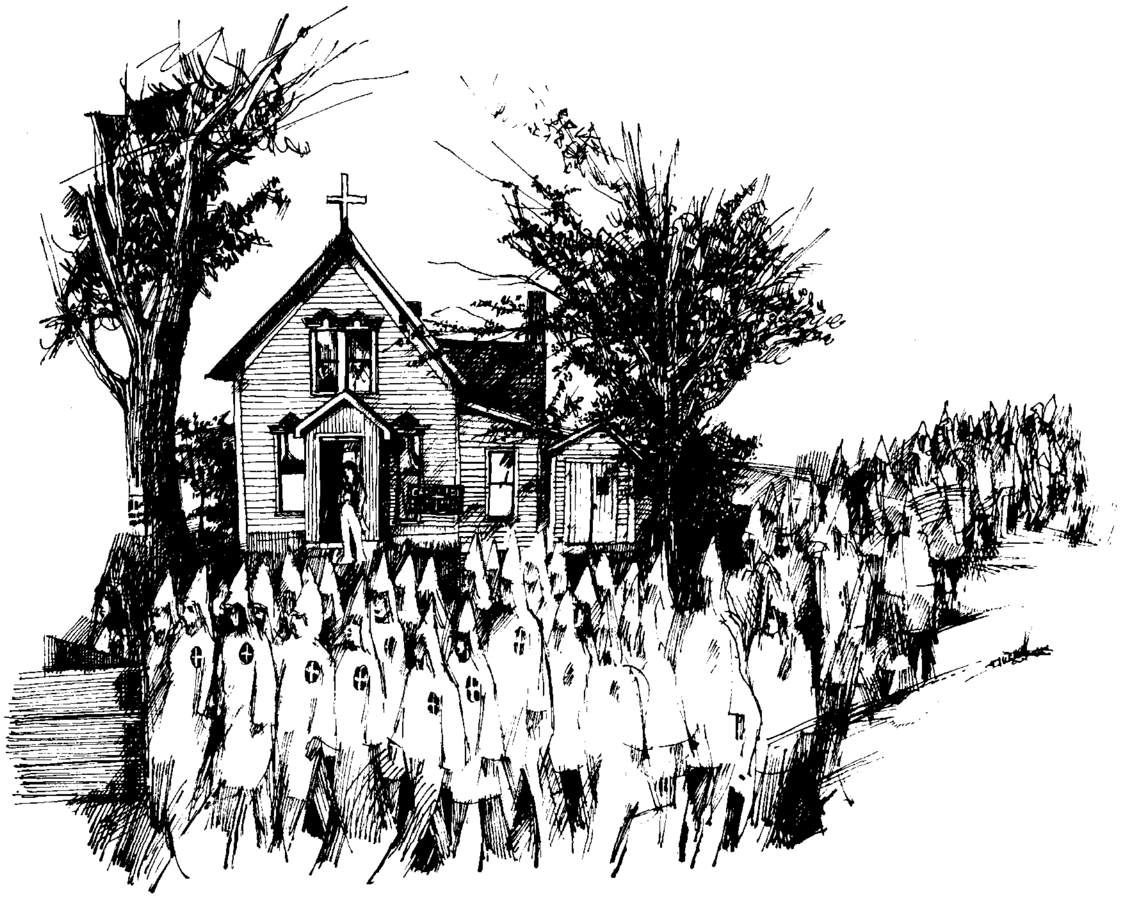
They went by every Saturday night — thousands of them, all dressed up in hoods. They handled their own traffic. They had a big red five-ton staple truck with a fifteen-foot cross on the back. They would "borrow" the horses, white ones, (they didn't want black horses) off the farms without asking.

They marched to that field and they would stand every few feet apart on the inside of that field. You could see only their eyes. They would burn the cross and go home.

In the South the Klan committed atrocities, such as slowly roasting their victims alive. But matters were sinister enough up North in Detroit; even Fitzgerald people eventually joined the

KKK offshoot, the Black Legion, which committed murders in Detroit. The Klan proper also burned another cross on the east side of Meyer's Road half-way between Fenkell and Puritan. Most curiously of all, some seventy-five carloads of men burned a cross in the very corner of Meyer's farm opposite what is now Guest School, at the southwest corner of Fenkell and Meyer's. The particular Meyer who owned that corner did not live there so he did not find out about the cross-burning until later, and then he was very upset that his land had been used for such a purpose. But the really curious aspect is that, except for a two hundred foot strip along Meyer's Road, the forty acres where the burning took place was virgin woods and contained only a shack and a band of Ojibwa Indians from Walpole Island Reserve who were hired to cut wood. The only inference is that the Indians were the target of the Klan's violence.

It has been extraordinarily difficult to locate any of the Indian families living in the area at the time of the cross-burning, but they possibly included the Greenbirds and the Peters and certainly included two young brothers, Dan and George Madison, who worked as ropers and riders for the Ringling Brothers Circus during the summers. The group of Indians in Meyer's Woods contained up to fifteen men, women and children. The women would make and sell baskets — Easter baskets, clothes baskets, all kinds — from strips of wood, using dyes also made from roots found in the woods. Their shack was only one room. Also, according to Evelyn Brown, née Meyer, whose father employed the Indians, the lack of sanitary facilities finally spurred the closing of the camp, but the Indians returned for a long time anyway to the shelter. The Indian children never went to the Meyer's School immediately across the street. Evelyn Brown suspects prejudice at the school. In fact, Indians uniformly were not allowed in any schools in the southern portion of Michigan at this time. The Ojibwas were migrant workers and seemed to hold the lowly status of that group.



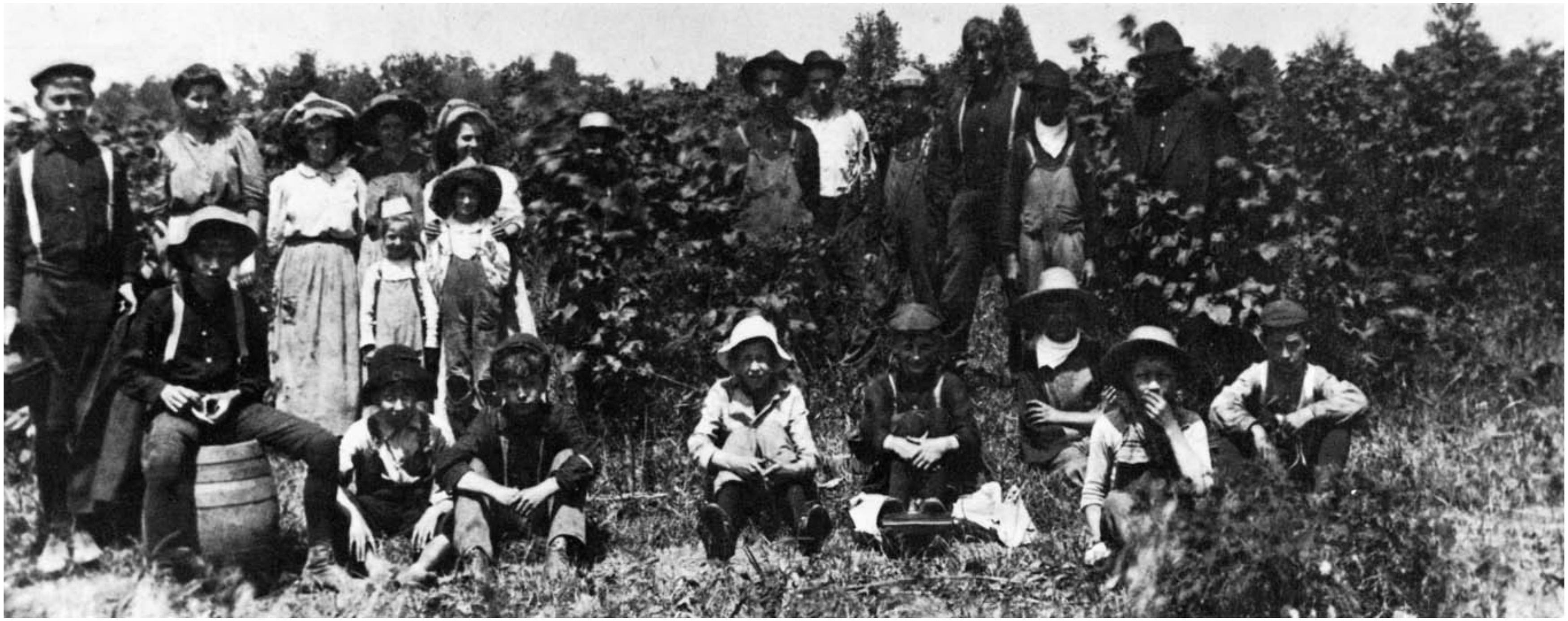
III-14

Another target of the Klan, the Jews, seemed to escape Klan persecution in the neighborhood. The Beysters were a middle-class Jewish family who lived in Detroit and owned half a farm on Fenkell, very close to the cross-burning near the Indians at Meyer's Woods, but there is no evidence of Klan activity directed towards them. Not that there was not rampant anti-Semitism, but it seemed to be of the common, home-grown variey. Much of this was aimed at the other identified Jew of pre-sub-division days, Berry, who lived alone but had two daughters who visited him from town. He built his own house from the inside out, that is, without ladders; this method was most strange though evidently superior. The possible superiority did not register with his neighbors but the strangeness did. Berry wore a long black coat winter and summer, that inflamed the most fantastic stereotypes. It was outrageously rumored that he did not have an outhouse and defecated in newspapers which he tossed out of his windows into his yard. Some combination of Fagan and Shylock came through. Of course, he was perfectly type-cast as "The Old Jew". It was impossible to locate any of Berry's kin and so it is not definite that the Klan missed him.

The Italians also bore the brunt of prejudice in Fitzgerald. It might seem strange to project "The Mafia" as a prejudice but "The Mafia" is the stereotyped scapegoat for all non-black American crime that is just too glaring to be denied. An Italian family named Bommarito was one of the last farm occupants of the ten acres in the extreme northwest corner of what is now the University of Detroit. They were renters and their father, who spoke "broken" English, was taunted unmercifully for his accent. The boys in the family grew up fairly tough with their fists. Billy Bommarito fought with Tony Yelinek in front of the school; Tony won the fight and threw Billy in the ditch. The Knowlton girl was skating in the drainage ditch along Six Mile just east of Livernois and Billy Bommarito beat her up and cut her face with a skate. But the Shannons, the O'Leary's and the Ballows over on Snyder Road were tough too. Young Billy Shannon used to knock Rosie Fuerst, who was mentally retarded, to the ground with a vicious blow in the small of her back. The Schmidt boys would torment her, too. Fred Schmidt reports a good-sized gang fight between "The Irish" and "The Dutch" (German) on Livernois that involved half the neighborhood. But the Shannons were the "fightingest" of the lot. One day William Shannon got into a fight with Mike O'Leary. Shannon chased Mike down Snyder Road with an open knife and for years the neighborhood chanted:

Run, Mike, run,
Run for your life.
Here comes Shannon,
With a butcher knife.

So the Bommaritos were tough guys, but not abnormally so. Later they got tougher. Billy Bommarito went into the bootlegging business during Prohibition. He was caught, convicted, and served time. He returned to the neighborhood afterwards, first running speakeasies and then, after repeal in 1933, a public tavern on Wyoming just south of Fenkell. On October 20, 1937 at 14066 Ohio Street, a little south of Fitzgerald, he shot and killed his mother-in-law and wounded his wife. Six years later he was apprehended and pleaded guilty to a reduced charge of manslaughter. His brother, Joe, had also established a spectacular record. There is no doubt as to the criminality of the two brothers; what is dubious is the constant connection of "The Mafia" with their names. It is not so important whether or not "The Mafia" operates in Fitzgerald; what is important is the high level of crime at all levels of the population. There is



III-15 The boy sitting farthest to the right is Billy Bommarito. It is in June around 1910, and he has been picking strawberries on the Horkey's Wyoming farm. These are all neighborhood people, with Ed Horkey standing third from right, Mary Nemechek standing second from left and standing immediately to her left, Rose Horkey, Joe Nemecheck is third from Ed Horkey's right hand; young John Yelinek is on the extreme left. So, we have a sampling of the people of North Greenfield Township (Fitzgerald). But there was something in this "blissful, healthy, rural America" that caused Billy Bommarito to grow up into a killer who did in his mother-in-law and tried to do in his wife. The popular myth is that violent crime is a product of city slums, but actually American farm life also breeds an extremely high murder rate. Greenery, chlorophyll, open spaces and hard work did not save Billy Bommarito or those he touched an "English Mafia". "The Mafia" stereotype smacks of attempting to divert attention from WASP crime — crime at the top — to Italians. "The most respectable" elements in Fitzgerald, as in America, are no freer of corruption than the "least desirable" elements. The highest placed have more opportunity to indulge in crime and have powerful ways of keeping their names out of the papers and the courts. The idea that crime was under control in the farm days is also a myth. In the farm days strong-armed robbery was practiced and the roads were not safe. Louise Holman, née Knatt, and her husband were walking up Livernois from Grand River toward their home on Puritan. When they got to Glendale, Louise recounts, they were approached by four white men in a car:

They got out and put guns in the back of our heads and said, "This is a hold-up." One said to get in front of the car, maybe to run us over, but another said to get in back. They turned our pockets inside out. Took everything. I asked my husband, "Do you have a pen?" since I had gotten their license number.

Then those men held up Nemechek's store on Hoshua's property (east side of Livernois just north of Puritan). They took their money and threatened to shoot Mr. and Mrs. Nemechek. Mrs. Nemechek was hysterical. Her husband, a policeman, couldn't stop the thieves, but he shot after them.

The suburbanite days of Fitzgerald were no better. Cecil Erbaugh reports:

Those people who remember this or any other city neighborhood as one where there was never any violence or crime are completely mistaken. When we lived in the other house on Woodingham in the mid-thirties, we had right on the block people who belonged to the Black Legion. These were one hundred percent Americans, the type of people who take the law into their own hands. If they suspected someone of mistreating their wife, and they often did, a gang of them would grab him and take him out at night and beat him half to death. There were some actual murders of this type. This was an adult gang. They were just as bad as the present youth gangs, but they were more organized, more durable. You never knew these people, but you might just be grabbed by them and disappear. After a while their activities became so notorious that they were apprehended and pretty thoroughly done away with.

There were other murderers in the neighborhood. They were just criminals who lived here and were not known till they committed crimes. We had juveniles who attacked women. My wife had the experience of walking up this street one late summer evening and having a youth spring out from behind the shrubbery, grab her, and knock her to the sidewalk. Her screams brought people from porches or doors and he ran away. If this sort of thing occurred now, it would be blown up as a trend toward complete insecurity in the neighborhood. People say that they do not venture out on these streets at night, as if it used to be safe and no longer is. It is my opinion that the same risks we take now, we have always taken.

After the early thirties, how did Fitzgerald change? The landscape changed little, except for the build-up of commercial land in the World War II boom. Different people have moved in and out of the area. The Great Depression caused many people in the area to lose their homes and then renters moved in. Several groups of people have come and gone, such as an Italian colony near Livernois. During Prohibition one migratory family ran a still and blind pig, making hooch upstairs and selling it in the basement; the amused granddaughter of the

III-16 This "peaceful pasture" is the Fuersts' wood lot across the street from the Post-Fitzgerald Schools on Greenlawn. It was one of the few "natural landscapes" left in the 1920's. It was also the location of an unusual event. Farmers, who kept close track of all strangers, saw three city men in a big car. A shot was heard and only two city fellows were seen leaving the woods. The third man was soon found in the woods, murdered. He had evidently been happily gathering acorns, for they filled his pockets. This gangland murder was never solved. (13832)

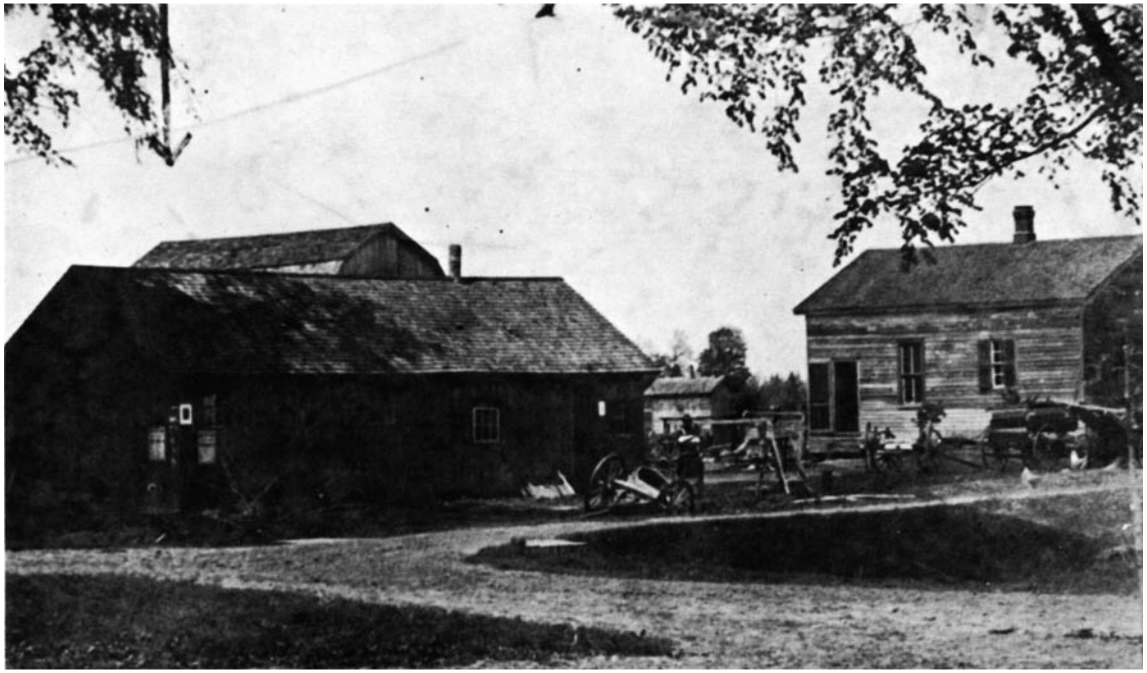
enterprise now teaches at Fitzgerald School. Blind pigs also existed on Fenkell and Wyoming.

The only physical change of major consequence after the thirties was the construction of the John Lodge Expressway in 1959 and its extension in 1964. The mothers in the area raised a tremendous protest against the Greenlawn Expressway exit, which funneled thousands of cars into the streets at the Post and Fitzgerald Schools. The protest resembled a Caucasian version of a Martin Luther King demonstration, complete with pickets and signs. The expressway ramp was closed.

The past should teach us a certain tolerance. It should show us how steady many problems are. Whatever happened to the old spirit of extortion on All Saint's Night when outhouses and cornstalks were overturned, melons pulled up, and buggies dismantled and reassembled on barn roofs? Nothing happened to it; the spirit is still here: On trick-or-treat night, kids overturn garbage cans in the alleys and scribble "Black Power" on store windows with soap. Take kids' rough play. The Indians played a game called Lacrosse with a small ball and sticks with baskets at the ends. The play was bruising, with the young braves "high sticking" one another as they ran, bumped, and sweat. The farm boys played a game called shinny. Fred Siterlet describes the game:

Shinny is a game similar to hockey. We used to use a small tree called an Iron Wood tree. The Iron Wood tree has smooth bark and was about the size of a stick, possibly two inches in diameter. Those trees would grow straight up and then turn sideways and straight up again. When we found one of them we would cut it so it was a perfect hockey stick. We used to get a tree about four inches in diameter and we sawed blocks off about one-inch thick and used them for pucks. We played right in the front of the school ground. You would choose sides and two of us would tee off just as they do in hockey. Three or four would go toward one goal and three or four toward the other. We had one fellow named Edward Ney who was left-handed; every chance he got he crossed over on the opposite side and then one of us would come along and rap him on the shins. He had more sore legs. We had more fun with those shinny clubs. You could hit the puck five or six feet in the air and hit some guy in the head. Oh, that puck used to fly just like a stone.

III-17 The village blacksmith's shop on the northwest corner of Twelfth Street and Meyer's Road (Fenkell and Meyer's), under a spreading elm which stands to this day. The blacksmith, Boudeban, can be seen standing with his massive arms folded to the right of the larger shed. He was a complicated man, who drank, who fought, who beat his wife and even threw her out in the snow barefoot one night; yet he found shinny too rough for the boys. The boys kept their shinny sticks in the Meyer's School cloak room; Boudeban, whose shop was kitty-corner from the school, would steal them and hide them in his smith. The boys would wait till they saw him walk down Meyer's Road toward the tavern on Grand River and then they would steal the shinny sticks back and whack each other all over the playground lot. (35, a.)



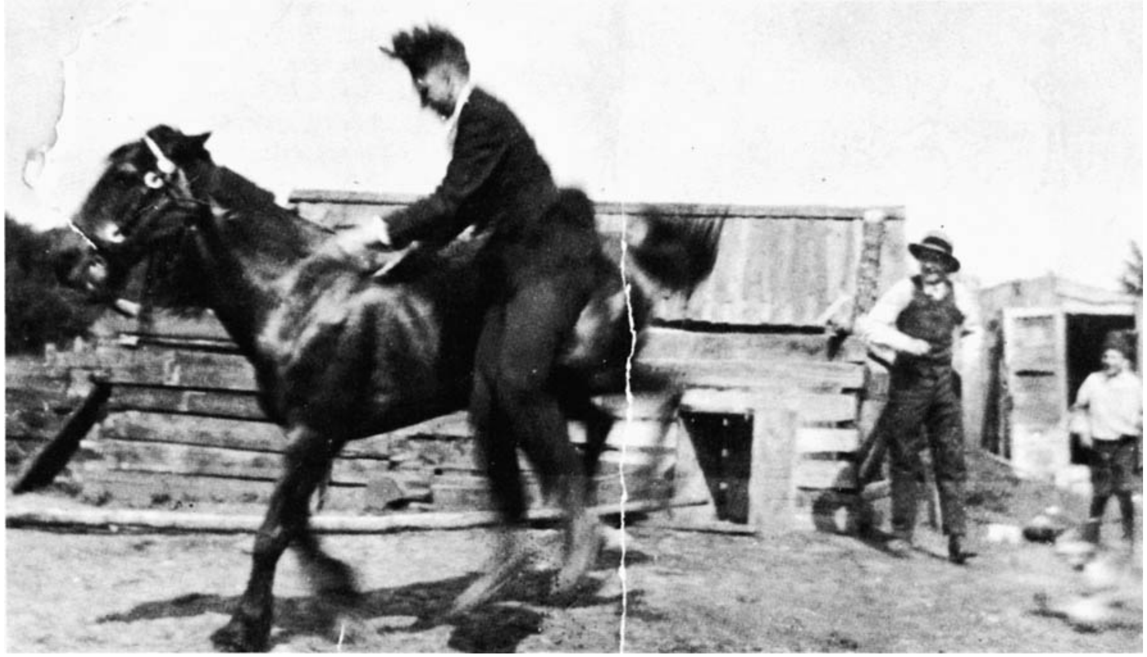
Just as games have always been rough, so have fights. Compare the following two fights. Frank Phillips describes the first, which took place at the turn of the century:

Over on Stoepel in Austin's Place we got in quite a fight at a dance. I had blood poisoning in my hand and my arm was in a sling. My cousin, Louie Williams, was only a little fellow. This great big guy, Clem, started picking on him. Well, me and this Clem had had an argument before at another dance and he said, "Now I am not going to bother you but I'm going to give Louie a good whipping." I said, "You ain't man enough to do that. You had better let up on that." Well, Clem went over to Louie and said, "Shrimp, you can't fight." Louie came up and he tightened his belt and said, "Who can't fight?" And Clem said, "You can't." Boy, Louie hit him. Pretty soon everybody was fighting. Oh, boy, they went over and got my dad. My dad came over and there were seven of us upstairs and three carloads of drunks downstairs. Dad stood at the bottom of the stairs and said, "How many you got up there, Frank?" I said, "Seven." He said, "Come on down here and we'll clean out the bunch." One of them said, "Who is that *guy?" And somebody said, "Old Jake Phillips." You should have seen them. They just went out there like a drove of sheep. They got in their cars and away they went.*

Howard Robertson, former t.c., top cat, of the former Puritan Angels, is sixteen, and lives on Woodingham not far from Erbaugh. He describes a much more recent fight:

A couple of years ago I was engaged in a big old fight. These guys from across Livernois came down here and they jumped on my cousin and beat him up till his face was all swollen. We really did not want to fight them because they had about fifty to our twenty. But we went to the playground at Cherrylawn and started playing basketball. They came down Puritan. They were in a club, the Egyptian Pharoahs. They came down and all you could see were those sweaters. They said, "You cannot play basketball here." I got mad and said "Why not?" "Because you won't have any basketball to play with, because we are going to take it." So I set the basketball, on the ground and I said, "Take it." And the guy looked at me as if I were crazy or something. I said, "When you grab it be ready to fight." He said, "You're crazy," and turned around and walked on back. He and his whole gang walked all the way down Puritan. The police were watching them. The Big Four, squad cars, and detectives all were watching them and they did not touch them, did not say anything to them. They walked back all the way across Livernois and we never had anything else to do with those guys.

So, what is the difference between a gang fight in Austin's place at the turn of the century and one in the Lollo Tot Lot in mid-century? Americans are a rough and ready people not long from the frontier. How many Americans do not consider a broken nose from a fight or a football game a good sign in a boy? Schulze School is named after the pioneer Schulze family. The son of the man after whom the school is named, Freddy Schulze, threw an ice ball on Meyer's School playground; little Freddy Siterlet, peeking out the doorway was hit by the ice ball, and lost all his front teeth. Siterlet is immensely proud of his disfigurement to this day. The Indians admired wounds, such as knife cuts. The saber wounds on the faces of upper-class German students at Heidelberg are deliberately opened. If the Negro youngsters who fight with knives, as a few in the neighborhood do and many pretend they do, would use only long knives called foils, then the matter would be different. Headlines in the *Michigan Chronicle* would read, "Negro Gentleman Pierced in Fencing Duel Defending His Family's Honor in Front of the Stadium Lounge Last Friday Night," and visions of Sir Francis Drake and Queen Elizabeth would leap into approving minds.

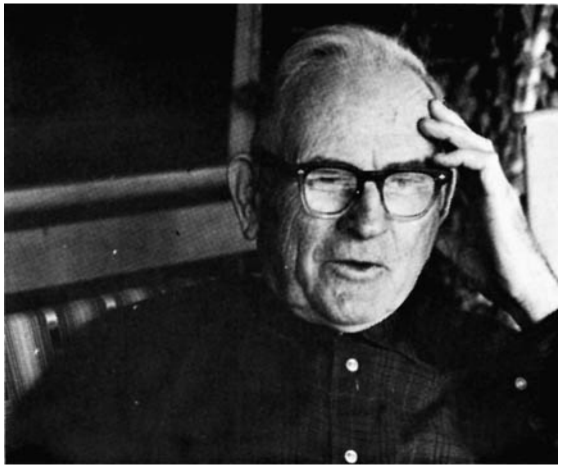


III-18 Clarence Williams is thrown from a bucking, blind horse on Jake Phillips' place. His brother Henry and a young boy stand by, amused.
Our farming forefathers did not lack a sense of humor or life.

Barn dances were held by many families: rowdy, all-night dances, with raffles, card games, showing horses and all kinds of diversions. Thrashing, quilting bees — even church — were in part socials. (200035)

American have a great sense of humor about fights, about drinking, about an all-night party. The old farm families danced and partied till dawn, as we've seen. Frank Phillips describes one particularly great time:

At one dance, Dad raffled a horse. We used to have raffles for horses and goats and anything. Give a good time, you know. Dad charged twenty-five cents a ticket and I guess he must have sold pretty near one hundred tickets, for it was a good big horse. Well, our kitchen was eighteen by twenty-two, a great big one. After somebody won the horse, Bill Moore went out and got the horse onto our porch, that ran about six feet, and somebody hit the horse with a board. That horse jumped right straight through the door onto the kitchen dance floor. My mother grabbed the broom, and Bill and the horse went out of there.



III-19 J. W. Baldwin.

J. W. Baldwin, a retired professor and a long-time resident of the neighborhood, feels that the young people are actually better behaved now than they were, and that concern for home property is improving. He says:

When we moved here in the 1930's there were a good many renters. They were pretty rough people. The children of the renters ran wild, uncontrolled. When I first put a garden up here there was a family named Higgenbottom and a family named Sights across the street, and both families had boys who were rowdies. I did not put a fence around my garden, just stakes and wires. The boys got in there and one day some aged man and his wife were driving along the street and the rowdies picked up tomatoes and threw them and hit the wife beside the head. The parents would not do anything about it. Sort of irresponsible people. As homeowners moved in, people in the community became more agreeable.

I never had trouble with my garden after that. I had two gardens here on Puritan and had hardly any fence around at all and they never took anything. I raised corn and squash and all kinds of stuff. And since the neighborhood is now colored on this block, I do not have any trouble at all.

Ladies, rural and urban, have always complained of verbal attention paid to them on the streets of the neighborhood, but what would happen to their morale if the young swains withdrew such attention? Car theft in the neighborhood is not so prevalent that we have to sleep in our garages as the farmers had to sleep in their barns to curtail horse theft. But the incidents, the thefts and fights and the parties, do not reveal the full impact of rural life on today's neighborhood. Almost all the people living in Fitzgerald are within two or three generations off the farm, from Mississippi, Minnesota, Poland, or Tennessee. The background still shows.

Some older farm-influenced city dwellers say of a rain, "Good for the farmers." But to a real city dweller, every rain is a disaster. If an urban bumpkin "had his druthers," the clime of the world would be like his living room, dry as the Sahara, always seventy-two degrees, with a sun that switches on and off. And unlike the Jews, these farm-influenced Americans seem to suffer from a compulsive need to garden, to dig their toes in the red clay of Georgia or the black loam of Iowa or the peaty bog or Ireland. They retain a lingering love of strong muscles and a contempt for the weak back. The boy is still admired who quits school at twelve to support his ma and who plows the back forty when his pa is laid up in the spring. Only the Jews, urbanized for centuries, seem to realize completely that the mind is man's strongest urban muscle. To hazard a prediction, the America of the future might combine the soul of the Negro, the wry humor of the farmer, with the sophistication of the Jew, and this mixture will arrive in the form of a cultural revolution by the young.

The farm days have an impact on the physical nature of Fitzgerald, too. The streets were laid out farm style, at right angles and straight, so that the slow-moving horse and buggy could travel the most direct path. But residential streets today should curve, to slow the speeding cars, not to speed them up. In the more citified, later-built suburbs, *cul de sac* and winding streets have been built. Consider too what a vestigial structure the garage is. When the first Ford Model T's came into the neighborhood, they were kept in the barns where the horses used to be. With the horse and cow out, the hay out, and the wood pile out, the barn shrank into a garage. Cars do not need separate houses, nor do they need hay, nor do they produce manure. In the suburbs we have built carports and moved our transportation back into the house. Why traipse through the snow?

Why have alleys? Evidently we like to carry our garbage to the rear rather than insist on back-door pick-up. Fitzgerald wastes thirty precious acres in dirty alleys, enough land for ten teen-age playfields or eighty-eight tot lots. Garages in Fitzgerald do not even have doors on their alley sides. What else clings to us? Farm-type fireplaces, that today add to pollution. Fences between backyards, that today deny children play space. Perhaps the idea of a private backyard, as opposed to a commons or park, is merely a cultural heritage from our land-hungry peasant past.

But perhaps the most important theme in Fitzgerald's history is the incessant "invasion." "They" are always coming. The original pioneers, the Indians, were constantly being threatened with panic "block-busting" techniques, first by other Indians and later by various whites. All three major races, Mongoloid, Caucasoid, and Negroid have occupied Fitzgerald within a century. Each race and subgroup predicted a disaster for their neighborhood at the hands of rapine invaders. Instead, each group left something and someone behind, a street name here, a marriage there, integration and assimilation.

Americans are confused in their attitudes toward mixing. They brag about a pluralistic society, "the world's greatest Melting Pot", but scurry like crazy for the newest of endless ghettoized suburbs. Why do we not just all relax a little and take a look at our true heritage? Today, we seem not only to refuse to look back, but to distort what we see when occasionally we do.

Perhaps no stronger indication of the power of white racism can be found than its ability to hide historic geography, an ability that made rediscovering the "colored" Fitzgerald very difficult. We saw the power of white racism to make disappear the thousands of years of Indian occupation of the area. We saw also the power of white racism to make the pioneer Negro farmer, James J. Kanada vanish, even down to his buried bones. The ability of white racism to make whole peoples evaporate, especially people the racists were hysterically concerned about at the time — Indians, Negroes, gypsies, Bohemians, renters, dirt poor white farm children — seems a defense mechanism that approaches psychosis. Is white racism a form of mental illness? It certainly is extreme: It was not simply Higginbotham children from the Eight Mile ghetto walking through the neighborhood to Post Junior High, or the nameless legions of "precious and beloved colored servants" who washed and cleaned for "better" families, who were made to disappear; it was neighbors. The farm families that knew Kanada hid the fact of his existence. The farm families that knew the Seymours hid the fact of their existence. These were often the same families. They certainly never told the Seymours about Kanada, and they point-blank denied to the author that Negroes were in the region until he found out for himself their exact names and locations. Does the white man have a method in his madness? Is he trying to deny the non-whites of America a legitimate claim to the land?

Take the story of Harold Turner. Whites hinted that there was a Negro newsboy in the 1920's, but most only vaguely remembered and even more vaguely located him. His existence was so categorically denied by so many whites that the author was convinced he did not live in the neighborhood, and guessed that he lived on Chalfonte Street to the south. This ghost in the purposeful forgetfulness of the white mind was none other than newsboy, Harold Turner, big as life, who lived on the corner of Pilgrim and Roselawn for all the world to see and admire! But evidently Negro families did not belong in

III-20 This racist stereotype found its way into the University of Detroit 1928 yearbook. The only photograph of a Negro in the book, it is placed over the caption, "Pearl Reese and his Jewels." How many Negro servants cleaned and repaired and constructed Fitzgerald during its lily-white years will never be known. But there was never a shortage of Negro labor here — just a shortage of sharing the benefits of that labor. (200004) suburban northwest Detroit of the 1920's. So, these "displaced refugees of Fitzgerald," "the children of Ham," "those dark ones," simply were never there. Even Negroes "knew their place" so well that the Turners' children complain that to this day, fellow Detroit Negroes refuse to believe them when they tell where they spent their childhood. In some mysterious way, their childhood has become a lie.

The white mind is a curious thing. To whites, the first Negroes in the area were the Mitchams and the Lamars; to them it was as if white folks had just sprung up in Fitzgerald from the Garden of Eden. Actually, the whites were just a short one hundred year interlude between the Asiatics (Indians) and the Africans (Negroes) and at no time in this brief period of dominance did the people from Europe achieve "racial purity" in their settlement. The Mitchams and the Lamars marked the beginning of the dominance of the New World settlers from Nigeria and Ghana, and they too would have difficulty with a hostile frontier, but that is another heroic story.

The whole flavor of the story of the four early urban Negro families — Seymours, Pollards, Turners and Greers — and the pioneer Negro, Kanada, is uneasy and sinister. Remember that the only Negro to head a Marygrove College construction crew was a "rigger". "Rigger" sure sounds like "nigger." Could the Klansmen building Marygrove be having their little joke? "Did you hear that Turner saying he was a 'head rigger?'" (Loud, racist laughter.) Could it be, too, like the tasteless joke of "integrating" dance bands with a singular Negro musician, a drummer, 'cause all white folks just know that Negroes have "natural rhythm"? This is speculation, of course, and may even be injurious, because this "bad mouth" thinking can kill any genuine, natural cooperation. But such speculation is also the black American's dilemma: He knows that he is always in a position of appearing too touchy, or too childishly trusting. The pain of this dilemma is often expressed as a desire for the certainty of the hard racist South, where "at least you knew where you stood."

Nor do the religious whites avoid suspicion. Remember the black men raising the white Madonna at Marygrove, a spiritual version of the Iwo Jima flag-raising, with the humble black children of God raising the beautiful white mother of all. It puts questions in the mind. How white was Mary, Mother of Jesus? She was certainly what would now be known as an "Oriental Jew," quite dark, quite African. Further, all the laborers on the job at Marygrove were black men. They filled the hardest, most disagreeable, lowest-paid positions, such as stone mason helpers and ditch diggers. All the mechanics, except Turner, were white. Three hundred and fifty men labored for some years at Marygrove, and the black men were at the bottom of the labor pool, as usual. They were building a school that their daughters would not be allowed to attend until the 1960's, building it for a religious order that would not at that time sell property to Jews, to say anything of Negroes. How much of Marygrove's financial support was ultimately due to preference to white Catholic workers, even in construction of the college? Discriminate on weekdays and kick back on Sundays. In the 1920's black men were working for an order of the Roman Catholic Church, a church that was about to sign a Concordat with the Fascist Mussolini. Of course, there are other ways to look at these issues, but these philosophical and spiritual questions remain.

And what about Perry Seymour's activities? What sort of "integration" was he achieving by opening up his home to Klansmen? Letting the Ku Kluxers into the home is like charming a snake with the kindness and trust of your infant children. How many white suburbanites would try the trick of gentling Nat Turner by asking him to baby-sit? Yet how much more survival-intelligent the black man is than the white! Perhaps the black man realizes that there is not much difference between letting a Klansman get close than any other white? A "white liberal" can be viewed relative to a Klansman as one type of cop can be to another type. One cop is mean; the other is nice and offers a cigarette. But the sweet-talking cops break down more people than the hard-fisted ones. It is the same with the white liberals. Sister Mary was generous to the Seymours and undoubtedly personally virtuous. She might say, "What have I ever done to harm Negroes?" But she did not have to do the dirty work; other Catholics like Father Caughlin would do it for her. She was sweet just as Marie Antoinette was sweet and the Great White Ladies in the South were sweet; they all benefited from and were protected by cruelty and terror. Whoever benefits from white racism — and that's the entire white race — has a motive to be a racist and is therefore suspect. America is a very suspicious country and with good reason. Consider the way nice white liberals at universities are reacting to demands to end racism: integration, even with white liberals, is merely letting the white snakes into the house of black people, perhaps tempted by the worldly goods that the white snake promises.

Then there is the sinister flavor to the "firstness" of the Negroes in Fitzgerald: James Kanada, First Negro Farmer in the area, Roy Turner, First Negro Rigger in Michigan, Robert Seymour, First Negro Golf Pro in the Nation. These titles read like captions from Ebony Magazine articles. "First" can imply first-followed-by-others, a precedent, but all too often it turns out to mean first-and-only. Many of the farmers' descendants are still farming farther out in the country, or are at least living comfortably after selling the old place and moving to town. But Kanada's descendants got nothing. Where do they live? In some rat-infested slum on Detroit's east side? How many Negro golf pros are there in Fitzgerald or in the nation? How many Negro riggers, or Negro building tradesmen in high-paid jobs at Marygrove College today, some fifty years after "the first?" Maybe all the firsts are tokenism, and maybe tokenism is a set-up. "Let the Negro struggle, get a little ahead," perhaps like Kanada, get a two thousand dollar farm, then harvest him and reap him. Maybe the process is subconscious, but the results are overt. Periodically the Negro gets a little ahead, then the white works up an overblown "fear" of revolts and shouts that the Negro lacks respect for law and order and commits too much crime on the streets, so that the white can steal the fruits of accumulated Negro labor. This is the cycle of white racism that the country seems forever to enjoy. Maybe white racism has been exaggerated here; but if it has been, what harm other than the ruffled feelings of whites falsely accused? If we only talked sweetly, then the harm would be much worse: Americans would be inflicting slaughter upon themselves. There is a poem about Negroes rising up the ladder of success that says "your next step up may be your last." Exaggerated? Well, what does lie ahead for American Negroes, the White House or the Gas House? Who can claim to know?

Now what could top for horror the history of Fitzgerald's Negroes? Certainly the darkest thoughts have been touched by the experience of the Negro in Fitzgerald. But, no. A history of even greater horror exists. This book is the result of a strategy to learn about America from studying one square mile. Layer after layer of America emerged, forming "the hidden human landscape," like an anatomist stripping layers off of the body. Finally at the deepest layer were the Indians. If the Negroes are the potential Jews of a fascistic America, the Indians are its past Jews. Today in Fitzgerald an Indian is as rare as a Jew in Munich.

This deepest, Indian layer of the historic landscape was full of horror not because of the pattern of prejudice, although the Indians bore the standard racist indignities. Like gypsies, Jews, and Negroes, Indians were supposed to do great harm to children, and a deadly fear of "the Devil" was carefully implanted in each farm child in the neighborhood against all these groups. No wonder that at seventy years old they still carry such fears. All these despised groups were also supposedly "dirty." They did not take baths and stunk. This is still the standard prejudice in America, and it pops up against hippies and black militants. Worse, much worse, was the level of prejudice directed against the Indians. Prejudice made these Americans nameless.

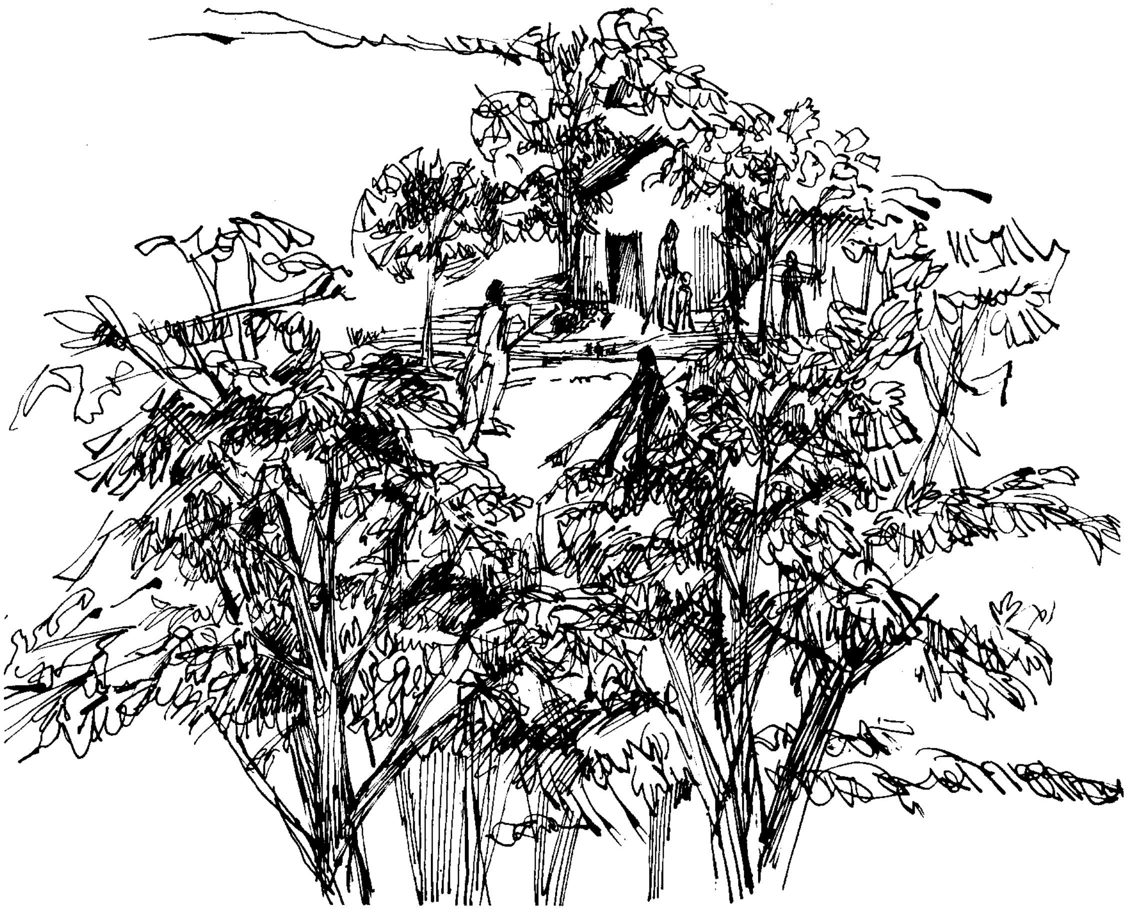
After the farm family conference at the University of Detroit, the author called on the attending families again. It was interesting to hear the old-time prosperous farmers, the owners, complain at the attendance of certain renters. "Why were the so-and-so's invited?" old land-owners would ask. "They did not belong there. They were nothing." Perhaps "they were nothing," not supposed to exist, but they did exist and had full names. Slavery and servant status seems to have lopped off the last name of Negroes, but they did at least keep their first, like the family dog. Negroes seem to rate this degree of existence. But the Indians did not exist, period! No names, not one at all, of the Indians in the Meyer's Woods in the 1920's were recalled by any of the farm families. The Indians had no right to existence, not even as domesticated pets. It was possible to trace, through Ojibwas in Canada, only one family for sure, the Madisons. The tracing finished at a dead end on the Munsey Indian Reserve in Ontario. The Fitzgerald Indians seemed to fade out with their nation.

In our effort to identify the Indians who lived in Meyer's Woods, the anthropologists did not help Anthropologists seem only interested in the "pure" Indian, the primitive type, not the ones "corrupted" by white culture. After the conquest, Indians were no longer an interesting society, only an object of genocide. The Indian shifted from the subject of brilliant Ph. D. theses in archeology to just another race problem. But the Indian did not go away. He continues to starve and get tubercular lungs on the reservations in Michigan and on those modern reservations for the poor in general, the slums.

Why didn't the Indians wipe out the first white men at Plymouth Rock? Because the Indians believed in a religion which held that a "White God" would drift across the Atlantic with fellow Europeans? To what level of stupidity does this theory reduce the Indian? The Indians welcomed runaway slaves because they knew how to plow corn and with this knowledge the Indians could prosper; the Indians had no "black God" theory softening the way for slaves. The Indians opened up to the blacks and whites out of Horatio Alger motives. They wanted it better for their wife and kids. They wanted to have doctors and food and shelter, all of which the white man's and the black man's way of life promised him. They aspired as human beings to middle-class comforts. They recognized a chance at improvement and it was the Indian's intelligence, not his stupidity, which betrayed him.

Can't we conceive of Indians to this day as humans, as fellow Americans? Can't we put ourselves yet in their shoes if not their moccasins? The Indian, what was left of him, did not "disappear" from Fitzgerald with the disappearance of all references to him in Detroit's Burton Historical Collection. He has been here unseen all along. He continues here in Fitzgerald in the hidden human landscape of today, in the blood of many Fitzgeralders. And the human lesson he taught continues in our souls as well.

What did the pioneer clear from Fitzgerald's land? In our optimism and arrogance we respond, "Wilderness, wildness! The pioneer brought the light of the torch of civilization." Oh, yeah! Maybe he really cleared the land of life, of all natural life forms, including the Indian. If this is so, then the white is a biological murderer. Some strange machine-like men and men-like machines arrived in Fitzgerald around a hundred thirty years ago and began to kill. This plague, this pestilence to all animal and plant life, slaughtered his fellows till only the squirrels and rats survived, in spite of him, and the cats and dogs, at his sufferance. And to the "primitive" Indian these "civilized" men were death: Not just death to the Indian, but death to all Life. To Indians a man who would destroy a mountain would obviously destroy an Indian. "Naturecide," the death of nature itself, is the Indians' concept, since the wisdom of the Indian is that man is an animal, that man and nature are inseparable, one, the same. In this deepest



III-21 Ojibwas in Meyer's Woods in the early 1920's. These were a nameless, faceless people, the remnants of genocide. Two Indians, the Madison brothers, roped and rode for Ringling Brothers but they are not recorded as riders anywhere; a trip by the author to the circus Museum in Baraboo, Wisconsin revealed that the Wild West Show (the "after show") did not bother to keep a roster of the names of Indian riders, just their horses.

wisdom from Fitzgerald's most oppressed people, what difference the death of the woods, of the huckleberries, of the elms, of the children murdered on the streets or hungry because their parents spend all the food money to keep the mortgage payments up on the middle-class homes? The machine man, the man who lets machines kill his children, master his children, and who can identify hundreds of makes and years of automobiles and not one species of bird, this man is death. The chilling message from the ghost of the Indian, yet among us in Fitzgerald, is doom. Is the message final?

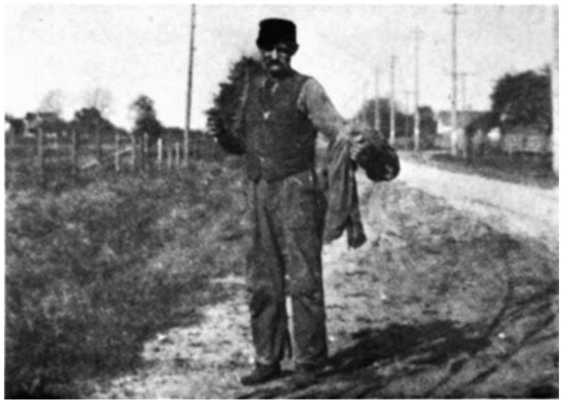
Old men used to be wise due to their accumulated experience; now their experience makes them fools, since it comes from a long gone world. One hundred years ago who would have thought that Russia would be a potential enemy of the United States? Russia was too far away to send an army, too far away to fight. In the Cuban missile crisis of 1961 a local minister reported that the fear was worse than anything he had ever seen in people, far worse than during Pearl Harbor. Imagine, Fitzgerald pulverized from our skies; "safe" interior Fitzgerald, defenseless. The deepest wisdom of the young is their understanding that total wars are totally destructive. How can the people of Fitzgerald grow old gracefully when they just grow old-fashioned? It has always been true but today it is truer: The neighborhood, like all other organisms, must keep adjusting, must keep growing, and it must do this faster than ever since the times are changing faster than ever. Will Fitzgerald make it? Will the pioneer spirit of newness, humor, and growth prevail? Or will an exhaustion from the necessary pace of life overcome us?

Machines Tighten Their Grip

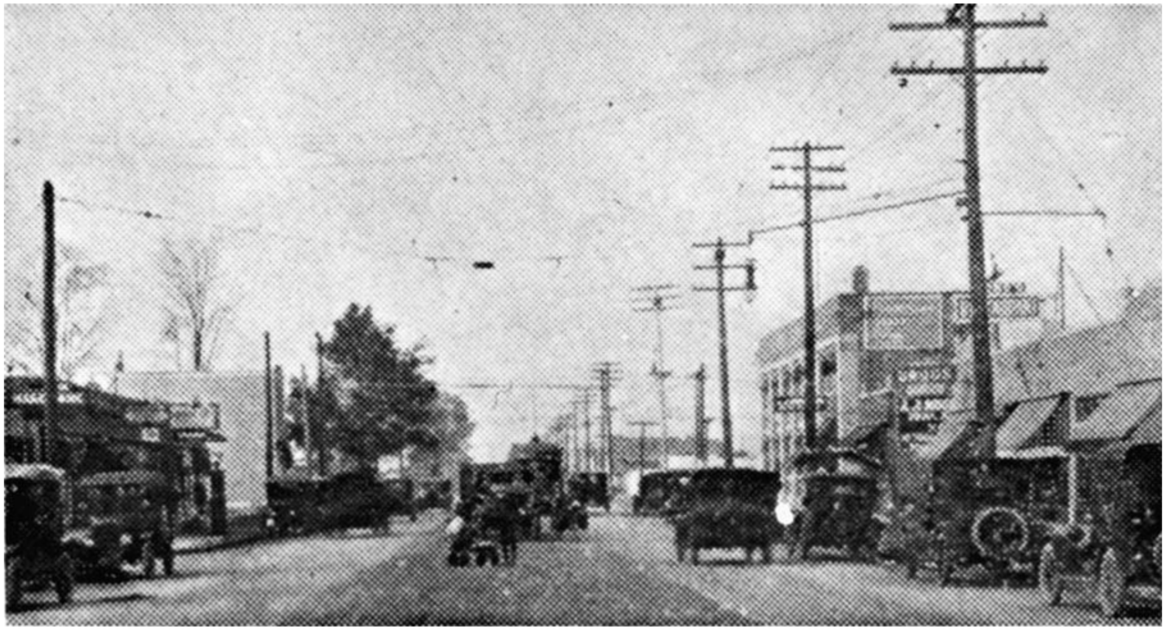
Before the neighborhood recovered from the initial development of self-driven farm machinery, mass production began at the Ford plant. And, before Fitzgerald recovered from this enormous cultural shock, the age of computers and automation charged upon it. Yankee ingenuity, inventiveness, even "filling patents," had a very brief vogue in the neighborhood.

Put it another way: only the wealthiest members of the community started to high school in 1920 and now even the poorest are beginning to consider high school ho hum and have an eye to college. Mankind took one million years to produce a society that wanted eight years of formal schooling, and only another fifty years to produce one that wanted to double it. There is more difference between the children of today and their grandparents than those grandparents and the people of 1300 A.D. in either Europe or West Africa, our Old Worlds.

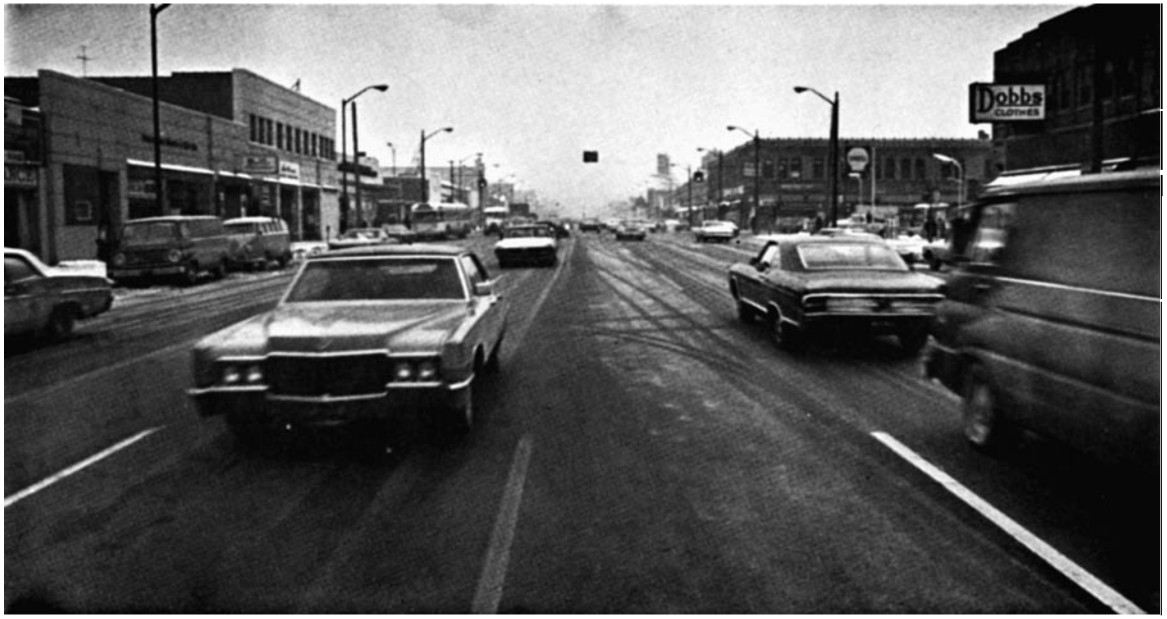
To put it a final way, what would an Ojibwa of 1800, standing at Fenkell and Livernois, possibly recognize there? The polluted sky? Perhaps the moon, not realizing man is settling there and will soon alter its appearance. Perhaps most clearly the face of the sun, and the face of man.



III-22 About 1915. "Grandpa" William Holman standing in his lane on Livernois just south of Puritan. Already the machine age is in evidence everywhere, with crushed gravel on Livernois to transport the new automobiles, with telephone poles, electric wires and even barbed wire fences everywhere. (200059)



III-23 1924. The machines have so swarmed over the landscape that an almost precisely similar picture, taken one-half mile south on Livernois and Fenkell, shows only a few trees on Puritan and two children in a coaster wagon in the middle of Livernois.



III-24 The view today at Fenkell and Livernois is slick, as if even the wood in the light poles and the gravel in the street are too inefficient, too uncertain an environment for the machines to function.

Chapter IV: Races Meet

Despite Kanada, the Seymours, the Pollards, the Turners and the Greers, other black families were labelled "the first colored families in the neighborhood" in the 1960's. Whites had forgotten the black families in Fitzgerald's past and tried to block the "first" efforts of blacks to integrate a "white" community. The white response included not only threats of violence, but violence itself.

In November, 1960, the Mitchams moved to the most affluent section of the neighborhood, the "Behind Marygrove" region, on Florence and Roselawn. Reverend David Mitcham is a highly articulate and well-educated minister, but he received an ignominious "welcome" to Fitzgerald. He tells of his first meeting with his neighbors.

After we moved in we were called on by representatives of the Marygrove Civic Association. They indicated to me they were interested in buying the house. I asked them, "Oh, what's there about this house that distinguishes it from any other, other than the fact that I'm in it?" And they rose to that one. "That's just the point, Mr. Mitcham. Ever since it was known that you were moving in, the neighborhood has been very distressed and, frankly, Mr. Mitcham, they want you out." I said, "Well, that puts a different light on the whole thing, because what you are really talking about is not my buying the house, but my right to live in the house. I do not know how we can negotiate that."

Only three Caucasoids came to Mitcham's defense: Mrs. George Sutton, from an Abe Lincoln Republican family who can still sing "As We Go Marching Through Georgia;" John Biesanz, a Wayne State University Professor with a liberal sociologist's background; and David Cowley from the Commission on Community Relations, a local governmental agency. Reverend Mitcham recounts his first meeting with this minority of three:

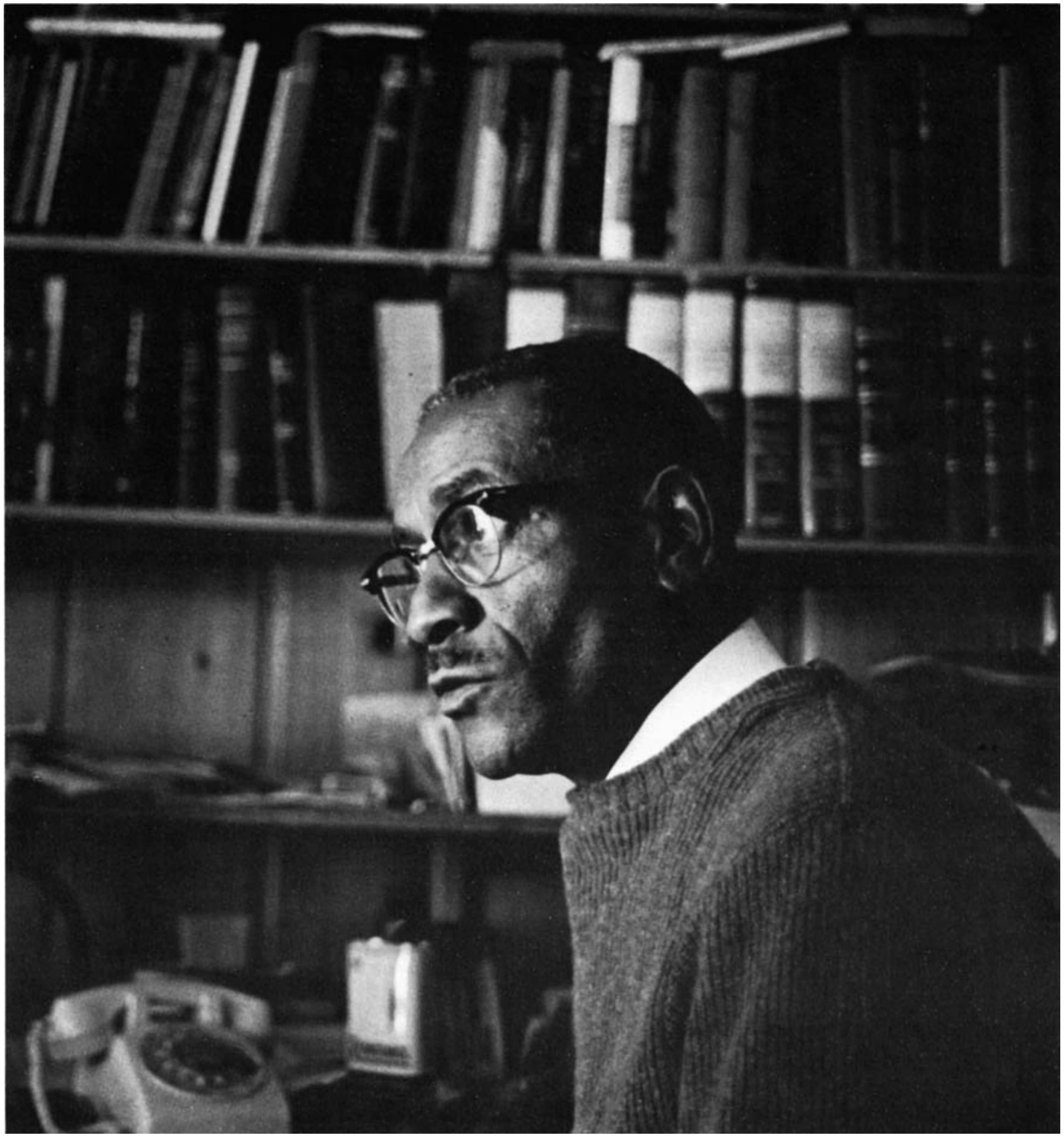
Another appointment was set up with the Marygrove Civic Association at eight o'clock the next evening, Sunday. At seven-thirty the doorbell *rang and I said, "My goodness, they must be here early." I went to the door, and lo and behold, three other people. I said, "Oh no, not another delegation! Not another Association!" But I was greeted very cheerfully by these three people and they said, "We are neighbors of yours and we've come to welcome you to the community."*

The minority of three made a great difference to Mitcham's future. Mavis Biesanz, John Biesanz' wife, who took an interest in the sociology and psychology of racism in Fitzgerald, testifies to its impact:

John is a sociologist. He went right over with Mrs. Sutton and David Cowley to welcome the Reverend to the neighborhood and found that this was the best thing that could have happened to Mr. Mitcham at that moment. The Marygrove Civic Association was about to call on him. When the Association representatives did come, they were a little taken aback to see the reinforcements. Mr. Mitcham, who is nobody's fool, said to them, "Well, gentlemen, you gave me to understand that one hundred percent of the people want me out of the neighborhood, but here are some neighbors who have come to welcome me. So it can't be true."

Thus, the Association was defeated. Afterwards Reverend Mitcham received only small resistance, in the form of a smattering of phone calls. One particularly confounded Mitcham; a hysterical woman said, "I cannot understand how in the world you can stand in a pulpit and preach about the love of Jesus and know what you are doing to our property values." Yet, though the arrival of the Mitchams did not provoke further resistance, it did stir many waves of change. The presence of Mrs. Mitcham had serious effects on Mavis Biesanz' luncheon group; the final effect, Mavis reports, was the dissolution of the group:

We have been in the neighborhood fifteen years and felt proud that it was friendly and heterogeneous. I think the main manifestation of the friendliness was our luncheon group on these



IV-1 I moved here from Indianapolis, Indiana, when I was transferred by my church. I wanted a home with good schools for my two daughters, then of junior high school age, proximity to shopping facilities and my church, and a house suitable for our style of living. It was interesting that I took the house for what I would consider just ordinary American reasons.

two streets, Cherrylawn and Northlawn, that met for ten years. The luncheon group included all ages from twenty to eighty and all groups from Jewish to Armenian to Catholic to Protestant to Finnish to Ukranian to Polish to Greek.

When the Negroes came, the luncheon group tried to stay away from the subject, but it could not be avoided. In September, 1961, in the backyard of Birckovs, someone said, "Well we've got to face this question. We've got Negroes in the neighborhood. Are we going to make an exception to the rule that anybody on these two streets is welcome?" Well, that really started it. I put in rather emotionally that if we really believed in democracy and if we really believed what we had written to the newspaper about our wonderful club that accepted anyone who was a neighbor, then there was no question about it. Naturally we would invite them. But a lot of people did not feel that. In the end we did invite them, but they would not come. The stereotype of the pushy Negro just is not so. In fact, they are too reserved about making friends unless they have asociated a lot with whites.

The Lamars arrived in May, 1961, the spring following the Mitchams. They lived at Pilgrim and Wisconsin, south of Puritan, a less affluent section than the Mitchams, but still middle class and attractive. Although the Lamars followed the Mitchams, they experienced a much more disagreeable reception, for this was the territory of a different, more prejudiced homeowner group. Maurice Lamar recounts the hostility and violence:

On the day preceding moving day, Delores and I were confronted by Mr. Lux, the attorney for the Puritan Park Civic Association, which felt that I did not have a right to be in this home. He told me that he did not care if I were Joe Louis, Ralph Bunche or Wade McCree, he did not want any Negroes in this area. I had an FHA contract, title, insurance, abstract and the whole ball of wax. So I said, "I am moving in here. Can I expect violence?" He said, "Yes, you can." I said, "I feel I have a perfect right to be here and I intend to stay."

IV-2 Mavis, Biesanz, homeowner and sociologist.

IV-3 A gathering of Mavis Biesanz's luncheon group.

The next day when we moved in, a crowd of curiosity-seekers gathered. There were at least a hundred people on the corners. But they said nothing. So we spent a relatively quiet night. The next night we expected nothing unusual. But at about nine o'clock a brick came sailing through the front window and knocked a vase off the dining room table. So we went out to see what it was all about. There were a few people around and there were eggs and stuff all over the door. The attacks became quite frequent, although nothing usually happened till ten or ten-thirty. They followed a sporadic pattern. Something would happen today; then nothing for three days or a week; then maybe two days in a row. Mostly there was breakage of windows. If we were watching the front they would be throwing at the back, and if we were watching the back they would be throwing at the front. In addition to breakage and vandalism, they took great pleasure in sending out fire trucks, ambulances, pizza carriers, taxi cabs, and any other vehicles that could disrupt us at ungodly hours like three o'clock in the morning.

At the end of August, the hecklers became really incensed because Mr. McCanick next door sold his house to Negroes. They threw paint on both our houses and really threatened him.

The violent people came from around the general neighborhood. They were very disorganized when they first started picketing, but then the Police Department informed them that they were not picketing correctly, they should picket according to the law: so many paces between and no more than two or three abreast. So they became organized in their picketing, and even worked at it in shifts. In a way, the police organized the pickets. The pickets would hurl at us such statements as, "Why don't you go back to Africa?" — "When is your next welfare check due?" — or "Why don't you go and live on Hastings?" We just made ourselves comfortable and watched them picket. They picketed for a two-week period till we secured an injunction.

Maurice Lamar — American Homeowner

Maurice Lamar's background is not atypical of many Americans. He is the product and exponent of strong family life. His father, for whom he has enormous respect, was gassed in France in World War I and received the French Croix de Guerre. In spite of constant and intense pain since his wounding, his father acquired a hotel and sent three children through college simultaneously. Lamar is a third generation college graduate and a man of determination and persistence.

For all Lamar's cavalier description of his move to Fitzgerald, he is highly conscious of the suffering of American Negroes at the hands of racists. He was the butt of much prejudice as a young man. Lamar recalls a situation when he was only eighteen in which he was incensed but could do nothing:

When I was a GI going from Indiana to Virginia in World War II, I was gung ho. I was very happy to have been selected for the Army, the "rally around the flag" sort of thing. But when we got to Tennessee and I saw the clean modern drinking fountain marked for the white race and the dirty old-fashioned fountain right next to it reserved for the colored race, I became angry. I had never seen the stark realism of racism. When we finally got to the camp there were German prisoners sitting around, taking it easy and smoking cigarettes. They had more privileges than us, even though they were prisoners; they could drink out of the modern fountains, go to the modern restaurants and sit down and eat under escort. The restaurants would have a partition with a little greasy cubby hole where we had to stick our heads to place our order, and then the food would be handed out to us in sacks. Our troops were not integrated, so the Germans did not have to watch what they said. They did not know English too well but they did know it well enough to say, "You damn fool niggers, fighting for a country that treats you like dogs." I was angry with them because I was an American soldier and they were prisoners, yet they could talk to me like that!

And this was only one of many experiences that ultimately gave Lamar a sharp sense of when he has to take it, and when he can fight back.

IV-4 Lamar views life as an athletic contest. He was raised in an integrated neighborhood and often defeated whites in youthful athletic contests. The young Mr. Lamar is pictured on the far right, front row. Carl Erskine, a baseball great, is the teammate standing second from right.

Lamar's philosophy of life stresses preparation and struggle. For him existence is goal-filled, like a hard fought athletic contest:

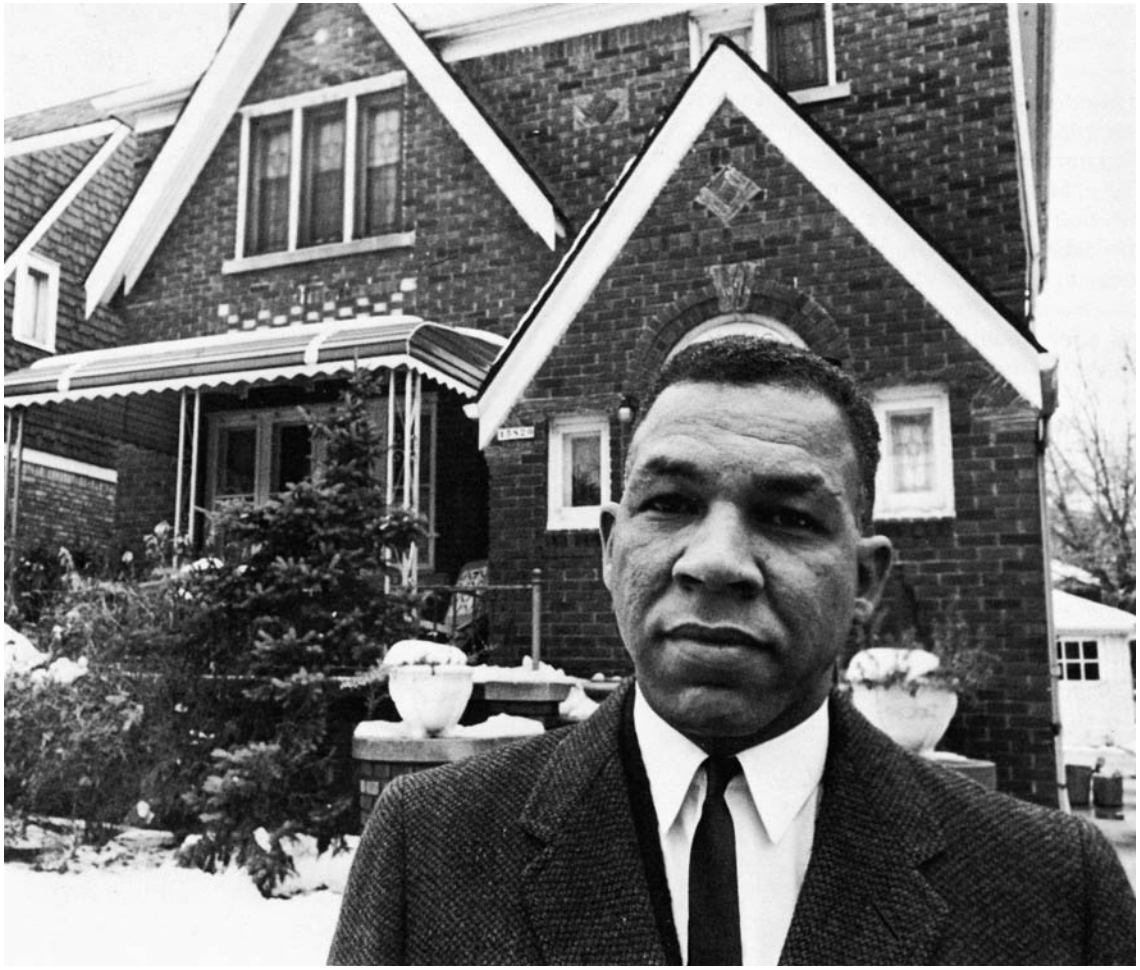
As my Dad always said, "Be ready." And when he said "Be ready" that meant be mentally ready. I paid my dues by studying hard, by keeping myself out of trouble, although certainly there were many temptations, especially for me because any Negro has so few outlets for his activities. Any time a young Negro overcomes the stumbling blocks confronting him, he becomes a man. It is no bed of roses, no matter what circumstances he is born in. I do not want alms, I want an opportunity, and if I know I have an opportunity, I am going to be ready for it. If you are going to study a lesson till eleven o'clock at night, I am going to study it till twelve.

Lamar's point of view is shared by many leaders of the community. Hedonists, real swingers, are to be found in Fitzgerald, but the community leaders see life as a rain of blows to be endured and conquered.

Yet the leaders are not supermen. The years of struggle can grind anyone down and, like the others, Lamar occasionally feels the pace:

There was a period where I just felt tired, that I had fought enough fights. I just did not want to fight any more. Sometimes the situation overwhelms you. I feel I am fighting every day.

Yet Lamar does not usually appear overwhelmed; he has the rare ability to organize around an idea and pursue it until it is fulfilled. In this fight for his home, he completely organized the legal apparatus of the white power structure and tried his best, though unsuccessfully to organize the police against the pickets. It is his grit and sense of strategy that have enabled him to accomplish his yearly beautification campaigns in Fitzgerald. He has served as Executive Vice-President of the Community Council and President of the Post Junior High School PTA.



IV-5 Maurice Lamar defends his home.

Yet, despite the pressures and hostilities, Fitzgerald achieved integration, at least in the geographic sense. As Mavis Biesanz indicated, many Negro families followed the Mitchams and Lamars into Fitzgerald. The result has been that Fitzgerald has drawn its people out of their stereotyped boxes of life and freed them to be themselves. Living here makes people feel important. Perhaps no neighborhood in America, certainly none in Detroit, is more self-conscious. Fitzgerald is forever talking about itself. April Hairston, an attractive and determined housewife, describes part of Fitzgerald's fascination:

As you get older you want to meet people from all different walks of life. In this neighborhood people do not make you aware that "I'm a doctor" or "I'm a gas station worker." You just know people from all walks of life right here in the community and no one looks down on you, for you all have something in common. You all have children going to the same school, and you all want to keep things nice, your community nice. If I had a doctor in my old neighborhood I would probably have said "oo" and "ahh" about it. But here people can teach each other just by daily conversation and by being together all the time; it's a community.

The degree of racial integration in Fitzgerald depends on the type of activity. Education tends to be segregated; the public schools are predominantly black, whereas the Catholic schools are predominantly white. The more personal and social business — barber shops, taverns, and beauty parlors — have a one-color clientele, while the less personal ones — grocery stores, filling stations and dry cleaners — have mixed clientele. The churches are integrated except for those with black ministers. Integration is most thorough among children playing on the streets and segregation most thorough among adults at their place of enjoyment. Business employment tends to be segregated, especially if black menials are excepted. Businesses that depend heavily on black financial support will often hire black clerks, workers, and salesgirls, but rarely black managers. Residential housing is integrated, as Reverend Mitcham reports:

IV-6 April Hariston, housewife and concerned citizen.

At this point, years since I moved in, we have general acceptance of the fact that this is a mixed neighborhood. This is the result of purgation of those who did not want to accept integration. The whites who stay either are not able to move out or prefer to remain even though they do not like the situation, or have come into the neighborhood because this is the kind of place where they want to live. Some people believed all the stories about what would happen if Negroes moved in — lower property values, vandalism, bad up-keep, and rowdyism, but they don't believe them any more. They now see their neighbor as an individual. When my neighbor is out of town, everybody watches his property. It is not uncommon to have my packages left at his house and his at mine. When somebody runs out of ice cubes when they have company, they go to the nearest house to borrow some. There is social intercourse beyond normal living demands, too.

How did Fitzgerald achieve racial adjustment? How did it eradicate the hostility that confronted the Michams and Lamars and replace it with acceptance and even amity? The question is crucial, for integration is still a major goal of millions of Americans.

One strategy for integrated living is the "Hold the Fort" approach. The essence of this tactic is to find a predominantly white neighborhood with good schools and homes and an open-housing policy, and hope the Negroes move in, preferably middle class professional Negroes, in relatively small numbers and slowly. As the influx gradually continues, pour resources into the neighborhood so that the whites will be induced to hang on. After a while the whites will find that Negroes are not such bad people and they will really want to stay and the inducements, such as superlative schools, can be normalized.

The "Hold the Fort" approach to integration has several shortcomings. First, it suggests that when the initial crisis is past, the neighborhood will stabilize, and black and white will become old friends, nodding in a friendly manner over

IV-7 The races meet.

The Racial Ratio fixation is pernicious also because it implies truth to the thesis that the more blacks, the more racism, and vice versa. The thesis goes like this: "Canada has less prejudice, but she has less of 'them.' The South has more prejudice, but has more of 'them.'" This argument bears no relationship to the facts. A country like Brazil is much more racially mixed and much less prejudiced than America. The Soviet Union is fifteen percent colored, Mongoloid, and freer of racial tension than the United States, which is only eleven percent Negro. America's racism extends indiscriminately to whatever people are handy: Indians in Northern Michigan and New Mexico, Japanese on the West Coast, Mexicans in the Southwest, or English "hillbillies" in Appalachia. If no one else is around the more "swarthy" Caucasians will do: Arabs, Egyptians, Gypsies, Italians, Portuguese, Greeks, Sicilians, any old pigmented people. Racism has nothing to do with percentages and everything to do with cultural distortion that says you can tell people's worth by their racial characteristics, It is racism itself, not simply anti-Negroism or Racial Ratios, that must be faced.

The emphasis on timing by the "Hold the Fort" school is also wrong. "The Community Council

the garden fence. This belief is a pipe dream. The national annual average turnover in housing is twenty percent; America is highly mobile, and generally not for racist reasons. Thus neighbors rarely become old friends. Further, whites are systematically and severely discouraged by real estate people from purchasing or renting in black or integrated neighborhoods. The realtors' motive is primarily money, for a panicked neighborhood provides many commissions. Block busting is a major national industry. Third, to make the "Hold the Fort" approach work, black influx must be restricted by some *de facto* quota. "Restricted" and "quota" and other such concepts have nasty implications to Negroes and to most white integrationists. The "Hold the Fort" liberals find themselves in the same tactical position as the racist homeowners. Negroes hardly catch the distinction in motives, and the "Hold the Fort" integrationist is left with only a handful of allies. Even when "Hold the Fort" whites do gain allies, they are beset by the question, what is the proper Racial Ratio? Ten percent? Ten percent of what race? A second question may be even more divisive: How are such ratios to be enforced? Semi-restricted covenants? This position is untenable.

IV-8

ALLIED
VAN LINES

is certainly doing a wonderful job. Too bad it could not have started years ago." These "it's too late" comments are typically directed to neighborhoods that are past the point of no return in Racial Ratios. What does Too-Latism mean? Too late for integration? Too late for a decent neighborhood? "Better put our money and effort in some other area that can possibly be saved for integration." Such thinking is in terrible error. What preceded Too-Latism other than Too-Soonism? It takes several years of effort to build a good community team, so it can easily be argued that "it's too soon" or "too late" to integrate a community and never "just right."

The Fitzgerald experience shows that the best strategy of integration is not the Racial Ratio, but the building of a good community. A good neighborhood, like a good man, does not depend on the percentage of white to black blood. As the percentage of Negroes in Fitzgerald has increased, so has the level of community activity. The neighborhood has improved because its community spirit, based on the needs of Fitzgerald's citizens, has grown. Community spirit depends not on the Racial Ratio, but on the strength of citizens organized for the betterment of the community. The citizens' groups in Fitzgerald are racially mixed and constantly growing; they have reduced the demoralizing pressure of block busters; they have fought with great integrity for high-quality schools; they have struggled for recreation areas and positive outlets for teenagers.

The first and most important Fitzgerald organization fighting for these ends has been the Fitzgerald Community Council. It arose against the various organizations arrayed against racial change, and proved the engine of neighborhood betterment. It is closely allied with the churches, the schools, the block clubs, the PTA's and the Cavanaugh political regime. Its boundaries are those of old Section 16 of Greenfield Township, plus a triangle to the west along the John Lodge Expressway. Cecil Erbaugh was its leader from 1962 until the spring of 1967, when he retired.

Cecil Erbaugh — Humanist

Cecil Erbaugh, the first leader of the neighborhood's liberal homeowners' group, the Fitzgerald Community Council, is an ex-farm youth who has been devoted to the neighborhood. With rare honesty and conviction, he has won the trust of everyone in Fitzgerald, and this tremendous trust has enabled him to help the neighborhood in many ways.

Erbaugh comes from pre-Revolutionary stock on both sides of his family. His people moved westward every generation or two, from Pennsylvania, to Virginia, to Ohio, to Indiana, to Michigan. They were divided in the Civil War. Erbaugh's grandfather, not wanting to fight his Virginian relatives, hired a substitute to fight for him, as one could in those days. When Cecil Erbaugh was thirteen, his family moved to rural Scotsville in Western Michigan, where they grew string beans and sweet corn. Erbaugh has concluded that all the generations of moving, including his painful boyhood move to Scotsville, did not improve the family fortune. He feels one must face, not flee, problems. He relates that he was a sober and steady boy:

I was not at all athletic. I did not start growing until I was almost through high school. It was sort of a family joke that I had a sense of responsibility. I did not think it unusual that when the rest of the high school went to play ball after school I went home to do the chores. I was also rather studious and quite a reader and did not feel I was missing a great deal in not associating with a lot of other kids my own age. I do not mean I did not have friends, just a smaller number than the average boy in high school.

Erbaugh possesses great physical courage. When the fascist group, Breakthrough, threatened mob violence against a community council in Northeast Detroit, Cecil and his fragile wife, Margaret, supported the council with their physical presence. On the first night of the Detroit Insurrection when Gorman's was burned to the ground and when many men, black and white, were cowering in their homes with a shotgun across their knees, Erbaugh walked over to the burning furniture store to observe the events personally so he could dispel rumors with his eyewitness report.

Cecil's physical courage is matched by his love of peace. He is strongly opposed to the war in Vietnam. One of his strongest motives for helping to form the Community Council was to assure Negroes the right of peaceful home purchase. He tells of the origin of his love of peace:

In my boyhood the religion to which my parents belonged was one of the historic peace denominations, the Church of the Brethren. It had at that time a policy of refusal to enter the military services. It was similar to President Eisenhower's church, the River Brethren. I can remember as a child hearing older brothers discuss what their course would be if there were a war and how they would disable themselves so they would not be eligible. But when war came with all its stories about the terrible things the Germans were doing, and the tide of patriotism swept the country, I became a bit heroic, so I was one of the early volunteers. But I had, even at that time, some difficulty deciding whether this was the thing to do. If it were right to fight for my country, I felt I should volunteer and not wait to be drafted; if it were not the right thing to do, I felt I should resist being drafted. It was a difficult decision to make. War had only been declared a week or two when I was on my way to the training camp. Then I was overseas for nearly two years. I was in the Fifth Marines. I received a slight wound at Belleau Woods.

What if Cecil Erbaugh had been killed? What a tragedy for the community. How many good men died who otherwise would be helping the community today? Perhaps it is this thought that causes Erbaugh to speak with some sharpness, even bitterness, of World War I as "the war to end all wars."

After the war, Erbaugh was caught in the depression. Studying the effects of the depression and reading Charles Spencer's *Data of Ethics,*

IV-9 Cecil Erbaugh stands in the parking lot of the Methodist Church in Fitzgerald. Erbaugh helped lead the effort that turned the Methodist Church into one of the most responsive in the community. The church hires a summer playground leader, making an unofficial but effective playground of the church parking lot; the basketball hoop is a rare one for the neighborhood teenagers. For several years, the church has also been operating a nursery school co-op.

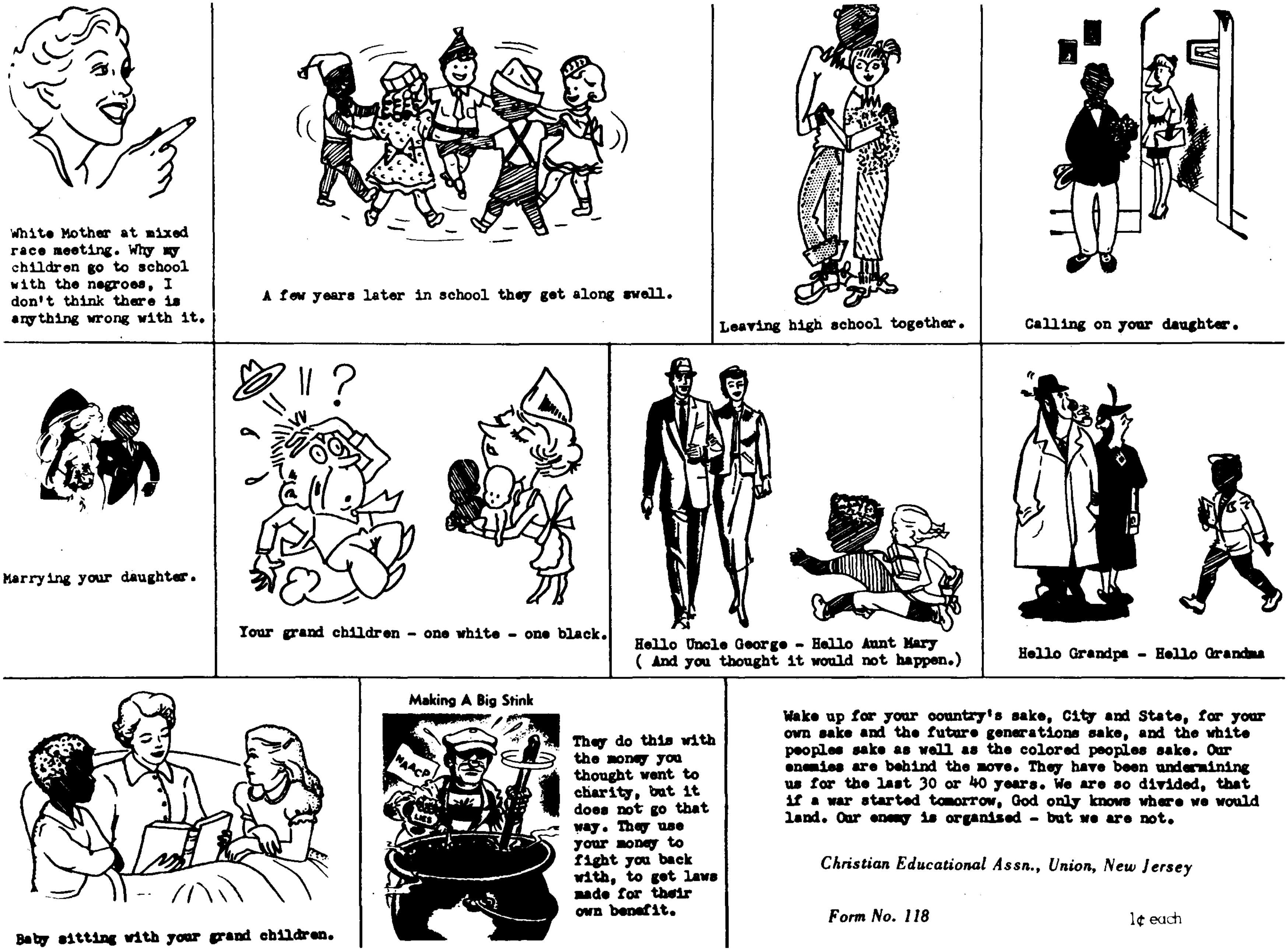
he began to develop more fully a philosophy of his own. He emerged a pure humanist of great strength and practicality, an American Zorba:

In my life I have been influenced largely by the principle of "enlightened self-interest". I believe that one never actually gains anything by injuring someone else. If you are smart you want other people to prosper as much as you yourself prosper. Any other way of living only creates enmity and jealousy among people. If one desires for all people the same thing he desires for himself, then there is no room for hatred and envy. I feel that it is to my advantage that minority groups have opportunities equal to mine.

Erbaugh exercises in daily life his strong moral fiber and social conscience. In the 1950's Erbaugh joined a homeowners' group, the Puritan Park Civic Association, the group that later harassed the Lamars. Erbaugh joined the Association in the hope that he could change its segregationist policies, but discovered that his hope was unfounded and resigned. The final straw for Erbaugh was when the Association began circulating blatantly racist literature. In his public letter of resignation to the Association in early 1958, Erbaugh condemned the literature and the general segregationist attitudes of the Association. Considering the temper of some of Erbaugh's neighbors, a denunciation of racism was an act which took physical as well as moral courage. His public letter to the Association read in part:

Kindly remove my name from the membership roll of the Puritan Park Civic Association . . . It appears from the circular which was distributed in my block recently that . . . the principle of neighborhood racial segregation is basic in the Association's policy and . . . since . . . such a policy violates fundamental democratic principles and the basic tenets of Christianity, you can understand my objection . . .

It was these courageous actions and attitudes that led Erbaugh to the leadership of the Fitzgerald Community Council.


White Mother at mixed race meeting. Why my children go to school with the negroes, I don't think there is anything wrong with it.

A few years later in school they get along swell.

Leaving high school together.

Calling on your daughter.

Marrying your daughter.

Your grand children - one white - one black.

Hello Uncle George - Hello Aunt Mary (And you thought it would not happen.)

Hello Grandpa - Hello Grandma

Baby sitting with your grand children.

Making A Big Stink

They do this with the money you thought went to charity, but it does not go that way. They use your money to fight you back with, to get laws made for their own benefit.

Wake up for your country's sake, City and State, for your own sake and the future generations sake, and the white peoples sake as well as the colored peoples sake. Our enemies are behind the move. They have been undermining us for the last 30 or 40 years. We are so divided, that if a war started tomorrow, God only knows where we would land. Our enemy is organized - but we are not.

Christian Educational Assn., Union, New Jersey

Form No. 118 1¢ each

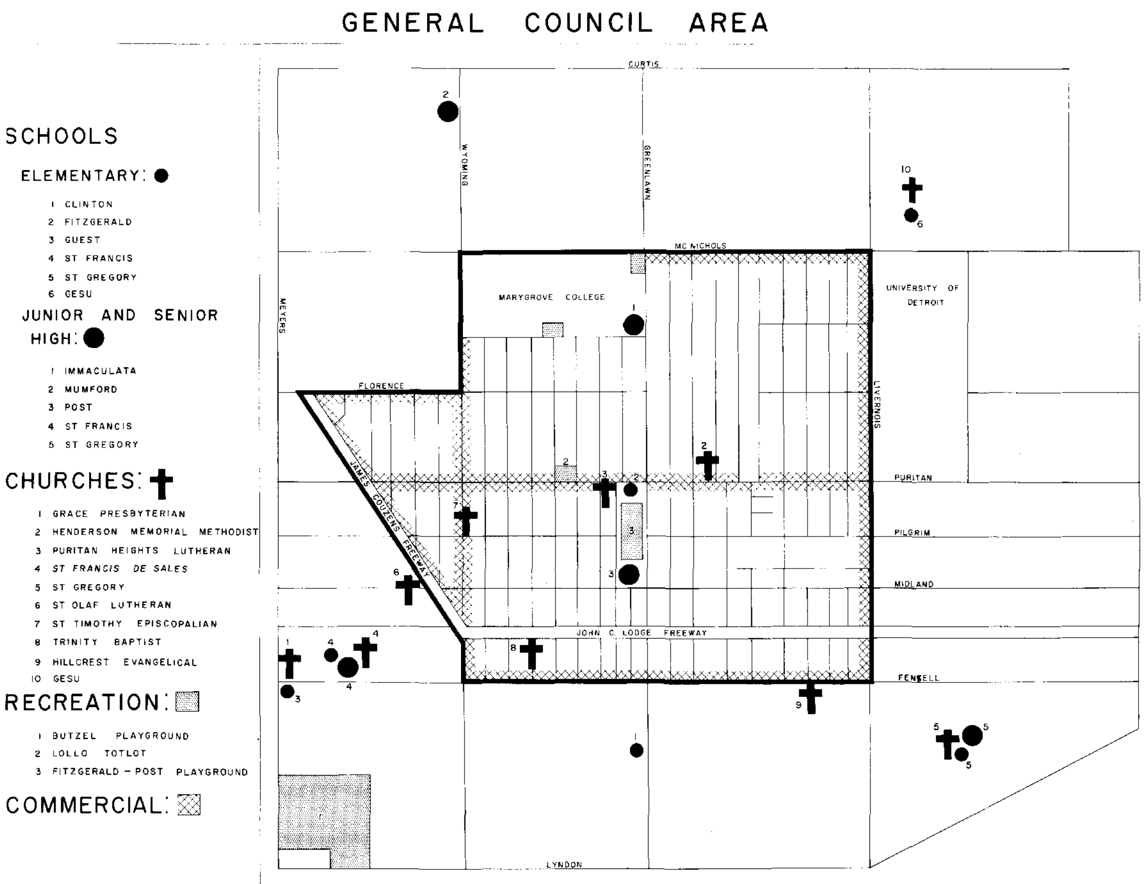
IV-10 This was the material distributed throughout the neighborhood that precipitated Cecil Erbaugh's resignation from the Puritan Park Civic Association.

Cecil Erbaugh has most generously prepared a special history of the Community Council for this book. His history reads as follows:

"The Reverend David Mitcham is the past Executive Vice-President of the Fitzgerald Community Council; Mr. Maurice Lamar is the past Executive Vice-President. Although their contributions as officers of the Council have been significant, a greater importance is their role in the dramatic events of 1961, which led to the founding of the Council. The Mitchams and the Lamars were the first Negro families to move into the Fitzgerald area in the postwar era. Their arrivals were followed by numerous demonstrations of hostility, both physical and verbal.

"At about this time, Marvin Schwab and Roy Hebert, two Catholic laymen, attended a meeting in their church sponsored by the Archbishop's Committee on Human Relations. Convinced of the need for action to promote racial justice, these two men began to mobilize the neighborhood. They sought and obtained the cooperation of the Protestant ministers in the area, who recruited key laymen, and the president of the Fitzgerald PTA. A meeting was held and an organization called the Near Northwest Coordinating Council was formed in October, 1961. The NNCC set boundaries that included a much larger area than that served by the Fitzgerald Community Council. It was not to be a permanent community organization, but rather one which would initiate and co-ordinate action by the churches and other groups and then fade out, expecting the work to be continued by these other organizations.

"In early 1962 it conducted a series of four meetings in Post Junior High School. Racial equality was the theme, with separate evenings devoted to employment, education, housing, and community acceptance. The meetings were open to the public and were fairly well attended. One was picketed by members of a homeowners' group that passed out anti-black and anti-Semitic literature.


GENERAL COUNCIL AREA
SCHOOLS
ELEMENTARY: ●
1 CLINTON
2 FITZGERALD
3 GUEST
4 ST FRANCIS
5 ST GREGORY
6 GESU
JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH: ●
1 IMMACULATA
2 MUMFORD
3 POST
4 ST FRANCIS
5 ST GREGORY
CHURCHES: ✝
1 GRACE PRESBYTERIAN
2 HENDERSON MEMORIAL METHODIST
3 PURITAN HEIGHTS LUTHERAN
4 ST FRANCIS DE SALES
5 ST GREGORY
6 ST OLAF LUTHERAN
7 ST TIMOTHY EPISCOPALIAN
8 TRINITY BAPTIST
9 HILLCREST EVANGELICAL
10 GESU
RECREATION: ▨
1 BUTZEL PLAYGROUND
2 LOLLO TOTLOT
3 FITZGERALD – POST PLAYGROUND
COMMERCIAL: ▨
CURTIS
WYOMING
GREENLAWN
MC NICHOLS
MARYGROVE COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT
MEYERS
FLORENCE
LIVERNOIS
JAMES COUZENS FREEWAY
PURITAN
PILGRIM
MIDLAND
JOHN C. LODGE FREEWAY
FENKELL
LYNDON

IV-11

"Following the meetings, the Steering Committee met to consider the future. The members adjacent to the Fitzgerald School were very interested in forming a Community Council similar to the Bagley Community Council, organized a few months earlier in the adjoining Bagley School District. The Council was formed; a constitution and by-laws were adopted and officers elected in April, 1962. In June, the Fitzgerald Community Council was certified as a non-profit corporation by the Corporations and Securities Commission of the State of Michigan.

"An elaborate statement of purpose was developed and added to the Constitution. A condensed three-point version was later published as follows:

To know and make known the many advantages of our neighborhood; to know also its needs, and work to make it an even better place in which to live; to uphold the right of every family to housing of its own choosing.

"Three neighborhood 'civic associations' had previously operated in the area of the new council. They had done a fairly good job, promoting the physical maintenance of the neighborhood, reporting and opposing code and zoning violations, and insisting on adequate municipal services. But the associations were racist. One of the three admitted, in a letter distributed door-to-door in 1962, that 'The Association's efforts have been directed, in part, toward maintaining the all-white status of the neighborhood.'

"Leaders of this Association were identified among those who harassed the Lamars. Reverend Mitcham's polite visitors also represented themselves as envoys of one of the associations. Beyond these two incidents, however, there is little conclusive evidence that any of the hostile acts against Negro residents were encouraged or instigated by these organizations. Yet, at the least, these acts were committed by persons who shared the desire of these groups to maintain the all-white character of the neighborhood.

"Prior to 1948, most deeds to property in Northwest Detroit contained a provision called the 'restrictive covenant.' This covenant bound the buyer himself, his heir and assigns to sell the property to members of the Caucasian race. After a Supreme Court decision declared the restrictive covenants unenforceable, attorneys for one of the associations devised an option agreement to serve the same purpose. Any property owner who signed this agreement was required to give the asociation first chance when he wanted to sell his home. For a time, as Negroes moved into the area, the associations were opposing the moves by exercising these options where they could. Meanwhile, members of the Council, motivated perhaps less by enthusiasm for integration than by a sense of religious or moral duty, were welcoming Negroes, or at least upholding their right to live in the area.

"After the all-white character of the neighborhood was definitely altered, the activities of these earlier associations plummeted. They did, however, continue to hold two or three meetings during election campaigns, to provide a forum for a candidate or to oppose proposed legislation concerning open housing. The most recent of these was in the fall of 1964.

"In contrast, the Community Council meets bimonthly, and keeps its meetings open to the public. From the beginning, race relations have rarely been discussed at these meetings. Without ever being expressed, the idea that the best way to achieve good racial relations is to work together for the entire community took hold. The publicity and civic betterment purposes of the Council gradually gained emphasis over the integration purpose.

"At early meetings, the direction of the Council was defined. The first general meeting, on May 28, 1962, had as its theme, 'Advantages in Community Living,' and presented as its featured speaker the District Supervisor of the Department of Parks and Recreation. The establishment of a supervised recreation program at the school playground during the summer vacation period was announced. The second meeting, on July 30, 1962, dealt with the question, 'How does the real estate business operate in our community?' Speakers were Dr. John Biesanz, Professor of Sociology at Wayne State University, local resident and licensed real estate broker; and Raymond Clevinger, then Commissioner of the Corporation and Securities Commission, now Congressman. They discussed the threat posed by predatory real estate agents to the development of a stable integrated community. Next was a general workshop meeting with several discussion groups, each led by the chairman of one of the standing committees of the Council. The discussions succeeded in recruiting a number of active committee workers, who helped spur Councilman James Brickley to introduce his 'Fair Neighborhood Practices Ordinance,' which was adopted with strong Community Council support and which was to play an important part in the Council's subsequent conflict with the real estate industry.

"A meeting on schools, 'My part with the school in our growing community,' followed in October, 1962. Earlier that year, the Council's School Committee, along with representatives of neighborhood communities, had presented to Dr. Samuel Brownell, Superintendent of Schools, an alternative to the School Board's plan for redistricting Post Junior High School. Although these recommendations were not adopted, quality education has continued to be a major concern of the Council.

"In December, 1962, a tradition was begun which has contributed greatly to a feeling of community among the residents. This was a 'community social,' a meeting at which no business was transacted, but community singing, folk dancing, games and refreshments were enjoyed.

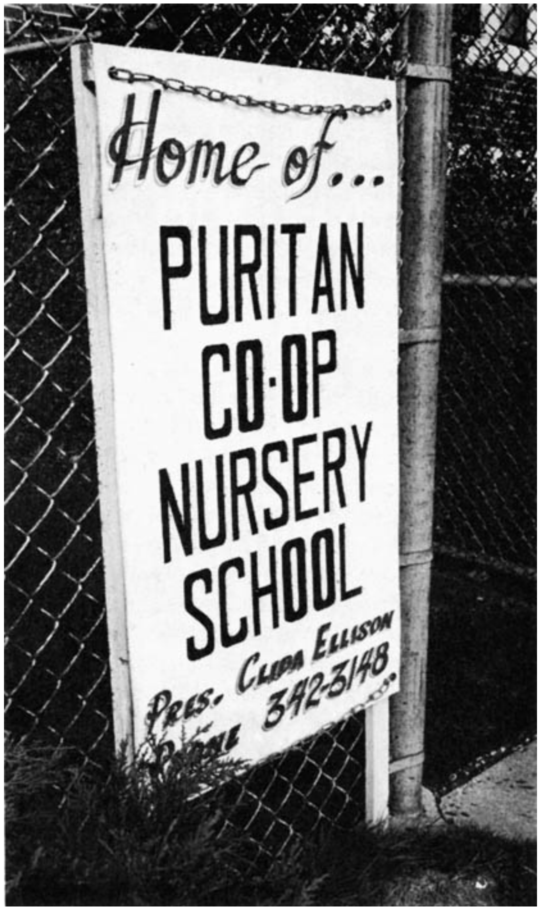
"The year 1963 saw the Council twice help in Millage campaigns to secure tax funds for the public schools. 1963 was also the year of the adoption of Michigan's new state Constitution. The Council sponsored a pre-election debate between two delegates to the Constitutional Convention, one advocating adoption and the other rejection. During the year the Council participated in an unsuccessful attempt to enact an 'Open Occupancy Ordinance' and joined with other northwest Detroit community councils in forming the Metropolitan Association of Community Councils. The October, 1963 meeting was one of the most important of the year. Held in Marygrove College, it was the occasion for that institution's announcement of its membership in the Council. The speech of Sister Mary Emil, President of Marygrove College, endorsed integration.

"By 1964, the Council had established its objectives, and by 1965 it had taken steps to accomplish them. It had invoked the Brickley Ordinance to curtail nuisance solicitation by real estate agents. It had established a housing service that undertook to find, without charge, buyers or tenants for owners of property in the neighborhood. It assumed responsibility to compel enforcement of zoning restrictions and building and safety codes in its area. It worked with the PTA to maintain the high standards of its schools in the face of rapidly increasing enrollment and other problems. A Technical Advisory Committee was appointed, and it included a member named by Mayor Cavanagh to be his personal representative. The Council's Recreation Committee began to work for more facilities and athletic activities for youth in the area.

"Other committees have also played important roles in the Council's activity. In the fall of 1965 a reorganized Membership Committee staged a membership drive which in one day added one

THE FITZGERALD COMMUNITY COUNCIL

IV-12 Fitzgerald Community Council activities reflected some of the atmosphere of the "demonstrations" of Dr. Martin Luther King. This is one of the numerous Children's Days the Council sponsored. (Courtesy of Northwest publications).



IV-13 Over the years a great number of activities have "spun off" from the Council; one is this Nursery School at the Methodist Church on Puritan.

hundred paid members to the rolls. This committee has continued to increase membership and to encourage volunteers to serve on committees. In April, 1966, the Special Projects Committee staged a dinner followed by a musical play that was produced, directed, and performed by members of the Council. This was a great success socially and financially and the proceeds together with membership fees put the Council in the best financial condition it had ever enjoyed."

This ends Erbaugh's history, a suggestive indicator of the key strategies of the Council. The initial objective of the Council was nonviolent acceptance of Negro housing purchases: This objective gained the Council support from church and civil rights humanists. This initial period lasted from October, 1961 to July, 1964. By that time the original purpose of open occupancy had been fulfilled in the neighborhood, and the Council was declining in membership. Most other community councils in the city have yet to recover from this crisis of purpose.

However, in July of 1964 the Council decided to tackle "block busting" by realtors. This time the entire neighborhood was united, though the Detroit black community was at first suspicious that the effort might be a subtle attempt to restrict black purchase. Block busters used racism to sell houses. This practice eventually disgusted the black community especially when it was made clear that block busting was not necessary to obtain housing. The block busting segment of the real estate industry was isolated, and eventually pressures were exerted that compelled a large group of legitimate real estate men to favor open housing. The sensational and accurate charges that real estate men discriminate against whites by not showing them housing in integrated neighborhoods allowed civil rights champions to defend whites' rights and simultaneously, politically pull the rug out from under the racists all the way to the State Capitol. Working closely with Mayor Cavanagh, the Council helped to reduce block busting, and thus allowed the peaceful voluntary integration of the entire Northwest of the city to Eight Mile and Greenfield and beyond — a national precedent. These efforts resulted in a rejuvenation of the Community and heavy city-wide publicity and represented the second phase of the Council's activities.

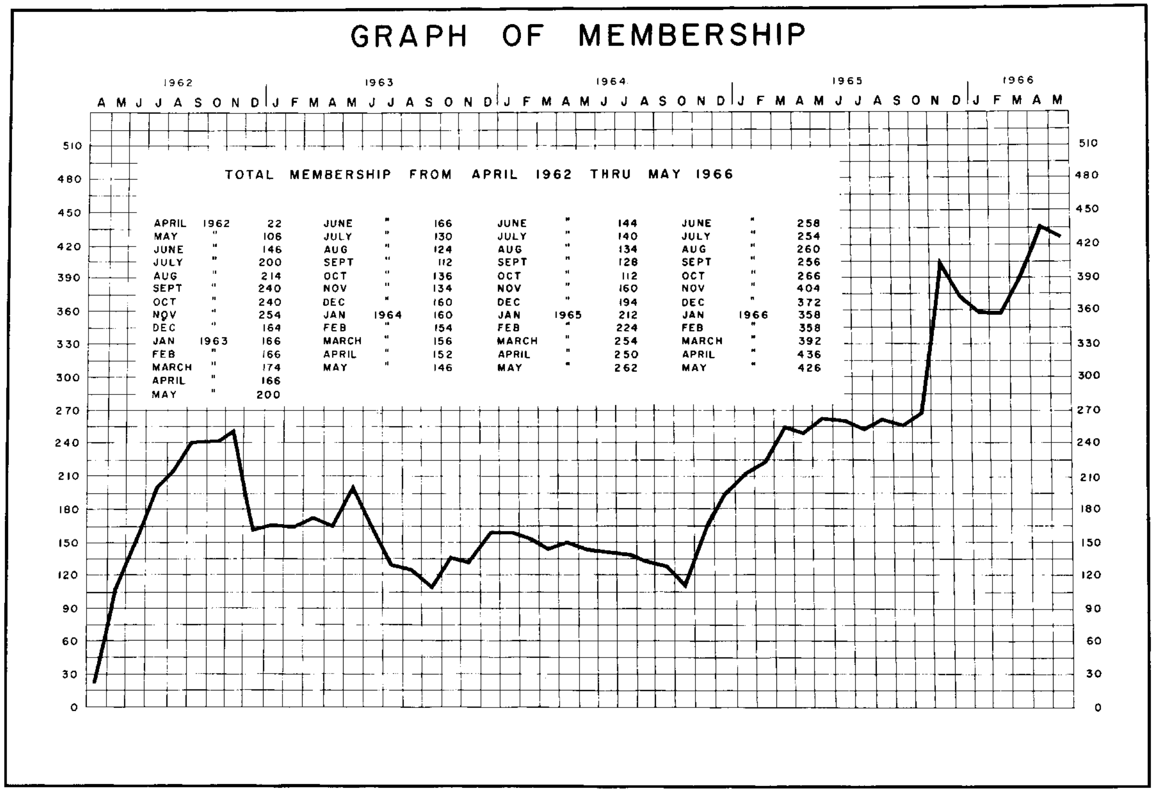
The basis of the Council's strength has been the alliance of diverse groups: churches, homeowners, school supporters, university professors, the University of Detroit, Marygrove College, liberal politicians, pioneering black families and many block club members. This alliance has been cemented by considerable social interaction, particularly during the many enthusiastically conducted campaigns. One group has remained somewhat out — the white merchants; perhaps the reason is that this group has never been organized and so there are no strands of organization from the old days to pick up now and use as a basis for a new grouping. But the Council is making a tenacious effort to incorporate this unorganized group.

The Council during its Formative Years

The Fitzgerald Community Council formed as a nearly all-white group. This period is typified in the "Diary of Community Events" from 1958 till mid-1962. (The complete "Diary" has been placed in the Archives of the University of Detroit and was compiled mainly from the minutes of the meetings of the Council, the Council's correspondence, the Council's *Newsletter,* and the personal newspaper clippings of the Council's founding leader, Cecil Erbaugh.) The Council was in its integrated stage from mid-1962 to mid-1965.

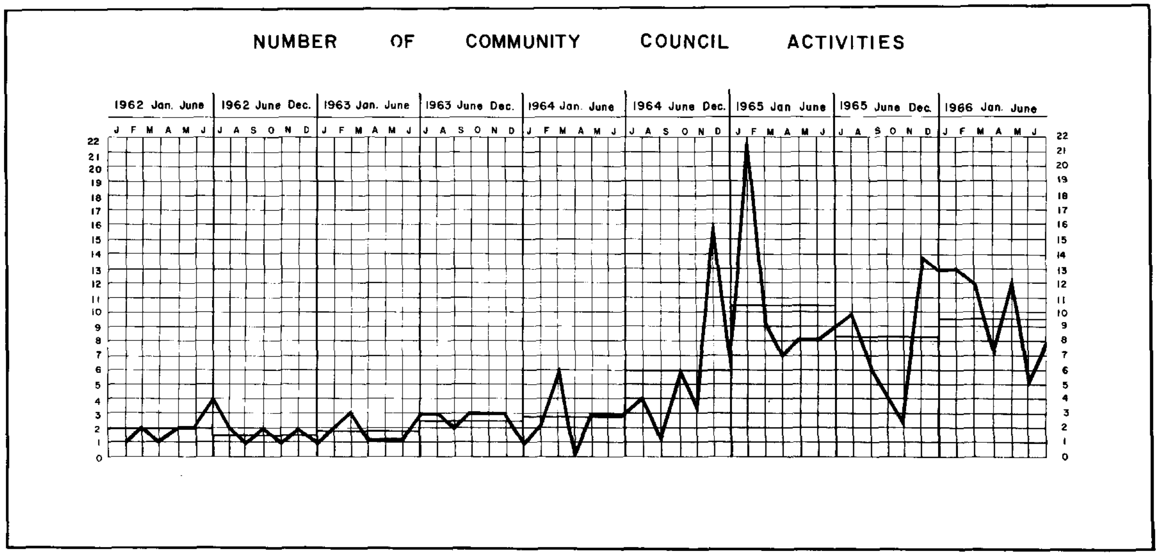
The Civil Rights Movement was a non-violent moral crusade, largely church-led, until Selma, its crowning achievement. The War eroded the philosophical base of this movement and the violence of the assassinations and the suppression of the riots compounded its philosophical decline. People could no longer believe in it. But it was a beautiful movement and all who were associated with it remember its pure beauty more than anything else. In the Council this lyrical life-poem peaked at the April 2, 1965 Council meeting in the Lutheran Church when the community, jamming the church, stood up, black and white together, held hands across their bodies and swayed side to side singing the great hymn of The Movement, "We Shall Overcome", with such passion, volume and sense of being in a state of grace as to raise goose pimples in recalling it.

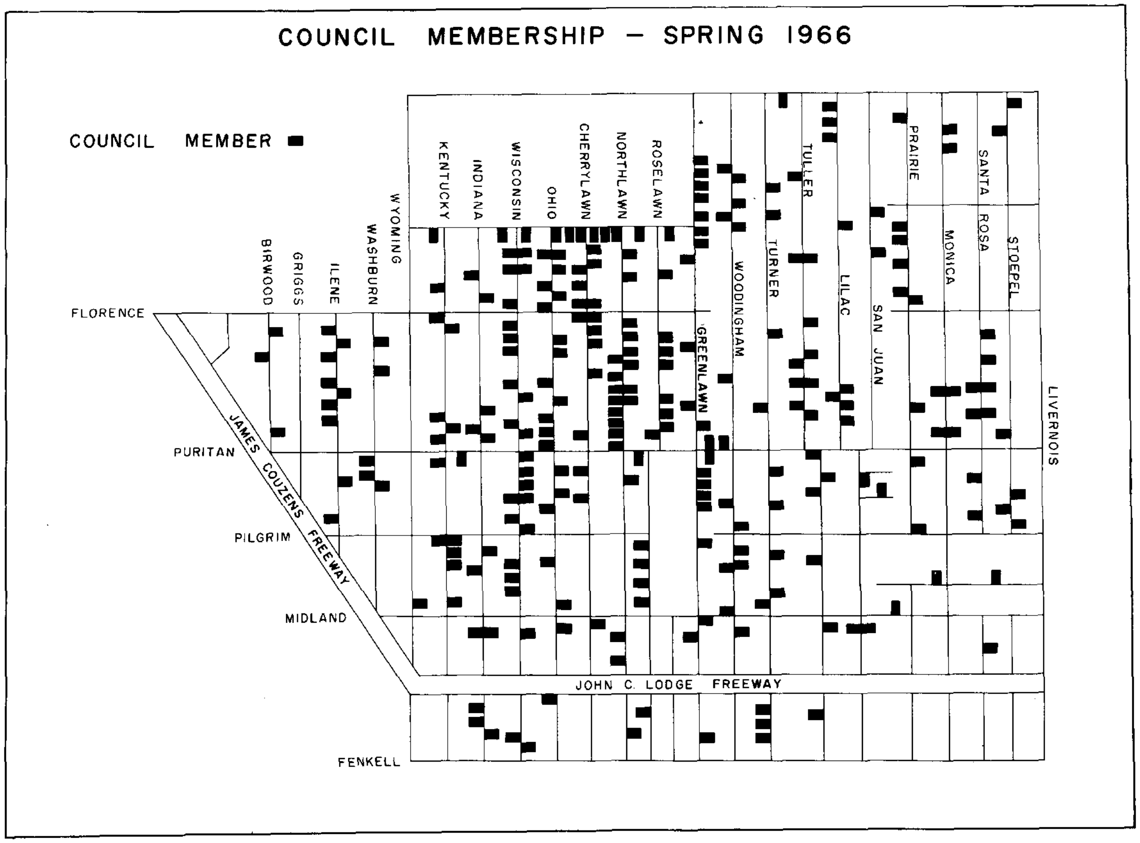
IV-15



APRIL	1962	22	JUNE	"	166	JUNE	"	144	JUNE	"	258
MAY	"	106	JULY	"	130	JULY	"	140	JULY	"	254
JUNE	"	146	AUG	"	124	AUG	"	134	AUG	"	260
JULY	"	200	SEPT	"	112	SEPT	"	128	SEPT	"	256
AUG	"	214	OCT	"	136	OCT	"	112	OCT	"	266
SEPT	"	240	NOV	"	134	NOV	"	160	NOV	"	404
OCT	"	240	DEC	"	160	DEC	"	194	DEC	"	372
NOV	"	254	JAN	1964	160	JAN	1965	212	JAN	1966	358
DEC	"	164	FEB	"	154	FEB	"	224	FEB	"	358
JAN	1963	166	MARCH	"	156	MARCH	"	254	MARCH	"	392
FEB	"	166	APRIL	"	152	APRIL	"	250	APRIL	"	436
MARCH	"	174	MAY	"	146	MAY	"	262	MAY	"	426
APRIL	"	166									
MAY	"	200									

IV-14




COUNCIL MEMBERSHIP – SPRING 1966
COUNCIL MEMBER ■
FLORENCE
PURITAN
PILGRIM
MIDLAND
FENKELL
JAMES COUZENS FREEWAY
JOHN C. LODGE FREEWAY
BIRWOOD
GRIGGS
ILENE
WASHBURN
WYOMING
KENTUCKY
INDIANA
WISCONSIN
OHIO
CHERRYLAWN
NORTHLAWN
ROSELAWN
GREENLAWN
WOODINGHAM
TURNER
TULLER
LILAC
SAN JUAN
PRAIRIE
MONICA
SANTA ROSA
STOEPEL
LIVERNOIS

IV-16 Membership in the Community Council is fairly even throughout Fitzgerald. The lack of participation in the lower right hand corner area is due to high commercial land use. The lack of heavy membership on Stoepel between Puritan and McNichols is somewhat of an anomaly, since this is the area where residence of the University of Detroit students and faculty is heaviest.

Excerpts from "Diary of Community Events" 1958 to mid-1962.

February 9, 1958

Cecil Erbaugh, father of Fitzgerald Community Council, resigns from the Puritan Park Civic Association stating, "The principle of neighborhood racial segregation is basic in the association's policy . . . such a policy violates fundamental democratic principles and the basic teachings of Christianity."

October, 1961

Near Northwest Coordinating Council formed with church and PTA support. Area of this council much larger than present Council.

April 16, 1962

Fitzgerald Community Council organized as a part of the Northwest Coordinating Council in Puritan Heights Evangelical Lutheran Church.

April 23, 1962

First board meeting of the Community Council, election of officers, adoption of constitution and election of committee chairmen. The Council is still officially the steering committee of the Northwest Coordinating Council.

May 1, May 8,
May 15, and
May 22, 1962

Four meetings at Post Junior High School of the Northwest Coordinating Council: employment, housing, education, and community acceptance. One meeting picketed by segregationists and passed out anti-Semitic literature.

May, 1962

Board meeting discusses membership and increases number of vice-presidents.

May 28, 1962

The Council's first general meeting, "Adventures in Community Living," addressed by police, the school principal of Post and the supervisor of the summer program.

June 1, 1962

Council certified as a non-profit corporation by the Corporation and Securities Commission of the State of Michigan.

June, 1962

Statement of purpose approved by Council.

June, 1962

Board meeting. Letter sent to all members. Forty-five volunteers for the recreation program. Education Committee reports on meeting with school officials. Panic reported on Cherrylawn and Ohio and Council decides to speak to residents.

July 23, 1962

Board meeting. Campaign for Council membership in St. Gregory parish launched. City Housing Commissioner to be contacted on plans for buying houses for rentals to welfare persons. *Legal News* volunteered to Council. Council defeats motion to extend boundaries to Dexter.

Excerpts from "Diary of Community Events" at the Peak of The Movement, Early 1965

February 24, 1965

Board meeting hears housing progress — 69 requests and 46 listings. Council of Churches interest in housing service reported. Technical Advisory Committee list of names drawn up.

March 2, 1965

Mayor Cavanaugh accepts Council's invitation to speak. Marygrove College's interest in rezoning Marygrove Street discussed.

March 18, 1965

Council notifies all members of by-law changes, especially the dues structure, which is returned to one dollar.

March 20, 1965

The Fitzgerald Singers perform at the Cranbrook Nursing Home.

March 24, 1965

Board accepts members of Technical Advisory Committee.

March 28, 1965

Special B Boys at Fitzgerald help with the Selma Toy Drive and are given story in the *Detroit News.*

March 29, 1965

The Council sponsors city-wide toy drive for Selma's Children. 25,000 toys were collected and sent with Congressman Conyer's truck fleet.

March 31, 1965

Marygrove College is defeated in an attempt to re-zone Marygrove Street. The event is heavily covered in the *Detroit News* and temporarily strained relations between the College and the rest of the Council.

April 1, 1965

Northwest Detroiter headlines the Selma Toy Drive and the Marygrove tension.

April 2, 1965

Members of the Council who joined the Detroit, Washington, and Selma demonstration tell their experiences. This meeting was most spirited. Reverend Mitchum conducts memorial service for those who gave their lives in the struggle for civil rights.

April 5, 1965

Selma Toy Drive obtains major publicity in *Detroit Free Press.*

April 13, 1965

Detroit News in major story announces Fitzgerald as possible site of Code Enforcement Program.

April 17, 1965

Three youths plead guilty to burning a cross on Turner. Both major papers carry the story.

April 20, 1965

Speakers and singers at Plymouth Michigan.

April 28, 1965

Board meeting reports 80 listings and 130 requests at housing office. Volunteer summer enrichment program discussed. Detroit Housing Commissioner reports on Code Enforcement Project. Board approves the plan and city begins its slow march to Washington.

What are the possibilities that whites will continue to move into Fitzgerald? Just stating the question forces a smile. Like the swallows to Capistrano, will the whites return? It almost compels the answer "who cares?" The worst aspect of a neighborhood not stuffed with white folks is not the absence of their "superior" culture; many of the whites who left Fitzgerald were morally inferior human beings who are now busy blighting some suburban neighborhood. The worst aspect is the possibility that the government will cut back services and lower school standards, with the result that the community is demoralized and feels compulsorily excluded.

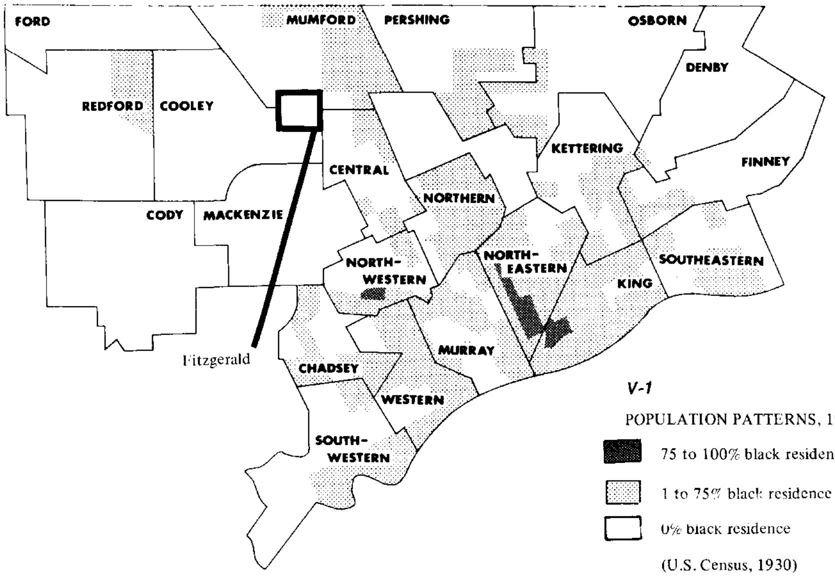
The quality of a community determines the class of its citizens. If services deteriorate, middle class people, black or white, will leave; they will not live in a slum neighborhood. Some all-black neighborhoods have gradually been tipped back to all-white, by an upgrading of facilities. In Washington, D. C. a luxury apartment was constructed near the Capitol which attracted white families to in-town living. Powerful families upgraded the local black grade school into the best school in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of their few white children. This school in turn attracted, one by one, middle class white families who bought the old houses and rehabilitated them. For a time it was an integrationist's paradise, but in the end, no Negroes remained. Services, not racism, determined the racial balance. If Fitzgerald obtains enough school aid, it will have to watch out for all-white resegregation, as incredible as almost all citizens consider this possibility to be.

IV-17 White families do continue to move slowly into Fitzgerald. Lois Johnson, a university professor's wife, has two small children and arrived long after the neighborhood was predominantly black.

It is commonly assumed that Negroes, both pressured by overcrowding and lusting for whites, are constantly pushing out from the center of the city and aggressively invading white areas. Actually, the new areas of the city being occupied by young Negroes are areas that are concomitantly being abandoned by older whites. An excellent predictor of black occupation of an area is a heavy concentration there of older whites; this concentration typically occurs forty or fifty years after initial subdivision. It is the whites, quite freely and independently of black pressure, who abandon the land as they find their now childless homes impractically large, the housework and yard work too strenuous, and the sunny warm climates of retiree centers in Florida, Arizona, or California very tempting. Selling the old house, which by this time is often mortgage-free, provides a handsome bundle for travel and relocation, to be added to basic retirement and social security benefits.

Thus, young black families are not invading white urban America, as whites flatter themselves into believing, but old white families are abandoning the real estate and creating a vacuum. Perhaps some day white America will wake up to discover that Negroes are not after their wealth or women, that they simply would prefer America's whites to leave them alone. But this pattern of integration-by-white-abandonment does have complications: the gap between young black families and old white families is very great. If old white people cannot get along with young white people, if even their own grandchildren find them foreign, how can they possibly get along with the young of a different culture? It is obviously more suitable for young black families to buy houses with young white families and grow old together.

But the final solution for problems of racial proximity has already been achieved in Detroit. Integration is requisite because Negroes are scarce. There is not an inexhaustible supply of Negroes. If blacks were distributed evenly among whites, only one in five greater Detroit white families would have a black family next door. Of course, Negroes would not freely choose to dilute themselves so perfectly. But the significance of the scarcity of Negroes is that after a certain amount of real estate has been integrated in a city, resegregation becomes a mechanical impossibility. In Detroit, the integration of almost half the entire Northwest of the city has made extension of the black ghetto mathematically impossible. The supply of open housing exceeds the number of Negroes available. A relatively large, stable area of integrated living has developed. In Northwest Detroit, the problem of integration defined as proximity has been solved.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Fitzgerald
MURRAY
CHADSEY
WESTERN
SOUTH-WESTERN

V-1

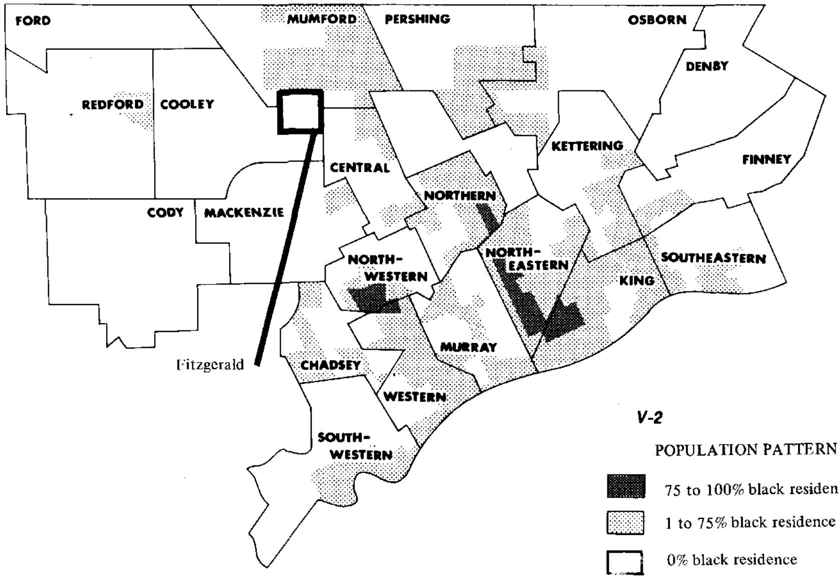
POPULATION PATTERNS, 1930

▩ 75 to 100% black residence

▨ 1 to 75% black residence

☐ 0% black residence

(U.S. Census, 1930)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V-2

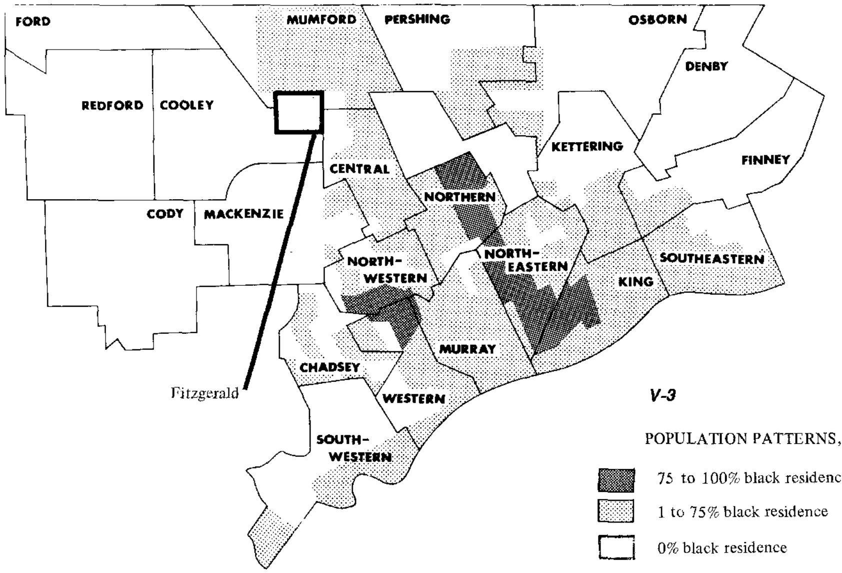
POPULATION PATTERNS, 1940

▩ 75 to 100% black residence

▨ 1 to 75% black residence

☐ 0% black residence

(U.S. Census, 1940)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SOUTH-WESTERN
Fitzgerald

V-3

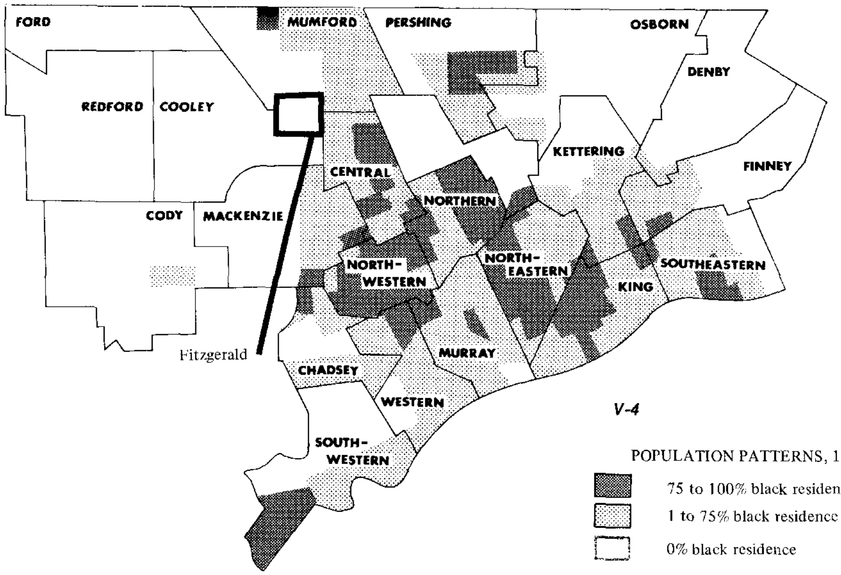
POPULATION PATTERNS, 1950

▩ 75 to 100% black residence

▨ 1 to 75% black residence

☐ 0% black residence

(U.S. Census, 1950)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Fitzgerald

V-4

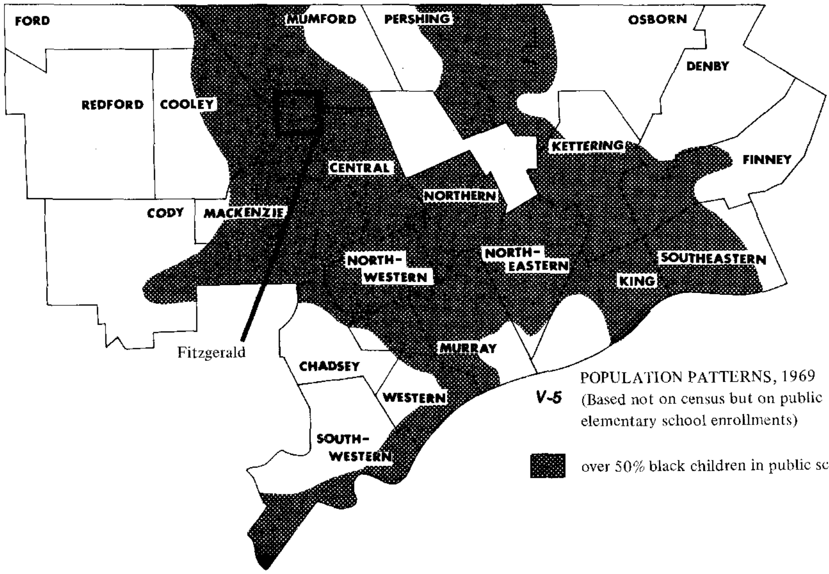
POPULATION PATTERNS, 1960

▩ 75 to 100% black residence

▨ 1 to 75% black residence

☐ 0% black residence

(U.S. Census, 1960)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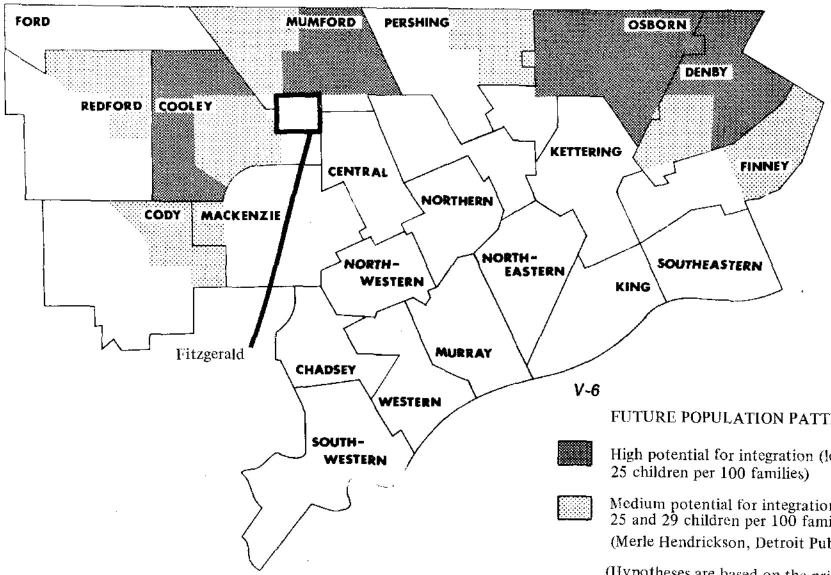
V-5

POPULATION PATTERNS, 1969
(Based not on census but on public elementary school enrollments)

▨ over 50% black children in public schools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V-6

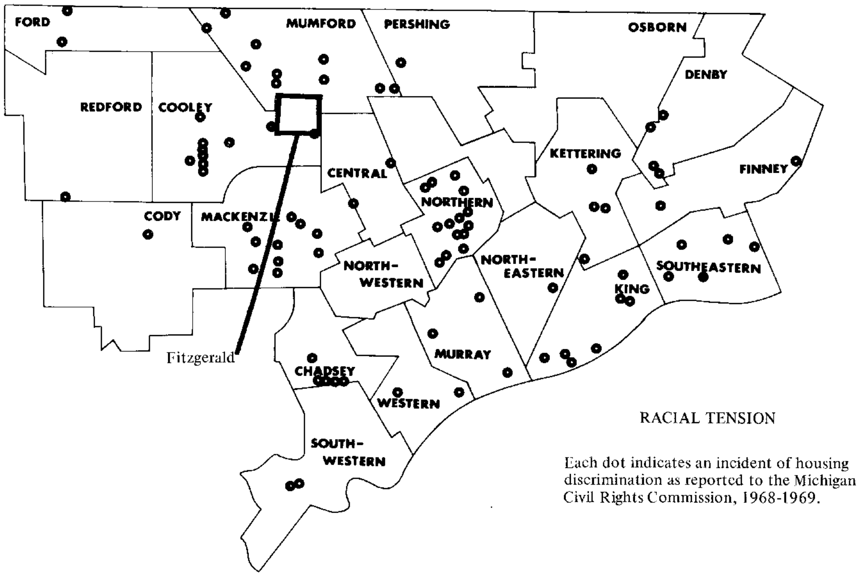
FUTURE POPULATION PATTERNS

▨ High potential for integration (less than 25 children per 100 families)

░ Medium potential for integration (between 25 and 29 children per 100 families)

(Merle Hendrickson, Detroit Public Schools)

(Hypotheses are based on the principle that areas where families have few children are areas where the residents are old, and will soon be moving, thus opening the area to young black couples.)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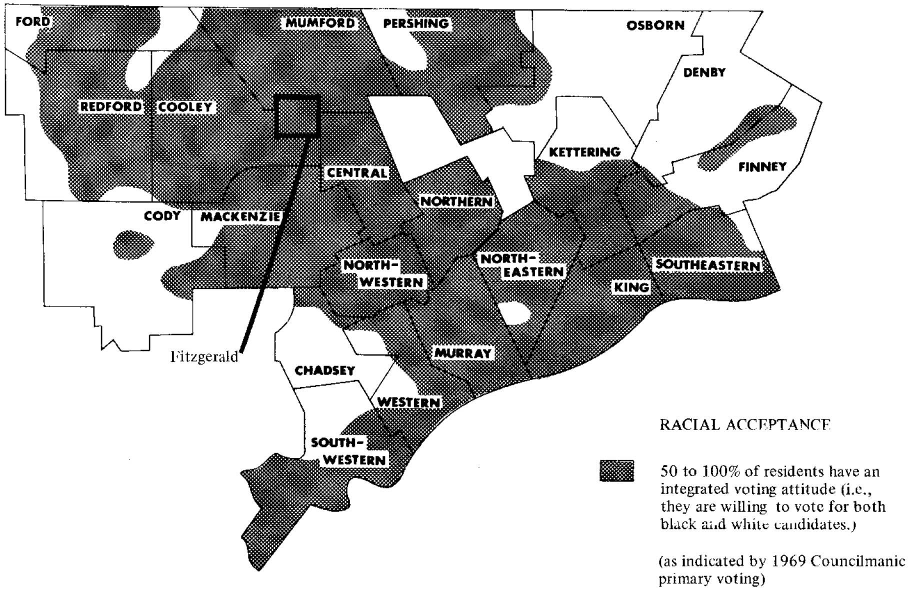
RACIAL TENSION

Each dot indicates an incident of housing discrimination as reported to the Michigan Civil Rights Commission, 1968-1969.

V-7 Integration in terms of Attitude

V-8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RACIAL ACCEPTANCE

▨ 50 to 100% of residents have an integrated voting attitude (i.e., they are willing to vote for both black and white candidates.)

(as indicated by 1969 Councilmanic primary voting)

The achievement of racial integration in Northwest Detroit reflects, to a certain extent, the gradual integration of all of Detroit. People in Detroit have voted on the integration issue with their feet. Detroit is not integrated. Detroit is not segregated. The human landscape of the city consists of three rings: black, mixed, and white. White Americans in the South would never believe how integrated the city really is.

Detroit, in turn, is only going the way of many American cities, and, ultimately, the way of the world. Integration is inevitable. In the beginning of the existence of our species, *Homo sapiens,* we occupied a relatively small area, like all other species at their beginning. The area was probably East Africa. This original family of man was one race and jet black. Subsequent spreading out developed minor species subcharacteristics, such as color differences. But with the invention of a truly ocean-worthy vessel, the races rapidly began to mix themselves back to their original homogeneity. The remixing process is rapidly being consummated. We can avoid becoming a common race once again only through the eradication of our species, only through extinction.

Nationhood — and one world-hood — come in degrees short of sovereignty. Today, political power is concentrated among only three powers, with all other nations merely wards, states-in-federation, of these three super powers, the United States, the Soviet Union, and the Republic of China. For a geographer particularly, it becomes very easy under these conditions to hope that the world will become completely united: that there will be "One World," free of passports and other barriers. At the same time it would become possible for a world culture to arise. A world culture: perhaps English the language, the metric system the unit of measure, Chinese the food and African the music and dance. All cultures, ultimately, are sophisticated. The American Red Man will yet come to be appreciated for his survival wisdom, for his staying in harmony with nature, even if he did live in huts, as well as for his closeness to nature, particularly in comparison to the machine-happy arrogance of "Western Man."

In a world culture, secondary languages and cultures would not die out. We can easily live in two or even three cultures at once, in the world culture and in our own regional culture. "Being different" might be with us forever, even as we all become more similar. A melting pot world culture and non-melting pot, unique, regional cultures could grow and change and coexist stably forever. Cultures of the past would continue to be appreciated, deepening the dominant world culture.

Yet today the goal of a world culture and a world political system is very distant. People seem very far from realizing that a racially united world is inevitable. Frequently integration seems to lead not to a joyful mixing between the races, but to fury and dismay. Integration has seemed to mix the powerful with the powerless, and the result has been a certain degree of slavery. The zebras have been put in the same cage with the lions. In Detroit, for example, only thirty percent of the school children are white, but fifty percent of the voters at school meetings are white; thus black parents lose political control of the schools despite the fact that it is their children who fill the schools.

V-9 A relative rarity: total social integration. Two Fitzgerald Community Council members are lost to their racial differences and engrossed in discussion of a problem.

So integration has come to seem a curse. Integration demands an intimate acceptance of individual human beings as full equals, as brothers and as brothers-in-law, irrespective of race, but today we do not accept each other in this way. Why not? What barriers are keeping us from total integration? There seem, generally, to be three types of obstacles: economic, biological, and cultural.

Black people were not brought to America in order to serve as an object of contempt, in order for white people to have someone to feel better than, they were brought here as slaves. Slavery is an economic condition, not racial. Racism is the effect, not the cause of slavery. For centuries, the labor of black people was stolen, with no compensation, and whites then, rather than facing the reality of slave labor theft, used the resulting poverty to support the myth of racial inferiority. "Work like a nigger" was the reality, "Lazy as a nigger", the myth. If the Southern white slaveholders hated the blacks so, why did they spend forty percent of the South's total wealth buying slaves? It is money that has caused racism and continues to be its driving force.

The reasons that blacks remain in the slums are primarily economic. Family income of blacks in the United States is half that of whites. Black unemployment is notoriously higher than white. Blacks are familiar with the "last hired, first fired" syndrome, with replacement by a " 'Hungarian Freedom Fighter' barely off the boat who has learned only enough English to call me 'nigger' and take my job." The skilled trade unions continue to exclude blacks, and blacks get none of the profit from the Profit System, that is, they are organically excluded from the System by the System's own definition of itself: Profits.

The only completely equal opportunity employers in Fitzgerald seem to be the public schools with all black kids on an all-black tax base. To be able to pay middle class rents, black families often have both parents working, and one may carry as many as three jobs. Wage discrimination has many repercussions. For example, as parents hold down several jobs, they have little time to spend with their children; many black elementary school children wear house keys on a string around their necks to let themselves into their empty homes. These "key children" are paying the price of white racism.

The white "backlash" has produced a rationale endorsed by some important Americans to explain the economic difference between the races; the thesis is that the black family structure is the cause of black social distress, not unemployment or slum lords or racial discrimination. This is a vicious slander. The "What is wrong with the (you-name-it) family" ploy can be tried on every group. For instance, "What is wrong with Catholic families for turning out such a high percentage of white racists?" Or even, "What kind of a heartless mother and unscientific father did Moynihan have, to write rationalizations for the racists?" Moynihan's and other social scientists' similar arguments confuse cause and result. It is the slums that produce slum culture — including strained family relationships. Transforming social crimes against blacks into blacks' personal sins is intellectual sewerage. In fact, black motherhood has been terrific; the black woman has held her children together despite slavery, rape, and unemployment. Black family relationships are the most normal relationships that American blacks enjoy; blacks' relationships with white police, teachers, employers, taxicab drivers, filling station attendants and others are the sick relationships.

Whites have stood the world on its ear. Perhaps whites hint at black immorality to distinguish them from "good Catholic families?" If black mothers have large families, the bounty is attributed to licentious bestiality, but if Irish Catholic mothers are equally fruitful, it is attributed by white Catholics to a dutiful God-directed love of children, and by white Protestants to a Papal plot to swell the percentage of Catholics in America. Perhaps the real reason for large black families is that for the poor, the only creative human act permitted is giving birth to children.

America is so racially poisoned that it views Aid to Dependent Children, a program designed literally to keep children alive, as a bilking by sex maniacs. How quick fat white "generous" America is to find immoral any massive social effort that requires money. White Americans even seem to think that slum dwellers are parasites dragging down the rest of America. If white Americans realized how sad the slums are from the point of view of those who live there, this notion would evaporate. People dance in Hell only when there is no alternative. Caucasians who claim that blacks have a soft life in the slums should be willing to take a vacation as blacks in the slums. Everyone could change places for a week. The people of the Detroit suburb, Bloomfield Hills, could swap places with those on Mack Avenue on a prearranged "Big Moving Day." How long in the slums before the debutantes of Bloomfield Hills would be running the streets?

Yet, both races have deep illusions about each others' economic positions. Blacks stand mute before the fact that though blacks have proportionately three times more poverty than they "deserve," in absolute terms there are three times more poor whites in America than poor blacks. Like other Americans, blacks are ambivalent about poverty, and refuse to admit to it; they insist on middle class status. It is their front, their psychological sense of security. A white's claim that no blacks are rich immediately elicits the roster of *Ebony Magazine* heroes. Blacks refuse to believe that poor whites are as segregated in urban slums or in Appalachia as blacks are. They do not understand "the bum's rush," and feel that if you are white and buy a suit, you can pass as rich. The black prejudice that whites *ipso facto* represent money is as deep as the white prejudice that blacks *ipso facto* represent poverty. Almost all the rich in the country are white, but most whites are not rich.

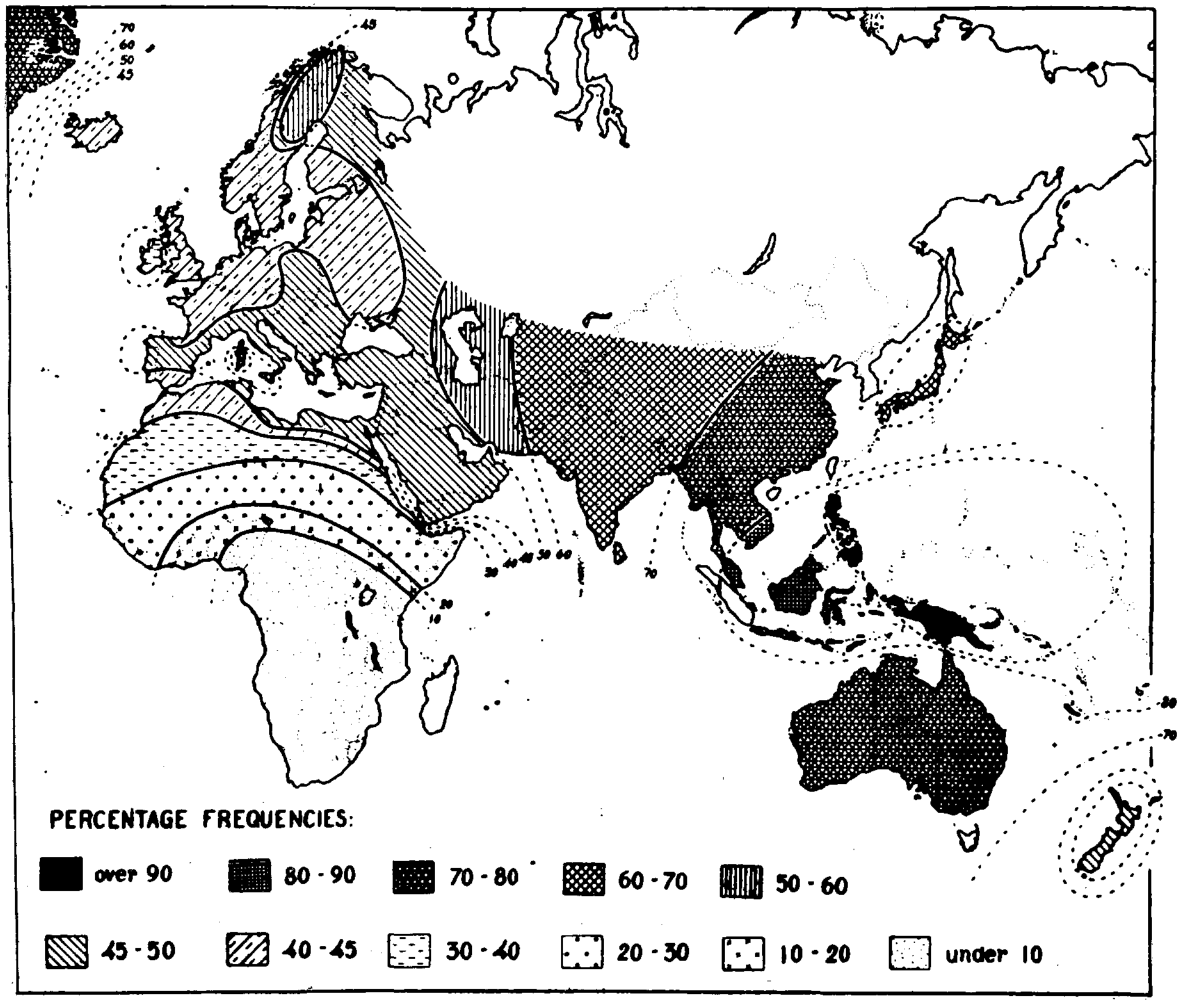
Many of the characteristics attributed to the black culture are those of slum culture. When the Jews were in the slums they produced a whole generation of comics — Jack Benny, Fred Allen. Now the blacks are in the slums, so they produce Bill Cosby and Godfrey Cambridge. People who live in slums have a wry view of the world. They see the world twice, once as the dominant affluent society sees the world, and once as they themselves, the slum dwellers, do. This double-barreled vision gives them a sophistication that leads to comedy. Italians recently were the dominant boxers, now the blacks are. Gangsters are now associated with Negroes, but they were previously associated with Italians, the Mafia. The Jews in Detroit were the Purple Gang. And even the Germans, those superior Aryan types, produced Dutch Schultz. Slum blacks suffer from deep poverty. Middle class values cannot survive in a slum. You've got to make it any way you can. You're trapped. It's economic, not racial.

If you're rich enough, you're so "white" you can marry a blue-eyed blond. The Japanese have gotten whiter in American eyes as their wealth has increased. If Americans are asked "Which groups, in order of preference, would you want your sister to marry?" they will list English, then Scandinavian, French, German, and so forth down to Puerto Rican, Mexican, and black in almost perfect correlation with income status. If all the rich in the nation were black and almost all the poor white, whites would be discovering long-lost black ancestors and darkening their skins. In America, "Life is money, honey," not skin color.

The second barrier to race-mixing is biological. The biological differences between the races are great in American folk opinion but not in truth. In the beginning, when the species was in its anthropological Garden of Eden, there was one race on one continent: the human race in East Africa. We all have the identical handful of Founding Racial Fathers; we are all Africans. We were all black. It seems that the reason some humans bleached out is that they migrated to Europe, and during the long glacial epoch lived in caves at a latitude of low sun intensity and wore heavy clothing. In Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, the cockroaches and the fish are as white as snow for the same reasons. It is difficult to reconcile such biological history with claims of the God-granted aesthetic superiority of white skin.

The physical features of races are nowhere near as great as our culture asserts them to be. Tall Negroes and tall Caucasoids have more in common physically than the tall and short of one race. A Negro's skin color resembles a white's deep suntan. There is little more difference between black and white people than between black and white poodles. Biological prejudice is purely Pavlovian, purely learned. After Negroes began to appear on TV, whites turned up their contrast knob and now play a national game called, "Is that one of them?" By this kind of conditioning, Americans have convinced themselves that racial differences in physical appearance are great. If children were not given a concentrated course on race identification, how would they handle racial differences? Undoubtedly the way they handle other minor physical differences: "Hey blondie, you dropped your book" would extend to "Hey blackie, you dropped your book."

The "mixing" of the human family has been constant. Whites were held as slaves by black Ethiopians. Native Italians, Spanish, and Portuguese are heavily "Negroid" from pre-historic and continuing genetic exchanges. Many of the slaves brought to America came with considerable white blood and white culture from their African genetic and historic experience. Pure Africans are no more pure black than pure Europeans are pure white. Twenty-eight percent of the so-called Caucasians in the United States have African ancestors in their recent geneology, that is, since coming to this country; therefore, approximately forty percent of Americans are Negro or mixed Negro and Caucasian. White and yellow blood have also mixed throughout Eastern Europe. Americans know that Attila the Hun and "the yellow menace" met miraculous defeat at the hands of the Pope at Milan and Prince Valliant at Vienna, but not that the yellow people held the whites of all Eastern Europe as slaves and serfs for long periods and introduced yellow blood everywhere. Hungary was the Oriental satrap never



V-10 Race-mixing can be rather precisely measured based on the racial characteristics of blood. This fact is widely established medically but hidden from the general population. Among other things, such maps show the so-called whites in the South to be extremely mixed with blacks. This map shows the shading of races that existed in the Old Worlds of Europe and Africa. Obviously, from both logic and fact, European "white blood" shaded into both yellow to the East and black to the South. The amount of "white blood" in Africa also discourages some "pure" African nationalists, whose five-thousandth-great grandfather and grandmother had a mixed marriage in what is now Ghana.

"liberated" by whites; the Hungarian language is as Oriental as Chinese. The reason Orientals did not conquer farther West was the same reason that the whites did not conquer the head-hunters of the upper Amazon: like the Amazon head-hunters, the naked blue Britons were so primitive and backward that they were not worth conquering. American Indians are a yellow people who have mixed considerably with Mexican-Americans and other Latin Americans, and who also introduced yellow blood into whole segments of the "white" population of the United States. Adding the number of Americans who mixed with yellow people to the number who mixed with black people assures a strong majority of Americans with recent mixed heritage. Like Brazil, America is not a white country. It is a mixed country, but, unlike Brazil, it has not yet discovered the fact. America is not white bread with raisins, it's marble cake.

Indeed, much of the frantic attempt of Americans to Anglicize their last names, family tree, and religious affiliations is an effort to evade not their Polish, Irish, or Hungarian strains, but their biological coloredness. The section of the country most hysterical over "mongrelization," namely the white South, is obviously already most heavy mongrelized. If only we could study a blood specimen of Governor Wallace to identify that little old sickle cell!

Why haven't the races disappeared if they're so mixed? The argument circles since the races in America have in fact already largely disappeared biologically. The remains of the unmixed racial features are culturally exaggerated beyond belief. But hopefully the races will never totally disappear, for variety is beautiful. Tall and short people of the same race, nation, class and province have been "mixing" from the beginning without causing everyone to be the same average height; probably the various forms of racial beauty will remain with us forever regardless of miscegenation rates, and the world will never see "the last Afro" or "the last blond."

In the face of all the facts of race-mixing accomplished, as plain as the nose on our faces (Englishmen say of white Americans "we can see 'it' in your faces"), some Americans still believe that if blacks took them up on the "why don't you go back where you came from" gambit, the races would be totally segregated and "pure." On the other hand, it is equally amazing that even the most militant blacks do not start a campaign to open migration to Africans. If the Sons of Italy are always lobbying for more Italians, why not the Sons of Nigeria for more Nigerians? Perhaps Negro Americans think, "What! Let more blacks in just when we're getting lightened up?" But to most people the term race-mixing means sexual cohabitation of white and black Americans, and not in the past but now in the future. It is time that discussion of this type of racial cohabitation be removed from the prurient context of a Ku Klux Klan stag party. Older Americans, particularly those in small towns, tend to remain shocked by conversation on this topic, but America is now basically young and urban. Young, urban Americans now often want not only to talk about racial cohabitation, but to do it. Racial cohabitation may become one of the favorite weapons of the liberals: it leaves racists nowhere to go but back to the caves whence they came.

Basic themes recur in the history of racial cohabitation. It is a universal anthropological truth that the women of a suppressed group take on a peculiar erotic flavor to the men of the oppressing group. Much of the support of the poor Southern white for continued slavery, despite the fact that slavery dragged his wages way down, is explained by the "privileges" granted even poor white men with the oppressed women. How else could an ugly white man get a beauty? The Southern white man did not fight the Civil War to defend Southern white women, but to defend his rights with Southern black women. The allure of black women established during slavery continues in the North as well as in the South. Billie Holliday, Eartha Kitt, Nancy Wilson, and Lena Horne are not simply good black singers; they are black women, and whites find a special flavor in it. Because of its desire for black women, white America has never tolerated an "uppity" black man. With one excuse or another, whites attempt to unman him: Nat Turner, Muhammed Ali, Adam Clayton Powell, Malcolm X, Paul Robeson, Medgar Evers, Patrice Lumumba, Nkrumah, Emmet Till, H. Rap Brown, and on and on.

Whites are also entranced by black eroticism, because whites often seem unable to express themselves naturally. Whites cannot release themselves, and their self-repression often leads to perverted outlets: rape, masochism, and homosexuality. Whites need to come back to life after centuries of suffocation under the Popes, Cromwells, Queen Victorias and Bismarks. Under these regimes, sexual suppression became associated with murder. For example, why does the word "Puritanical" imply a society that both burns women alive at the stake and forces their skirt lengths down to their ankles? Why is the torture of the Inquisition so associated with good Catholic celibacy? The "clean, decent" Protestant Ethic has helped form a society that loves violence and sadism, whether in seeing a James Bond or Mickey Spilaine movie or in water-hosing female civil rights demonstrators.

In contrast, the closer-to-nature African cultures encourage honest personal and sexual expression, not inhibition and perversion. The difference is evident in a comparison of the physical movements of whites and blacks. Most white salesgirls move behind their counters like the Tin Man from the "Wizard of Oz" — jerky and jolty in an effort to seem full of "get-up-and-go" and capable of "running the train on time." Even older black women, like Pearl Bailey, or extremely stout ones, like Ella Fitzgerald, have flowing movements. Comparing Ella Fitzgerald to her white counterpart, Kate Smith, is comparing a tall weeping willow to the Rock of Gibraltar. The term "cat" is apropriate to many black men, who glide everywhere. The smoothness of black implies a great physical and sexual power. One makes love in a sinuous, curved world, not with a protractor and a carpenter's square.

Yet perhaps it is not true that the black culture is more sensuous. Perhaps it is merely a fantasy of whites, who are always looking for exotic erotica. Bali, South of Pango Pango, Tangiers, Shangrila, Harlem; to whites these places suggest beautiful dusky maidens who do the hootchie-cootchie, the belly dance, the hula, the jerk, and just wait for the stiff white man in his British Naval Officer's Uniform. Ah Suzie Wong, ah, Madame Butterfly, ah, "going native," ah, Melville. Paradise! He's ready. "See that girl with a two dollar ring? She can really shake that thing. You're looking good, humm. What you say? Whup it! Hit it! Get it! Moving her swivel hips and kissable lips. You're so beautiful but you're going to die some day. All I wants a little lovin' before you pass away. Mellow. You know where it's at, baby. White man, leave our women alone!"

But, of course, white man, it is just the animal in those blacks, not the animal in you. Why, just last week you told your wife, "Send them darkies back to Africa where they came from." Is the white wife really sure what happens when her man is out of town? The good husband, "robbed and beaten" by blacks committing "crime on the streets," may have gotten the beating in a trick house. "Crime in the bed" is the white husband's way, but he does not like to confess it, even to himself; he attributes it to the immorality of the black woman. White insistence that blacks are the pursuers can reach astounding proportions. After the 1967 Insurrection, a Fascist organization in Detroit, Breakthrough, claimed that black men were planning to invade white neighborhoods to rape white women. What a Freudian projection! It is overwhelming the whites who have raped black women in America. The Muslims and black militants, the young blacks who have renounced white women, are precisely those whom racists insist to be the most rapacious. What are the psychological implications of a people's insistence that someone is trying to rape them?

But black and white cohabitation has been a fact as well as a myth; the facts bear as much psychological tragedy as the myths. It was the "quaint" custom of the "gallant" South for young white males to lose their virginity on black women. Some slaves were bred and trained for purely sexual roles and marked at the "Quadroon Ball" in New Orleans each year for the likes of "noble" Robert E. Lee. But since blacks were not considered human, the act of love with black women was sodomy. On these terms, a Southern white woman could not compete; she could respond only by an animalism that she hoped would match the imagined animalism of black women. Hence the myth of black sexual prowess grows until it becomes a threat to all home life. After all, white women fear that if blacks achieve social equality, what man would want a white partner?

Equally damaging psychologically are some of the affairs between white men and black women. The children of these unions are normally classified black and are therefore despised by their own fathers. Few higher animals hate their own children, but Americans are that sick. Founding Father Thomas Jefferson had many children by Sally Hemings, "Black Sal," but he kept them as slaves. At least one of Jefferson's daughters, Harriet, was sold on the slave block. Do you think it is right to sell a daughter of the President of the United States of America to the highest bidder? You do not have to be a red, white and blue flag freak to object. America is a deeply unhappy country because it refuses to face its own self-hatred.

Strangely, or psychologically perhaps not so strangely, the vilest form of race-mixing, prostitution, is the form of racial cohabitation most tolerated by white America. Interracial prostitution has always been confined geographically to the ghetto. The presence in the black ghetto of a substantial number of whites seeking prostitution goes a long way towards explaining the hatred and suspicion that almost all black men feel toward white men. The good white husbands are not the ones that blacks see. A white man in the ghetto either wants a black prostitute, has employment that a black cannot obtain, or wears a badge and carries a club: all roles of negative conditioning. It would seem that the presence of legitimate white males in an integrated neighborhood would provide cover for prostitution, and that blacks would tolerate prostitution; just the opposite happens. Blacks who might tolerate prostitution in the ghetto where they can little influence the situation refuse to accept it in an integrated neighborhood; they are in a frenzy to disprove every stereotype the world has contrived for them. Also, the white residents do not tolerate Negro prostitution in their partly white neighborhood. On a street with individual homes, as in Fitzgerald, an average of five pairs of eyes see each person who rings a doorbell. The one case of prostitution in the neighborhood which the author knows involved a financially desperate young mother and it was over almost before it started, in a burst of neighborhood chagrin.

The psychology of extra-marital, interracial sexuality is extremely complicated. Its attractions include the lure of forbidden fruit; the joy of shocking the Hell out of a hypocritical world; the illusion by the white partner that he is bestowing an enormous favor that is infinitely appreciated by the black partner; the hidden desire for "white loving" that blacks feel; the black folklore that white men "go crazy" over black women, giving the black women a great compliment; the reassuring thought that social taboos prevent either party from paying the usual penalty of romance, making a lifetime marriage commitment, and thus freeing both for a fling, for a honeymoon; the attraction of a partner who little reminds them of their parent of the opposite sex (after all, the antithesis of race-mixing is incest); and the grace in soul and body of blacks as well as the power and money of the whites, implying an exchange.

In spite of these attractions, an extra-marital interracial affair is almost an impossibility. An interracial couple is extremely conspicuous and a fantastic underground tattletale system covers the city. Discretion, that indispensable condition of a suburban affair, is inevitably blown to the winds, and thus family, social status, job, everything is on the line. The price is too high for all but the most reckless adventurers. Also, blacks remember with hatred the centuries of rape and forced prostitution. Sexual raiding on the black women might have been acceptable to some of them, but was never so to the black men. To lose a woman through seduction was even more outrageous than through rape, for in such cases the black woman voluntarily betrayed her man. In any case, it is doubtful that any extra-marital relationship can stand the psychological shock of "Ole Massa" back among the slave huts. Because of this history too, it is thrilling to the black to reject publicly a member of the dominant white group; it boosts the black's status tremendously within his peer group. The threat of isolation from one's own racial peer group, especially from the members of the opposite sex, is also dangerous to the interracial affair. In sum, disclosure is so much worse in the interracial version of suburban hanky-panky that sadistic smiles of non-pleasure would crease the face of Oliver Cromwell himself.

Interracial marriage is the ultimate weapon of the racists. When liberals argue in favor of racial cohabitation, racists immediately lead the conversation to "Would you want your sister to marry one?" The white liberals are so craven that they work out defenses of indignation, irrelevance, or disgust and try and turn the conversation back to "more favorable ground." Liberals are prejudiced too. Mankind's most solemn ritual, marriage, expresses the true equality of the individuals involved. Marriage rates are an excellent index of prejudice between groups. Marriage is the crux of social and economic patterns. The marriage partner is one's only voluntary relative. Marriage in the United States is the major way that wealth is exchanged. Around eighty-five percent of income is inherited, leaving only fifteen percent for the blood, sweat and tears of Horatio Alger. If blacks are cut off from the mainstream of social and economic mobility, how are they ever going to get ahead?

V-11 Two children in a play at Fitzgerald School. Do they love each other? Will they grow up and marry each other? Will he kill her? Will they live in different nations? What's the best choice?

The purest form of interracial love, the love of young people for each other, star-crossed love, love across taboos, love so deep that they more or less stick it out till death gives relief, love complete with marriage, mortgages, diapers, in-laws — the total disaster — this purest love is the one that most outrages a hypocritical adult white world. Very little teenage social life exists in Fitzgerald between the races, even among members of the same sex. The neighborhood dances for teenagers, with integrated sponsorship and integrated chaperons, have attracted few white couples, though *American Bandstand* has proven that this form of integration is certainly acceptable to American television viewers. Not one interracial marriage is known to have occurred in the neighborhood, though several interracial marriage couples live there. Actually, residential areas, even the shopping centers, are not frequent meeting places for the young; they seem to meet mostly through mutual friends or at work or at school. The lack of interracial romance in its healthy form is a disappointment to humanists, who hope that young people raised to value themselves and each other would fall in love across color boundaries. Considering the incessant and unchallenged propaganda to the contrary, it is surprising that integrated neighborhoods produce the least amount of cohabitation in any of its forms — prostitution, philandering or marriage.

Whites feel basically threatened by economic race-mixing, and try to frustrate it despite overwhelming evidence of economic injustice. Whites are basically ignorant of historic biological race-mixing and disgusted at contemporary biological race-mixing. Perhaps, despite some dumbfounderment, they are becoming most receptive towards cultural race-mixing.

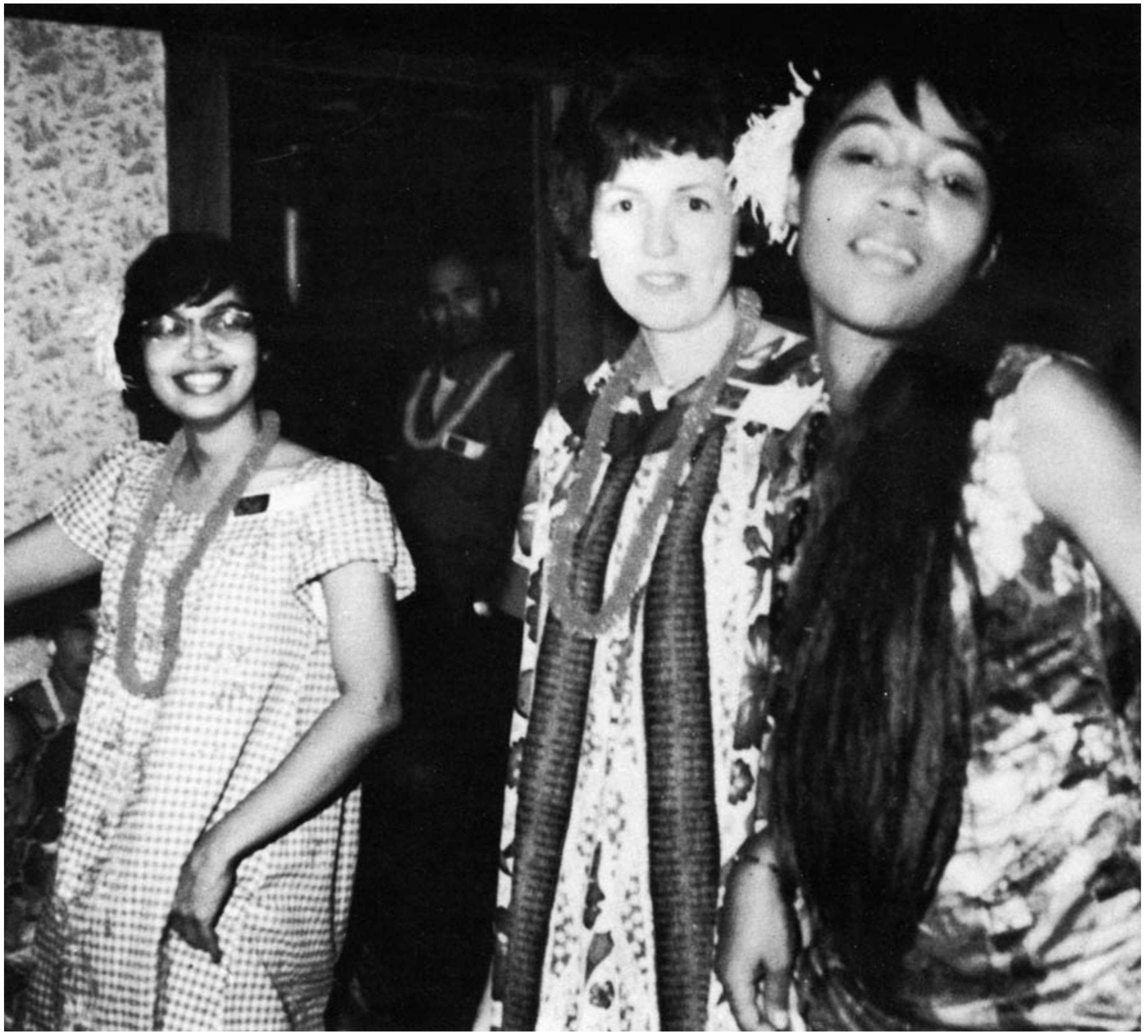
Fitzgerald's Social Life.

In any matter so personal and intimate as the social life of human beings, the greatest flexibility and spontaneity must be maintained. Plans for a neighborhood New Year's Eve party in a rented supper club were unpopular, but the party held in a private home did marvelously well. During the folk-singing craze, the neighborhood maintained a group of singers. Nothing topped the feeling of family that Romona Tompkins and Marjorie Washington achieved by an amateur play and supper in the spring of 1966 at St. Timothy's Church. The Council is planning coffees, half a social gesture and half an attempt to form block clubs. A social and recreation center is needed where retirees can play cards, kids can play basketball, and the Council's offices can be housed. To date, public social life has centered in the churches, but not without some awkwardness. For instance, Baptists and Methodists are opposed to smoking and dancing. The black culture deeply respects churches but are traditionally Baptist and less at home in other churches. All the churches lack adequate space for athletics.

The social life of a community makes the difference between a place in which to live and a joint in which to hang your hat. But this social life cannot be planned. It is not possible to produce mechanically such an atmosphere; it comes from a common cause, a peculiar combination of human personalities. The shift from Reverend Martin Luther King's spirit of love, to the Vietnamese War and Stokely Carmichael's spirit of Black Power, greatly changed the social mood. The neighborhood has stopped singing songs like "We Shall Overcome," but it appears to be fighting harder than ever. A certain grimness, a death of hope in appeals to conscience, a doggedness, a toughness, a less moralistic and more calculating power-conscious outlook, perhaps even a certain European cynicism and sophistication is emerging and the circus atmosphere of demonstrations, marches, funpoking at white racists, and mass rallies is gone. The first euphoria of social-cultural exchanges has left too. Curiosity has been satisfied. Some years back both races in the neighborhood

knew little about the other; greens and whist were being compared to kidney pies and contract bridge. But with the romance of mystery gone, friendships are finding a more solid basis.

The relations among teenagers are very social and volatile. If a teenaged white boy sees a black on the street look at him and quickly look away as they approach, he had better get set. If a black girl approaches a white one and starts talking about how nice the white girl's hair is, dynamite is about to explode. In adolescence the hormones of youth gush out in a great boy-girl anxiety and in this adolescent hell any weapon at hand is used from physical height to physical skin color. Yet of all the social organizations in the neighborhood none is functioning better than the Wisconsin Junior Block Club, including five or six white young teenagers and five or ten black ones. The club is extremely active, with rules, officers, fines, expulsions, voting and a tremendous number of activities from the obvious dances and plays to the not so obvious style shows, bowling, skating, amusement park outings, and parties for the little kids, the junior Junior Block Club. The racism of both races is much more open — and much more shallow — in the teenagers than in the thin-lipped, hate-staring polite adult population. Integrated social life in Fitzgerald can be summed up this way. The tolerant older generation socializes at a church dinner, or a church play or even a barn dance. The middle-aged are in the party generation, creating much cluck-clucking among the church generation. They can swing together. The kids are really open with each other and friends use the weapon of racial differences against each other just as they use the weapon of acne. They could indeed make stable marriages. If we can just hold out a few more years while the haters make their natural progress to the graveyards of America, we just might make it.

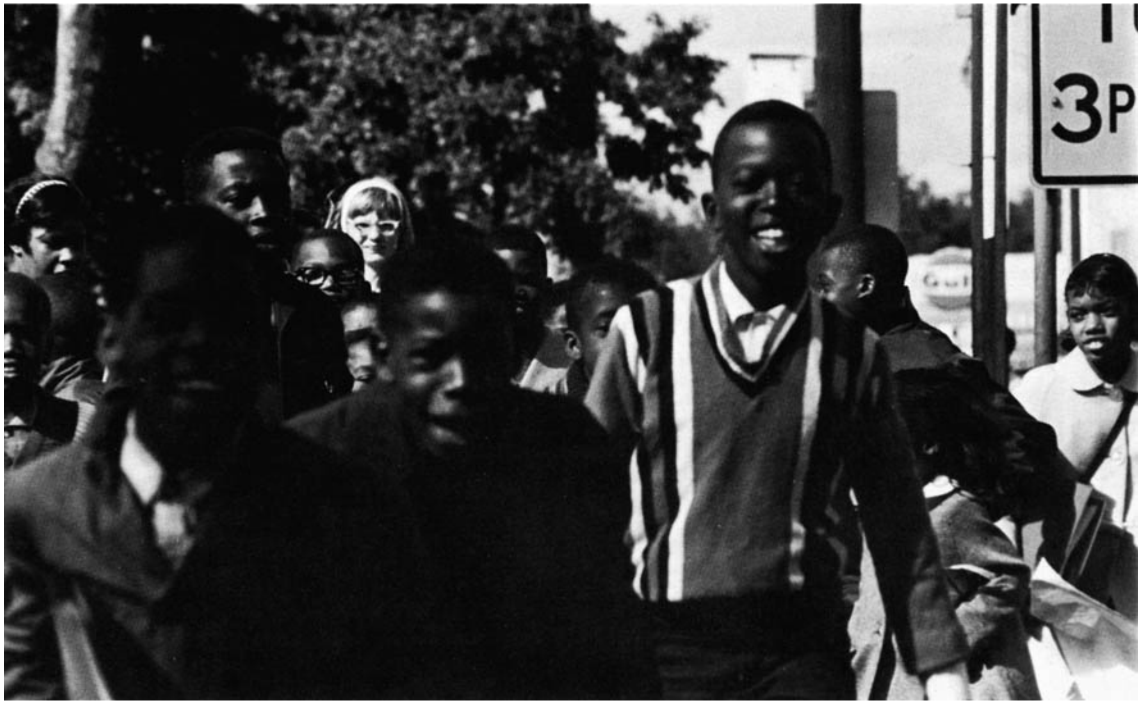


V-13 A blown-up portion of the previous picture. The young women are at a party in Fitzgerald, which woman comes from the "culturally deprived" culture?

V-14 *The Wisconsin Junior Block Club.*

V-15 *The Wisconsin Junior Block Club.*

V-16



V-17 ***Notice the single white child in this picture of school*** *children emerging from Fitzgerald grade school. If the child were the single black face among white ones, the White Mind might say, "Isn't the child lucky, even privileged, to be in such an uplifting environment." But since the racial ratio is reversed and the single face is white in a sea of black faces, what then goes through the White Mind? "Isn't that poor white child being dragged down by this horrible environment. Her parents should be horsewhipped for subjecting her to this."*

Her parents are Dr. and Mrs. William Bunge, the child their oldest daughter, Susan. Susan Bunge graduated from this "inferior" environment reading four grades past her level in the Iowa tests, college-oriented, a Beatles fan, with a crush on a young white boy, extremely confident, and crazy for peace. That is, a very normal, bright young lady.

Nor is the event singular. The Grozner girls and many other white children in the neighborhood are equally normal. Perhaps some of the credit should go to the moral fiber in the families in spite of "the environment" — or perhaps to the environment of black children who have given the minority whites a chance at bi-cultural sophistication and character formation. Imagine the number of grown white men in the suburbs who actually have a physical fear of walking down these Fitzgerald streets in broad daylight where these children grow up and play as naturally as the sunlight falls on their faces.

Those who resist the truth that the culture is already heavily mixed might imagine a national TV show entitled, "What's My Color?" Its panel would be an integrated group of expert racists. The guests, hidden from the panel but visible to the viewers, would sing, speak, play an instrument or answer questions on chitterlings and Yorkshire Pudding, St. John's root and White Shoulders, a fancy and a debenture, Mr. William McKinney and Mrs. Potter Palmer. Such a show would shatter the mutual illusions of racial expertise in both camps, perhaps precipitate an horrendous rise in the national rate of suicide, and certainly achieve a one hundred percent Nielson rating.

Cultural race-mixing offers a new sophistication to both races, a sophistication arising from acquaintance with diversity. In America the operational assumption has been, lip service to the contrary, that diversity is a threat. But heterogeneous neighborhoods are superior: they produce innovation, team work, and balance. It is injustice, not variety, that produces antagonisms. Whites at present do have greater reading skills than blacks and the proximity of whites to blacks helps give this skill to the blacks. Blacks have a superior sense of joy for which whites deeply yearn. Blacks have an old joke about what a black said to an awkward, stiff white man: "Honey, if you could be colored for just five minutes, you'd have so much fun you wouldn't ever want to be white again." And it's true. Black parties, with their enormous noise, overwhelming dancing and just good times, ruin white guests for middle class white parties with their endless talk. The two races have a tremendous curiosity about each other. White and black children like to touch each other's hair, not for luck, but as a matter of pure curiosity.

Also, the liberation of black pride tends to liberate all others. As blacks find pride in the "natural look" of their hair, Jews stop wanting to change the shape of their noses, Poles find it easier to marry Germans. If blacks can eat watermelons, Jews can buy Volkswagens. If black is beautiful and it is, why aren't Indians, Italians or Armenians beautiful? They are. The ancient truth still holds: the liberation of the most despised, the most wretched, the lepers, the pariahs, the untouchables, the "niggers," is the liberation of all.

After sports, the first fruits of cultural race-mixing have been musical. The music of both Elvis Presley and the Beatles had its origin in black styles. Some blue-eyed soul brothers pass as black, even among blacks. Dick Davey and the Righteous Brothers are examples. When the Righteous Brothers finally made television, twenty-two million Americans simultaneously burned their records, muttering to themselves. Whites are also learning to dance more smoothly. Far more black records are now played on white radio stations than vice versa. Many black hits become white hits a few weeks later; the Supremes are a big white hit. Some blacks claim that they like Frank Sinatra, that he sings with soul; in fact, his middle-aged style, as opposed to his teenage "swooner crooner" style, was a direct steal from a black artist, Mable Mercer. But, once a black artist is thoroughly accepted by Caucasians, he may be dropped by blacks. Louis Armstrong is a case. Older blacks do appreciate Armstrong as an entertainer, but not as the originator of a totally new art form. Black artists like Bessie Smith and Sidney Bechet or even the Supremes and the Temptations end up almost exclusively in white record collections. Perhaps the reason for blacks' rejection of these artists is that many have left their race to follow the gigs with the most bread, ending up a fay's cat. Still, one must wonder if white appreciation doesn't rub off negatively on black artists.

Another aspect of black culture is its hypersensitivity. Blacks, like all poor people, are both perceptive and touchy. For instance, the white South denies blacks the titles of respect: Mr., Mrs., and Miss. The black community has responded by hyper-usage of these terms. Northern liberal whites address people by their first names to be friendly, but black people so addressed are often unfairly outraged at the imagined disrespect. Indians have solved this problem by immediately first-naming whites.

Also, in black culture the woman plays a stronger role than in white culture. White men are frequently startled by the assertiveness of black women. At committee meetings in Fitzgerald some uproarious bewilderment results from black women playing roles reserved by whites for men. White Fitzgerald jumped when the teenaged Infernos elected all female officers as their group leaders. The white reflex that this female assertiveness is "wrong" is typical of white arrogance. There is no data whatsoever to support the contention that matriarchal societies are not as successful as patriarchal societies. (And even a third alternative exists: no discrimination on the basis of sex.) One result of the more assertive role of black women seems to be that interracial marriages between the dominated sexes, white women and black men, are probably more steady than between the dominating sexes, white men and black women, for the same reason that marriages between Japanese women and American men are stable: both partners obtain a less domineering mate.

Cultural race-mixing has also occurred with respect to language. Such a great number of originally black terms has found its way into white teenagers' vocabulary, and vice versa, that the language differences between whites and blacks are not sharp among teenagers. The reason for the lingual integration may be that white middle class parents are horrified by lower class talk, and their children adopt it precisely to frustrate their parents. All languages in any society rot out from the top where they are frozen by "correctness," and therefore cannot grow. The jargon of London's inner city becomes the King's English in the next generation. Street poetry eventually rules.

Yet no one individual totally understands the language of America, for it is multicultural: it's the babbles of Old Yankee, down-home black, street life and even of academia. Not many Negroes have heard of a "jive Maryland farmer" or a "boss fesnicki with a mellow fern." If a word isn't in an unabridged dictionary, that doesn't necessarily prove that it isn't a word. The dictionary might be prejudiced. All the savants of America are not having a chat with the chaps in the Faculty Club. Some mellow souls are scuffling on 12th and Clairmount. The way to overcome separate cultural expression is through mutual cultural respect which eventually voluntarily evolves into mutual assimilation. "Color" does rub off on you.

It is sad that even many blacks don't realize that their culture is America's culture. To what extent is black culture the culture of America? Black is the dominant American culture; it's the culture that foreigners perceive as American, and as Baldwin points out, it's by being in a foreign country that one discovers his own. In much of Europe, the confusion between America and Black America is total. Except for cars, bad movies, and Coca Cola all that the Europeans consider distinctly American is Black American — the music, the dances, and the jargon. To the shock of prejudiced white American tourists, their friendly European hosts greet them with "Crazy, man," to demonstrate their fluency in American! European visitors to Fitzgerald find themselves at home in a lounge where the juke box is blaring and the clientele is wearing gold lame stretch pants, but when they mention how American the scene is, they're surprised to find that the liberal white Americans feel it all "beneath them." White Americans assume that it is they whom the world's whites envy and copy. But many white foreign groups, such as the French-Canadians and the Irish, to say nothing of colored groups, emotionally identify themselves with the American blacks. And most of the world would overwhelmingly endorse as a great American leader Martin Luther King over the white leaders, L. B. J. or Richard Nixon.

The image of the cowboy culture as the backbone of Americanism is as phony as a three dollar bill. Real cowboys were heavily Negroid, suffered serious unemployment, joined the I.W.W., and practiced systematic arson. But why do whites concentrate on this handful of culturally irrelevant people? Because America cannot face what is culturally relevant. America is an Afro-European nation! This is the cultural reality that at all costs America seeks to evade, whether through English gentility, cowboys, spy-sex sadists, or Popeye the Sailor Man.

White liberals are overbearing. If they meet blacks at a conversational event, say a cocktail party, the white liberal often goes through the most intense recital of the racial guilt of the whole white world, then, to take back any implied obligation, starts in on black faults. In either case, he never lets the black person talk at all. He then goes back to his white friends and tells them all he has learned from his monologue. If his foolishness is a little less severe he becomes very curious, like a Nazi doctor, to whom everything is "very interesting;" he asks questions and sits apart. In this way he always holds the initiative as a culturally superior "detached scientist." Then he starts giving advice. He argues with explanations. He improves everybody. He is most likely to consider himself extremely sexy to the black women, and he is willing to go over to their side if he can be their leader. His presence is everywhere and he is obsessed with one subject and one subject alone, race.

No black person dares relax with the white liberal around, for no black is allowed to forget his skin color. At first the white liberal might be the object of curiosity, like a boy from Iowa City in Manhattan Island, but soon blacks are annoyed and drift away. If the place is public, the white is checked out to see if he is a john or a cop (often the same thing), and then a homosexual john. After that, just where is he coming from? (Almost everyone white is some kind of slummer.) The black community must be extremely careful in dealing with white people. Whites mean danger to them.

Occasionally a minister, a criminal, a political radical, a jazz musician or a true love is allowed a partial glimpse into the black world, a marvelous secret world. Black people don't really shake hands. They approach each other like squirrels, arms up and paws limp; swaying side to side, they softly skin each other. Black people have an underground culture as secret as the Hopi Indians.

The minute numbers of whites who have glimpsed the true black world often become depressed by the massiveness of white racism and even alienated from white culture. Like black comics, a "cultural black" begins to reverse the preposterous assumptions of white racism. For instance, consider an Indian victory in a movie, with the covered wagons withdrawing to the East in disgrace and the wise chief shouting after them, "And don't ever come back, Pale Face!" Imagine the chauvinism of the TV series, "Cowboy in Africa;" how about "Watusi in Texas?" Think of a comic strip about a black Tarzan who rallies the local animals — bears, deer, pigs, cows, squirrels and rats — to attack the evil white natives. Imagine a black African explorer, commissioned by the queen of Ethiopia and financed by her jewelry, who discovers the source of the St. Lawrence River, renames it Mumbo-Jumbo, hands out trinkets to the white natives, treks heroic distances overland followed by long lines of white porters with bundles on their heads and white seminude gun-bearers who mutter obsequiously, "Yes, Black Bwana," and finally claims the entire St. Lawrence River basin in the name of his queen.

But no matter how close a white man feels to the black world, he can never completely belong there. Mez Mezzrow, the white jazz clarinetist, ended his days hanging out on corners in Harlem and almost made it; but no white man can really be black. In spite of how black he feels inside, he always has his white childhood, his special standing with the cops, his white context. A mellow suit with little pimp pleats on a black man is just a business suit on a white man. A black man in a Cadillac is entirely different from a white man in an identical car. The white man cannot really join the black world because of all his strings to the white world and the danger he represents to blacks. At best he can appreciate their culture by just being in its presence, no longer the "interested observer" or "the man with all the answers," but just digging the mellow scene, the right music, the right lights and style. About all the white man can do for the black men is get the other white men off the black back.

Whites who receive some unjust abuse at black hands, though not enough to even the score, generally fail to understand the blacks' sense of revenge. A white who encounters a black so hostile that he cannot stand to be in the same room with a white usually refuses to take the black's hostility seriously. He just does not believe it. White liberals are unwilling to take any abuse, physical or verbal, from blacks in spite of the tremendous amount of abuse that both blacks and whites accept from whites. Mistreated, the typical liberal pouts, "Is this the thanks I get after all I've done? They'll get no more help from me." Whites reacted to the abuse of white Mr. Wallace Wells by young blacks in Fitzgerald with this sense of personal affront, although they did not even register the abuse of Fitzgerald's Mr. Charles Clay by Caucasians. Some hostility, occasionally acute, has been expressed to whites by blacks in taverns and on the streets in Fitzgerald. But if the white behaves according to the code, and stands his ground, things will work out. Black or white, if he is scared or foolish, he should avoid bars and streets. The street people can always sense these weaknesses at five hundred yards with their soul radar turned on only half power. Black hustlers of all types from flimflam artists to strongarmers, especially enjoy working a white sucker.

The black hustler's sense of racial revenge is shared by many law-abiding black citizens. When asked the question, "Do you ever feel sorry for whites persecuted on ethnic grounds, like the Jews?" the majority of blacks snap back, "Why should I?" Also, many blacks who join integrated organizations, such as the Fitzgerald Community Council, tend to be concerned only with justice for blacks, not for whites. For instance, a black with sensitive insight into the effects of racial hate upon his own family might dismiss the effects of ethnic hate upon Caucasian families, saying, "It's good for them." The black attitude is understandable, for Caucasians have loomed so powerfully that to ask blacks to feel sorry for them is to ask them to feel sorry for God. Yet, despite the desire for racial revenge harbored by some blacks, in general black prejudice against whites is much less than that of whites against blacks.

Although the principled commitment against all human suffering comes from a minority of both whites and blacks, it comes more from blacks. Black Humanism, for example, is not only extremely sensitive to the suffering of blacks, but also to the suffering and brotherhood of mankind. Maurice Lamar, in spite of his family's vicious mistreatment by whites, expresses compassion for them:

When I was in high school, I noticed that when white girls began to date, they suddenly found that they were not always accepted by others if their father was a blue collar worker, even though they had been at school together since kindergarten. I have seen them come into classes crying as they realized they could not go to this party or that event because they were socially unacceptable. It must be a tremendous shock to a white person to find suddenly that just because you are white, you cannot open all doors. White people have a class system and social system which, if you're not born into, you cannot bridge the gap. They follow the dictate that it takes three generations to make a gentleman.

In Fitzgerald blacks worry a lot about "their white folks" and cooperate to protect white children. Strange that black Americans would extend protection to white Americans in a land supposedly riddled with race hate. How has the brutalizing experience of being a black in America produced a sensitivity that can even extend to whites? Why is there not just blind, burning hatred of the world, especially the white world? Certainly hatred and bitterness exist. But that is not the mystery; Black Humanism also exists, and this is the mystery.

V-18 Proud Maurice Lamar, after all he has been through at white hands, still is capable of compassion and understanding of white suffering.

Some Negroes, too, have not yet risen up from their brutalizing experience in America. Still today, Negro self-hate goes very deep. Many Negroes denounce their own culture as strongly as whites denounce it. Why do Negroes keep changing their name? Forty years ago it was "colored," then "Negro," now "Afro-American," and "black." Could it be that self-hate makes any form of self-referral repulsive? Perhaps Dick Gregory's term, "nigger," is the proudest term: like an Irish President secure enough to call himself a "mick," a black must be sure of himself to call himself "nigger." The most recent name changes have shown one extremely important difference: the black people are now naming themselves.

But many Negroes are still naming themselves bad. It is a Negro jingle that goes "white's right, yellow's mellow, brown stick around, black get the Hell back." Negro men and women dream a plan whereby each generation will marry a little lighter. They pound this dream into their children in the hope that one day their progeny will pass for white. This scheme is so pervasive that the truly black-skinned man is an island among his own kind. His inability to establish his manhood no matter what he does is excruciating. What can he do? No matter how splendid and immaculate his clothes; how impeccable and accomplished his behavior; still he sits at a fashionable bar, a great lonely unseen blackness. He avoids the proximity of other black men, but nothing makes him less ugly in the eyes of a Negro woman. He is not part of her plan. No wonder black men hate the whiteness of white men.

When asked, Negroes deny that they avoid suntans in the summer, but they do. Black children play with white dolls. No white children play with colored dolls. Why do all the hair preparations straighten — that is, "whiten" — the hair? Why not a kinky process for those Negroes with straight hair? Only today are black women beginning to wear Afro wigs. Skin preparations for Negroes remove the "blotches." The white or black blotches? It takes two colors to make a blotch. And how those "keen" (white) features are admired! And why do so many Negro men sport mustaches? Does it not make their upper lip look "finer?"

Blacks need to ask themselves why, if African women are so innately ugly, did the *National Geographic* make two generations of fortunes by portraying topless "native belles" before *Playboy* copped the market? Ole Massa did not hotfoot it out behind the Big House to the slave huts to punish himself. Could it be that whites find blacks more attractive than blacks do?

Negroes who dislike their own race tend to do so along class lines. Perhaps to protect themselves, these Negroes style themselves as an elite and decide that it is really the lower-class Negroes, not whites, who are "dragging the race down." Therefore, the elite despises lower-class characteristics, such as a "process," straightened male hair. So complete is this self-deception that the "better class" Negro is shocked to find that half the whites do not even know what a "process" is. This sends the Negro snobs into a rage of complaints about stereotyping, triggered by the fact that the white does not see that it is only the lower class Negro whom the white should hate.

The seriousness of Negro hatred toward members of the black lower class is not to be underestimated. These Negroes are "Black Birchers," Negro Nazis, and traitors to their own race. If America ever goes the way of Nazi Germany, these Uncle Toms can be counted on to man the crematoriums and stuff their black brothers and sisters into the ovens. They are like some of the imprisoned Jews of Nazi Germany who insisted to their tormentors, "It's all a mistake, I'm not like the others. I hate them too," and named names of their fellow Jews to prove their loyalty right up to their bitter gaseous end. Today these Negroes identify with the white police even while the police are beating their children.

Negroes who continue to despise themselves pretend to like whites, but their relations with whites are conspiratorial and deeply suspicious; they try to manipulate or plot the relationship, as if a friendship that flowed freely would be dangerous. Evidently one must love and accept oneself before being capable of accepting others. These "genteel" Negroes leave faster than whites if a real black moves next door. Some black-haters are literally direct descendents of plantation house slaves who thought they were superior to the field slaves, and have played their role for so many generations that they really are white inside, like Oreo cookies. With a truly egalitarian white, Negro self-haters use the most appalling anti-black racist terms, as if to say to the white, "I'll bet you didn't know that I know what you really say about me to your white friends when I'm not around." They collect these racist terms and rattle them off with masochistic delight. These Negroes are constantly playing white, and what better way to play white than to talk about the "nigger?"

Certainly, people who are biologically Negro should be given the free choice of joining the white culture if it appeals to their personalities. But, if in joining the white culture, they assume the whites' economic, biological, and cultural hatred of blacks, this is unhealthy. This leads to mental conflict, for their own biological characteristics imprison them, and they are committing the social crime of race betrayal. They can rarely build strong friendships with either blacks or whites. Paradoxically, if a white man can establish trust with an initially hostile black man, the relationship can be solid. Black people who consciously dislike whites are psychologically more reasonable than those who subconsciously dislike them.

Unfortunately white-loving Negroes are the ones that stock integrating organizations. They are immediately available and easily recruited. Liberal whites prefer this type of Negro because he is "reasonable" and "respectable." How much less embarrassing to be seen publicly with a light-skinned, soft-spoken, college-educated, Beethoven lover, than a dark-skinned, loud-spoken, factory-working Pigmeat Marcus fan. Yet the least representative Negroes often even dupe the whites, for they tell the whites precisely what they want to hear about the Negro. The ease with which whites are duped by such Negroes reveals the deep subconscious race prejudice of the whites! They don't believe that Negroes could be smart enough to con them.

In fairness to the white-loving Negro it should be said that not all the motives for their self-rejection are unhealthy. Negroes had a role written for them by Ole Massa which included cutting, drinking, and wenching Saturday night in the Negro ghettos of small Southern towns, and now the role comprises drug-taking and drug-pushing in the Negro ghettos of big Northern towns. These stereotyped activities have weakened and demoralized individual blacks and divided their community, thus serving the whites. This degrading role had to be rejected by blacks. Realizing this, many cultured Northern blacks resist the "hot" image of Negroes and become very "cool." Coolness expresses itself in conservative clothes, subdued talk and even a musical style called "the cool school." Cool school jazz buffs are not supposed to show any empathetic rhythmic expression such as feet-tapping; only head-nodding is acceptable.

By and large middle-class blacks show more sympathy for their own kind than middle class whites do. The author was the representative from Fitzgerald to Selma, Alabama during the 1965 demonstrations. He discovered that the average family income in Selma was $800 per year. The people were so poor their children had no toys, not even crayons. The representative reported this depressing fact to the Fitzgerald Community Council and the Council led a city-wide toy drive. The contributors to the drive were from both races, but most incredibly, Detroit's black slum dwellers were the largest group of contributors. Not one wealthy white person gave a thing in spite of city-wide publicity. The fact that whites still claim that blacks won't help each other — after years of united national civil rights demonstrations, after hundreds of thousands of black people poured out of Detroit for the 1964 Martin Luther King demonstration — must be attributed not to white's inattentiveness, but to their mendacity. While some middle class Negroes have turned their backs on their impoverished black brothers, what have the rich whites done for their white brothers in Appalachia?

The number of Negro self-haters is rapidly shrinking. Particularly the young blacks are turning away from Uncle Tomism and beginning to imitate the Fighting Irish middle class of a generation or two ago. At first the Irish hated each other in classic "lace curtain" and "shanty" Irish divisions, but then the wealthier Irish, such as the Kennedys, made a political alliance with the so-called lower class Irish and seized political control. The political activity in Fitzgerald is fantastic and heavily integrated. A few years ago it was distinctly rare to hear black people talk politics in a local tavern. Suddenly, Fitzgerald became hyper-political as the black population felt the possibility of serious political office. Now bumper stickers appear everywhere and politics fills the air.

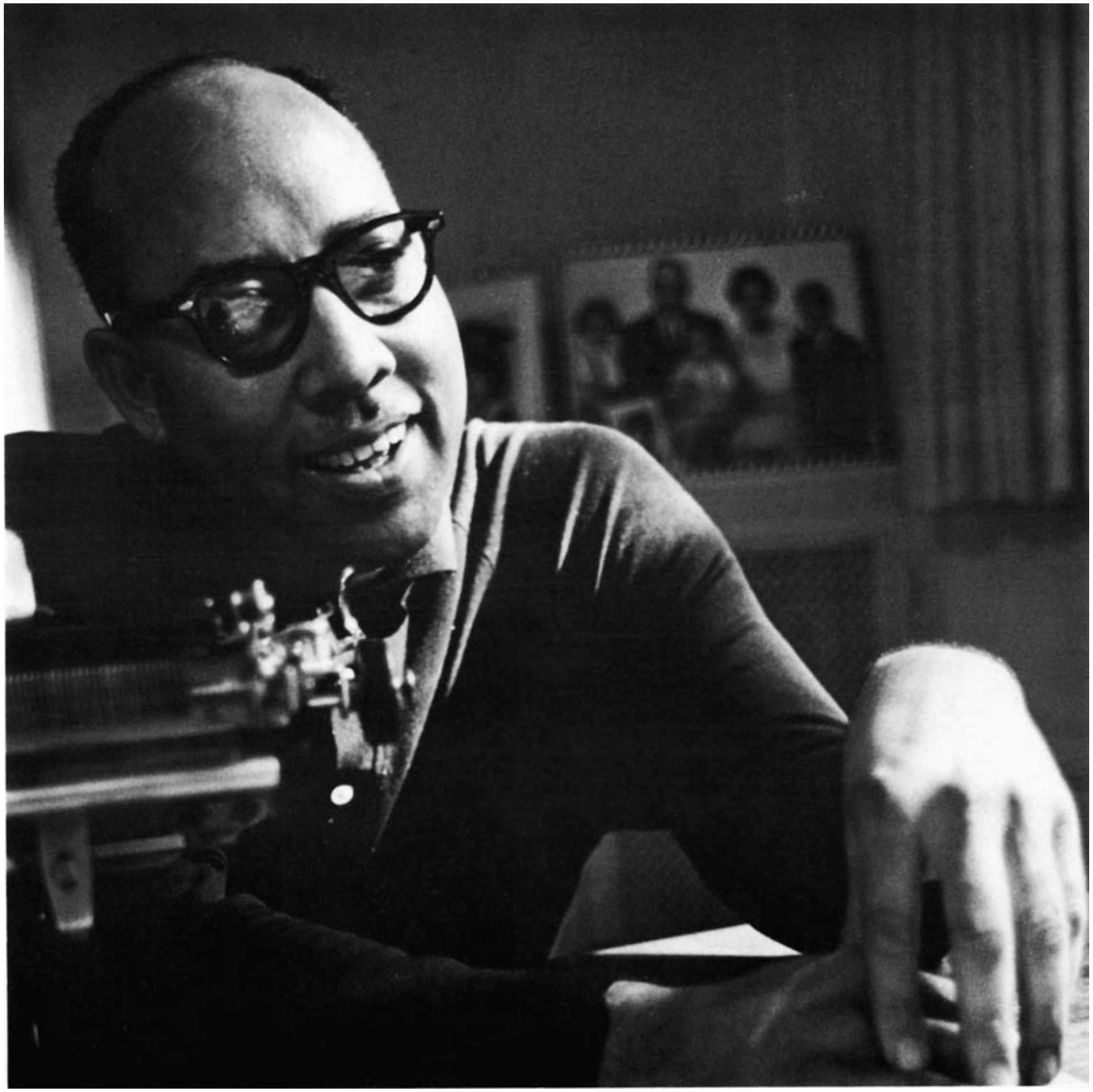
As more blacks are elected to serious political office, white liberals consider even the possibility of a black president. The white liberal's attitude is that the Negroes deserve a turn just as the Catholics did theirs, and that such a president would mollify American blacks and also strengthen America's shaky relations with the colored nations of the world. This is a tremendous underestimation of the potential black contribution to the country. Whites do not need a president with a black skin wrapped around a white soul. They need a president with the deep understanding of the real facts of American life, which the centuries of slaving and serving has given the black people. They need black wisdom in the art of survival. In a dissatisfied world, America's dissatisfied can best protect her. Blacks understand. It is the have-nots that experience the trends, not the haves. This would not be the first time in world history that the servants have saved their former masters. White Americans are still talking to blacks, explaining things, but it is time that they listen to blacks. The white power structure of America has "tired blood." It squawks like a broken record and suffers political hemophilia from aristocratic inbreeding. The question is not simply will the whites save the blacks from genocide, but rather will the blacks save the nation from self-destruction? If the black people could gain many government offices, they would feel less antagonistic, less heated, and therefore less alienated from the system. Ironically, although capturing governmental machinery might seem separatist, the result would eventually be less separatist, just because black people would feel better about America. More subtle interplay exists between mixing and separating than these seemingly mutually exclusive concepts would imply.

Politics and social life are intertwined in Fitzgerald. Political campaigners take to the stump at a series of house parties, coffees, and block club meetings, half-political and half-social. Like seeing in the dark, cultural race-mixing is most naturally achieved peripherally. With the "excuse" of political activity, a great social life among true equals grows up, and it allows individual personalities to emerge from behind race categories: everyone pitches in behind the candidates in the emotional excitement of the campaign. Cynical politicians view the "grass roots" as some sort of window dressing for the real decision-making in smoke-filled rooms, but cynics can be wrong. The person-to-person emotional commitment to defend the other guy's rights often comes about in what the cynics consider the charade of political hokum. That is, democratic forms — such as leafletting the streets followed by a party for the campaign workers — promote democratic commitments. Local and national black political "stars," Richard Austins and Julian Bonds, obviously "mix" the TV images, but less obviously, it does mix ordinary people as well.

Adding it all up, the black culture is a survival culture. It is a culture that has resulted from facing persistent individual and collective death for over three hundred continuous years. All that has survived is survival. Black is Life. The blacks' word for this amazing culture is "soul." Mackie Johnson, a black Fitzgerald policeman, defines the word "soul."

Soul is an experience, it's something a person must go through to understand. A powerful individual or nation will seldom develop soul, for it is something you get in lieu of power. If you have power you don't need soul; they do not seem compatible. Back a couple of years, I was fascinated by an individual whose name was Griffin, who went down South and used a secret formula to darken his skin. He wrote an exposé on being a Negro which was well-received and had a number of good points. However, it was an artificial explanation because the book was written without soul, without understanding. It was like a sports commentator explaining a football game who knows the game, knows all about it, but has never played the game.

To have soul is to have been pushed off the bus, to have to find a destination as well as a way to the particular destination. In finding his way he

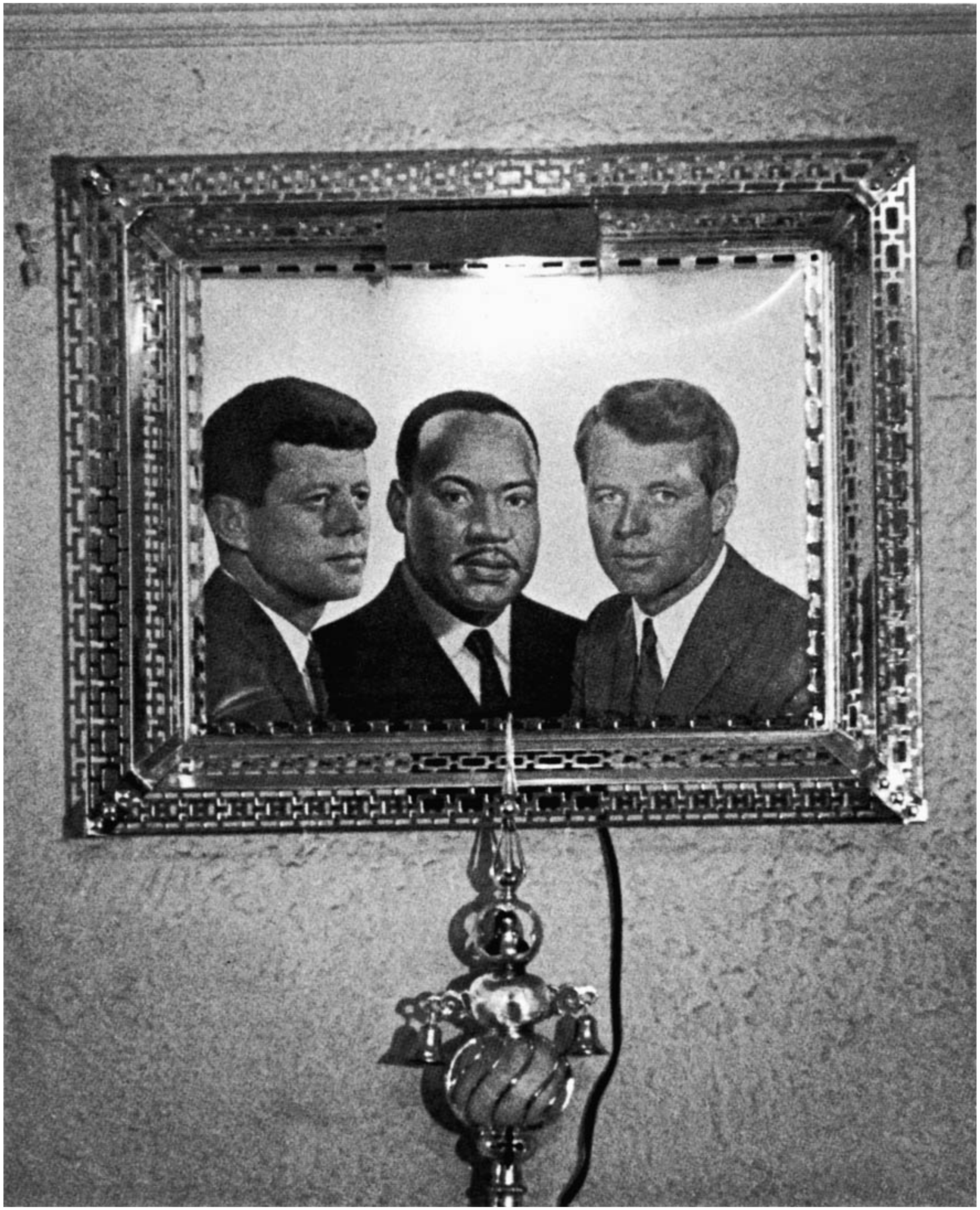


V-19 Mackie Johnson. Black man. Philosopher.

has to go over trails and hollows; he doesn't travel the expressway to get where he's going. He has been pushed off the bus. He hasn't been a winner. That's one of the first prerequisites for soul — not being a winner.

Soul is survival. As an American having African ancestors, Indian ancestors and also some European ancestors, I've always been fascinated by the way people have adapted to different problems. Although the American Indian suffered great pressures with stability, his value system allowed no margin for soul. He had little ability to spring back during the darkest days. If a group of people cannot find ways of dealing with a superior force then they might be in danger of extermination. This is borne out by history. Soul is often necessary for survival.

Black Americans can give white Americans not only a new human sensitivity but also a new humility. Americans have a sudden great need for humility. The late beloved president, John F. Kennedy, was fond of pointing out to his countrymen that America contains only six percent of the world's people, that its power is limited and that its arrogance and sense of omnipotence must give way to more mature qualities — helpfulness, modesty, and tenacity. These are the qualities of the black character of soul. In the nuclear age when survival is the overriding problem, America is fortunate to have the blacks, who understand survival from years of struggle coping with a murderous white environment.



V-20 Millions of black homes across America and in Fitzgerald especially the less well-off homes, built religious shrines to the Kennedy's and Dr. King. This shrine hangs over a fireplace in the living-room of a Fitzgerald home. The assassinated leaders hang over the neighborhood like a mysterious nightmare. "Who killed them?" and more persistently, "Did they die in vain?" As the racists of America are discovering, a dead man can be a terrible foe.

A black child alone on Fitzgerald School's playground.

But do blacks today want to mix with whites? Perhaps they have struggled so long and so hard for the goal of integration that they realize suddenly that the price certainly could not be worth the fight. Or perhaps as blacks near the goal they can see more clearly its imperfections. And the goal of integration is indeed a murky one. To mix requires the merging of both black and white identities, but there is no real white identity or white culture in America.

White Americans are so uncertain of their identity that they are compelled to express their togetherness in negatives — for example, in a dislike of foreigners. America is a cosmopolitan nation with an anti-cosmopolitan attitude. America is, in fact, a miniature United Nations, yet is the only member of the United Nations with an organized opposition to the United Nations. The very words "foreign" and "international" are associated with "subversion" and "conspiracy." This country is one of the few advanced countries where people cannot speak foreign languages. Americans even brag of their ignorance: "I'm a German, but I can't speak a word of it." Thus they try to prove their loyalty, as "regular" Americans.

What is the American identity? Groups such as the Italians, Irish, Hungarians, and Germans that have at least superficially been assimilated into America have seen the American culture as

VI-2 One of the difficulties of integration is evident in this picture. The group, the Recreation Committee of the Fitzgerald Community Council, is discussing the fate of black teenage dances: overwhelmingly older white folks are making decisions about overwhelmingly younger black folks.

a medieval Anglo-Saxon noble court. A wealthy third generation Swede anglicizes his name, joins the Church of England, and enjoys English or English-popularized forms of recreation: bridge, golf, and even polo or fox-hunting. A second generation Italian buys movie tickets to see English actors and actresses, affects the Queen's English, and tries to discover some shred of English ancestry in his family tree. A Hungarian does not adopt an "easy to pronounce" Hungarian name, but an English one. If these people do not anglicize themselves, the consequences are serious. They must stay in their ghetto until they re-make themselves in the English image, and only then are they allowed to come out. American cities have little ghettos for every group — Greektown, Chinatown; but there is no Englishtown. Remolding all Americans in the English image has been a mistake. Instead of Italians bringing their love of opera to all America, America reduces the Italian contribution to pizzerias.

The assimilation of the national culture has not been natural or free, but forced and patched. The result of the transplant has been that these groups adopt a studied dissociation from their natural, native culture. They become incapable of deep cultural expression, for they have lost their real cultural roots. Further, as pseudo-English noblemen, they are not only living a lie, but are uncertain of the lie they are living. The American ideal of medieval Anglo-Saxon nobility is a myth. The American Dream, based on an endless rising to an undefined goal of British royalty, has no end; it is only a rat race. Even those closest to the goal, America's most shining social "queens" — Jacqueline Kennedy, Claire Booth Luce — are surrounded by an aura of tragedy and restlessness. America's "great melting pot" cannot be successful, for in order to blend and identify with a culture, the culture must be a living reality, not a shallow myth. Because America's identity is hollow, it is, of all the advanced countries of the world, easily the most adolescent. Baldwin calls it a "kindergarten country;" Fulbright, "a continental honky tonk."

But other groups — the Indians, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and blacks have not been allowed into cotton candy America, and so have retained and deepened their own identities — and America should rejoice. Black America never really had a chance of becoming English; they could never "pass." Cut off in large part from his African roots, but not allowed into white Anglo-Saxon Protestant life, the black man went his own way.

Blacks excel at American sports — football, baseball, and basketball, but rarely at the English sports — golf, tennis, or polo (Althea Gibson and Arthur Ashe notwithstanding). Money is also a factor, since the English sports are by and large more expensive.

Blacks retain a greater creativity than whites. Jazz, despised among the "better" white Americans, is distinctively black. Fitzgerald has six or seven places that host live bands, some with serious jazz musicians. Terry Pollard, the world's most accomplished female jazz pianist, played at Trent's Bar on Livernois in Fitzgerald for years. It is the black factory hand, not the white suburban Detroiter, who willingly pays extra for live music, who is a true "patron of the arts." If white America is so interested in white culture, why do string quartets not play in the taverns of the white suburban ghettos? Because the only real America is black, tough, and fearful, and often ugly, but it is the only America of any grace.

Black America is mellow America. You seldom see blacks necking in public or lying all over each other on the beach. It is not cool. Black women have a life grace. In Fitzgerald one warm summer evening, a teenager tried to bait a young black housewife while she was sitting on her front porch. He propositioned her most obscenely and she said, "What did you say?" He repeated his disrespect and she replied, "Aw, honey, let's wait till Friday." Black America is spontaneous, natural, illusion-free. It is the only genuine element in America, with the possible exception of dying Yankee and other minor strains and a young white protest culture.

Black and Beautiful

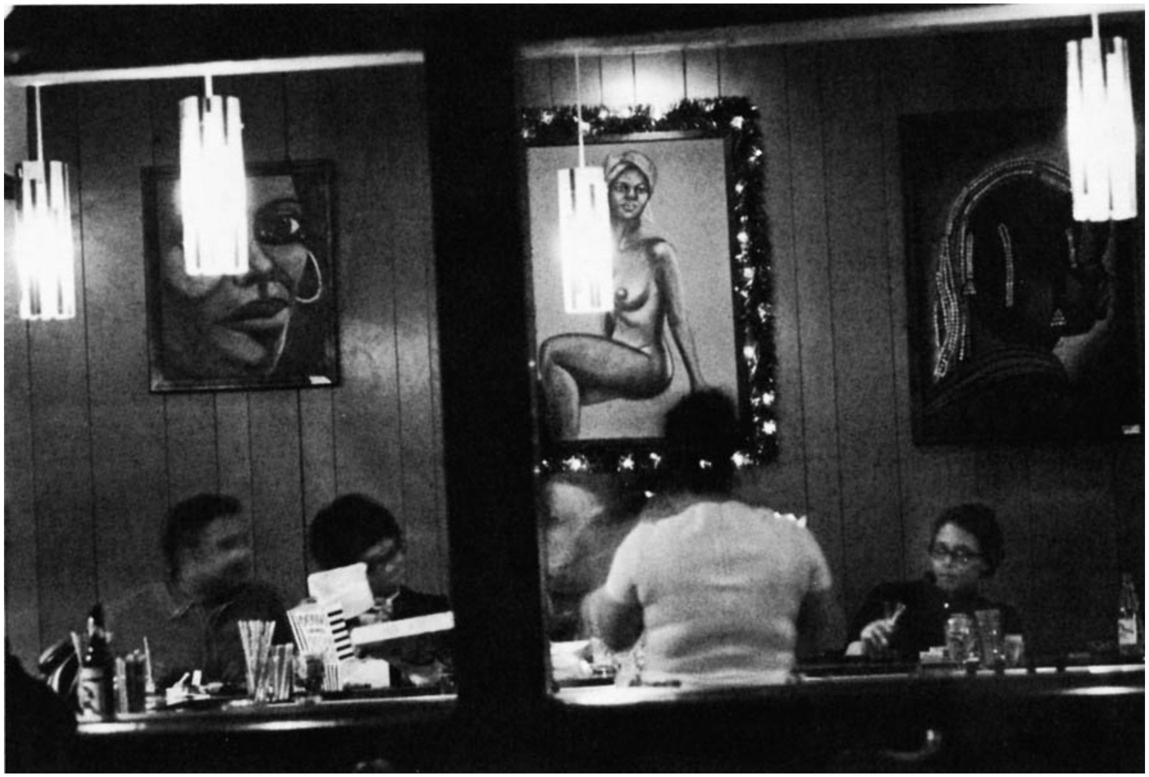
The Club Mozambique sits on the southern edge of Fitzgerald, a night club of some city-wide drawing power. The striking grace of black culture is its smoothness. Everything fits. It is both extremely bold and extremely subtle, open and sly. The musicians simultaneously make head-ringing noises and tiny taps and flourishes. The audience is not apart from the performers. As with all live art forms, they are musicians themselves, responding with soul-clapping and appropriate sounds, especially with the singers. Everyone dances: the singers, the band, the bar maids, even people in their seats. Everyone dresses in the same mode — the performers and the audiences — as they did at a Shakespearian drama in Shakespeare's day. The lights, sounds, colors even the smells fit. In culturally dead places they don't. So many white bars and restaurants have background music in one style, forefront music in another, lights brilliant as a men's room.

In white bars, there is also a strong servant-master distinction between employee and customer. In the black neighborhood of servants, there are no servants. The bar maid socially makes or breaks the customer, not the other way around. It is inconceivable that anyone would complain of "bad service" or "dirty silverware," or practice the ritualistic degrading acts "the better" places run their help through. Everyone is there. Boxing promoters, young romance, illicit romance, hustlers, "jocks," adult families, and on Sunday afternoons, many mothers with their dressed-up children. Sunday afternoon sees a weekly Children's Concert in clubs across black America, a beautiful custom.

The taste of black culture is impeccable. At the Club Mozambique, a cool gesture, an astonishingly bold act, wonderful originality, all is caught. The paintings were done by local artists, Hassan Allay and Starlight. Allay paints nakeds. His subjects are extremely black, blacker than life, too hard to be nudes. They are nakeds and, in their frightening pride, they would destroy any who mistake them for the pathetic sex kittens of a Playboy Club.

As with any other culture, tourists tend to ruin the mood, since they don't fit. The club is black and beautiful and proud and together, and just thinking about it gives those that have been there a feeling of strength, of integrity.

Mellow Sporty J. Jock at the D. J. on Livernois.



Porto Amelia
Mozambique
Sugar
Coffe
Cashe
Tea
Sisal
Tobac
Copra
Coal Mi
Mining
Cott
Big G

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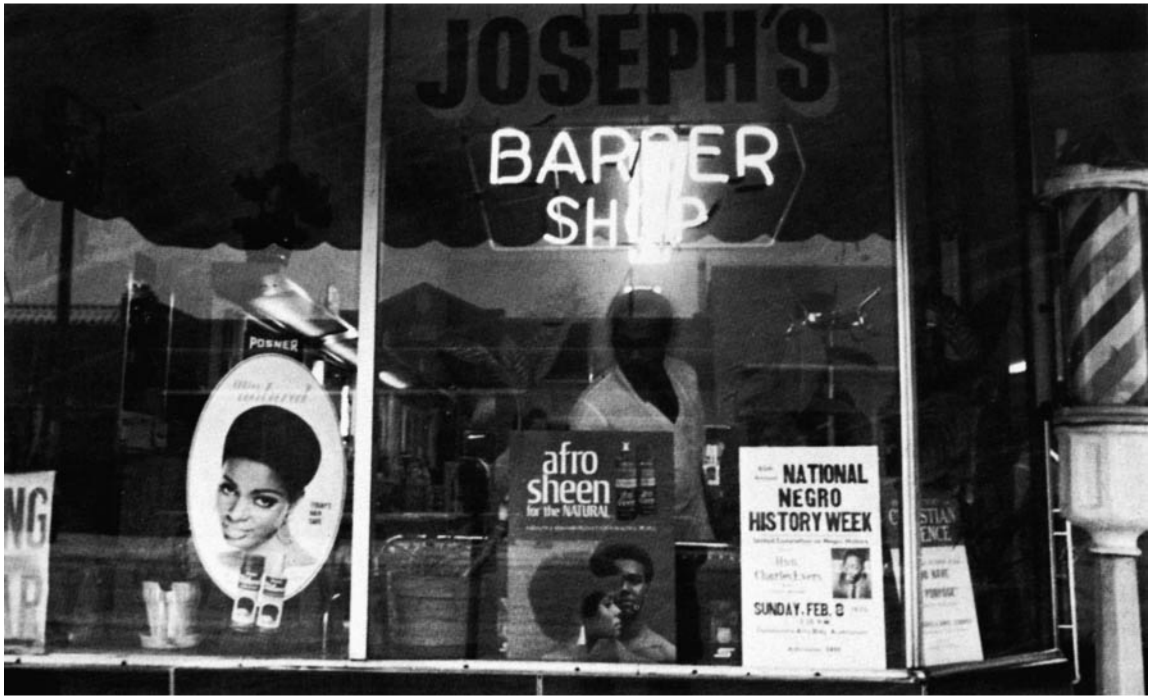


The blacks in Fitzgerald quite correctly do not view themselves as de-cultured. Fitzgerald's blacks feel it is the suburbs, not the inner city, that is deprived. By sheer osmosis the suburbs give children the notion that they are better than other people; most never lose this sick arrogance. The suburbs are a moral and cultural slum. It is the inner-city that is culturally rich. Black music and dances dominate white America up to late middle-age, when Lawrence Welk takes over. Many white Americans do not dance; all the world can sing and dance, Irish, Polish, Indians, except those white Americans. Are they mute or paraplegic? No, they are inhibited and timid. Perhaps people are afraid to sing and dance because these acts create beauty, and people are never more vulnerable to hurt than when they are trying to be beautiful. It is safer to keep one's soul in a box. With their pinched voices and wooden feet, white folks have to drink before they have the courage to sing and dance. Whites are not more "civilized" than the "primitives" who dance to "wild native drums;" they are merely more frightened, and it is time they stop making their infantile claims that the dancers are "immature."

"Black and beautiful" represents a healthy cultural self-acceptance. It represents the fact that blacks are happy to be themselves, to live with themselves. Blacks never really were all that keen to live with whites. Do the Jews want to live with the Germans? White racists do not want to live with the blacks either, but they feel that the blacks are dying to live with them. Whites seemed shocked to find that many blacks are not at all convinced that integration is desirable. When the Fitzgerald Community Council sent speakers to suburban Livonia's Human Relations group, an all-white tribe of integrationists, the suburbanites were dismayed to hear from Merlyn Washington that she saw no reason to live in Livonia, with its enormous distances from everything. She implied by her proud manner that she did not feel like fawning for the privilege of living in a sea of white faces.

Gwendolyn Warren, past-President of the Infernos, the Fitzgerald teen club, is an extremely bright, winsome and forceful young lady who by sixteen had had considerable experience with integration in various schools and neighborhoods, believed in Black Power, and thought her people would be better off as a separate community. Her arguments suggest the economic aspects of Black Power:

When Malcolm X said he wanted to divide the United States, I thought it was a good idea. Even if blacks got the slums and the bad lands, we would not have to move into whites' houses after they had moved out of them. You could stay right there in your community. Build up your own community, skyscrapers and everything you want. Keep the money right there in your own house.

Gwendolyn Warren says that "Black Power is better than no power."

Gwen Warren — Black and Proud

Gwendolyn Warren has good reason to be interested in the economic aspects of Black Power. She went through the traditional hardships of a ghetto upbringing, and its memories still sting her:

When we were small, we had nothing to eat and wore the same clothes day after day. When you got up in the morning you didn't look in the closet to find something to wear, you looked around the room, found something, put it on and ran, so the others wouldn't take it.

I remember when we were getting pictures taken for school. I wanted to wear some clean socks if nothing else. Well, my sister had a baby who had socks. They were too small. I cut the bottoms off and tucked them into my shoes.

Today, Miss Warren wants a good living for herself and her people and sees nothing romantic at all in poverty. She has none of the hippie in her; she considers hippies slummers who can go back to the suburbs any time they get in serious difficulty. She sees Black Power as the means by which the black man can make the living due him. And she's an intelligent, forceful debater who makes her points on this issue very well:

My own race is not out there picking cotton any more, but it is still the underdog and still being run. The black man may get better jobs, but the white man gets even better. The black people lived in Black Bottom, then moved to the west side as the whites moved farther out into the suburbs. When the black people start moving into Grosse Pointe and Dearborne, the whites will tear down Black Bottom, rebuild it and move into the middle of the city. The black man is always out. But yet and still, look what he thinks he's got, and he is living in somebody's fifty-year-old house.

The only way we can do something is if we get smart, like capture a neighborhood. What we should do is go right to the colored merchant,

VI-11 A certain air of affluence hangs over this picture of young Miss Gwendolyn Warren, taken at a wedding. The affluent air is deceptive.

VI-12 Gwendolyn Warren at sixteen belonged to a singing group, "The Soul Sisters," which included her good friends Sonja and Rosiland Brown (on the left). Having learned early the cost of isolation, Miss Warren has always felt the need for friends:
Before I was seven or eight years old, I was picked on. I was physically the littlest in a family of seventeen people — all in one house. But after eight, I was always the leader, and I made sure I was the leader of the bad kids, never the good kids. I did not like that "teacher's pet" stuff. We used to be the kids who made the teachers cry.

he is living in the neighborhood, and keep the money right there. Don't let a cent of it get out. We can build that neighborhood up. Black people steal from each other and the white men steal from each other, but yet and still, they always have a second source, the black man.

To advance her ideas, Miss Warren has worked with several different types of groups. She will "deal" with whites, even likes some as individuals, but she will not allow whites to meddle in black affairs. She insists on the vanguard role for blacks in any alliance. She commands whites. She insists on the right of black people to dismiss whites, summarily if necessary, to set up a black caucus. Yet, she is not rude, rather firm. In a crisis, Miss Warren is at her best: she is the strongest fighter in a crunch.

But, in a larger sense, Miss Warren's attitude towards whites is complex. Whatever her activities in the Movement, she feels that her personal friends are her own business, black or white. She could even marry white. She envies whites for their money and for their deep affection for their children. Yet, she likes only whites who keep to their own white styles; whites who imitate black styles and speech embarrass her, for she feels they are mocking her people, making fun of them. So: she likes her whites white and her blacks black.

But Miss Warren also holds some contempt for white men. She feels that white men can't take care of themselves, that they are mother's babies who can't make it on the streets. And, she is physically attracted to young black men; she's delighted with their ability to be "so cool."

It is not surprising that men of all colors tend to fall in love with Miss Warren. A dance contest winner and a highly intelligent thinker, as well as a fast talker, she has many talents. She's not only beautiful, she has a mobile face of a thousand expresions. If she wants, she can turn on all the coquettish devices that keep a cat on edge; yet, she is disdainful of this power and seldom uses it.

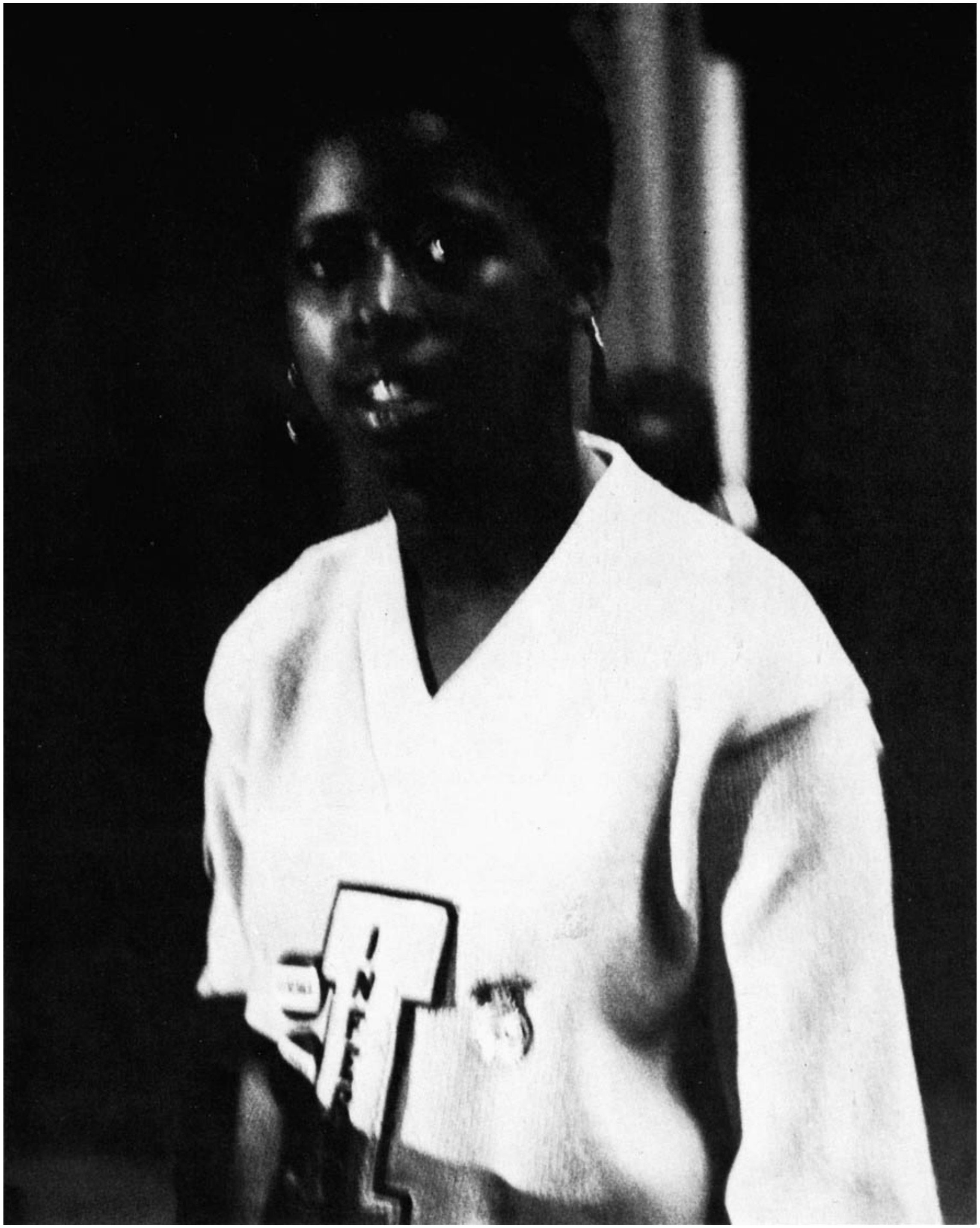
On balance, Miss Warren is building a deeper respect for both blacks and whites. Recently, now nineteen, she has begun to move away from a nationalistic position to the "Now" movement. "Now" is determined sophistication. It is determined pride. The Movement, partially, is a reaction to the dilemma that has wracked separatist movements. As soon as everyone began to talk separatism, integration in fact increased. The interracial marriage rate jumped up. Why? Because as blacks voiced their desire to separate, their sense of pride increased, and the mutual respect of the races rose. And marriage, after all, is based not on affection but on respect. It is this deep sense of self-respect that Miss Warren expresses in her own poem:

I'm hungry for money,
I'm hungry for love.
I've prayed too long to the man up above.

I have "I think soed" and "yes sirred" for my
last time.
Finally I've made up my mind I shall bow and
scrape no more.
I'm picking myself up off the floor.

I shall walk forward to the twilight gleam,
for I too am a human being.

Because I'm the same as any human being,
I shall live till the destined end.



VI-13 At sixteen, Miss Warren's a black beauty whose whole being shines with idealism:
When people ask me why I believe in the Black Revolution, I say, "Think of the mentally ill child in a hospital for the insane. He thinks he's normal, and that his environment is normal. The black community has the same illusion. But their situation is even more horrible than the insane's because the sickness of blacks isn't of the mind, it's of the heart. The symptom is hate. Only a revolution can change this.

VI-14 *In the day-to-day lives of the young, America is more segregated than ever.*

Another aspect of Black Power is the advancement of geographic separatism. Whites are quick to point out that blacks are no longer concentrated in the South, but are scattered over all the major cities of the nation, making separation difficult. This is certainly true. But within these cities it is also true that black isolation has been intensifying. Mackie Johnson is a positive-thinking police officer. His life has been a conscious struggle against the effects of constant exposure to the worst sides of human nature. He is an officer in the black police association, The Guardians, former President of the Fitzgerald PTA and a board member of the Community Council. He is by no stretch of the imagination a black separatist, but he feels that Americans are becoming in fact more and more racially separated:

In the small community in Oklahoma where I grew up, many problems did not run along racial lines, but along economic lines. The hot sun turned everything brown in the summer and tornadoes swept over the plains in the spring; they had a way of driving people together. I was aware of segregation, very much so. I went to a school where all the teachers and all the students were colored. However, the nearest neighbors on both sides of the road to the north were white. I played with white children; there was no one else to play with.

I never got the full impact of racism till I came to Detroit and saw the segregated housing and schooling. My kids went to a school that was almost entirely Negro. There were no white children on our block. My children had no contact with whites at all. In Fitzgerald they have come into contact with children of different races and the experience has had a stabilizing effect on them.

It is possible to dislike, even hate, a person who is stronger than you. If someone is different and you do not know him personally, you are ready to believe anything, especially something negative. This is common among children.

The blacks are now much more segregated in the North than they were in the South thirty or forty years ago. The civil rights struggles in a place like Selma are between small-town folks who have known each other for generations; as likely as not one of Jim Clark's posse men was nannied by one of the middle-aged women across the barricade whom he is supposed to beat with a billy club. These ties are entirely absent in the North. As Mackie Johnson perceives, the increased segregation of northern blacks has had an important effect: it has not only heightened white stereotyping of blacks, but it has eliminated contact between blacks and Civil War white Abolitionist families, raised to hate Robert E. Lee and commemorated Sherman's march to the sea. Racial mixing occurs only on the job, and here northern blacks contact mostly post-Civil War white immigrants, such as Poles and Italians, who are competing with blacks for jobs and housing. Poles and blacks have much in common, which is the reason they should, and the reason they do not, get together.

One less fortunate aspect of Black Power is its rejection of a dialogue with those outside The Movement. Black Power advocates take a stance of "how dare you speak on black problems" and "you just can't understand what it's like to be black" if you're white or, "You're an Uncle Tom" if you're a disagreeing black. It is true that well-meaning white liberals often deserve to be told to "shut up." It is also true that whites have often used blacks by building a power base in the black community rather than in their own community, for particular axes that the whites want to grind. But blacks cannot afford to withdraw from the dialogue in a huff.

Alliances based on mutual self-interest and directed toward positive programs must be patiently, respectfully, and tactfully built. The old liberal-labor-Negro-intellectual alliance of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy must be strengthened.

The most unpalatable aspect of Black Power to the white power structure is its para-militarism. Some years ago under Martin Luther King, the black people said, "Give me liberty or give me death." White America did not take the ultimatum seriously and for a while blacks did not seem really to believe it either. It was thought to be a bluff: Stepin Fetchit turned prize fighter. But now the Black Panthers do not seem funny at all. American cities are extremely vulnerable to even the "moderate" violence of sabotage, not to mention urban guerilla warfare. The black ghetto of Detroit rings the central business district and contains factories, universities, and hospitals that are absolutely essential to the white community. A few nails regularly scattered on expressways, some telephone and electric wires snapped, a few sewers and water mains plugged, and the city would be paralyzed. Reprisals would tend to unify the entire black community, thus broadening the base of the militants.

One of the causes of black militarism is the black belief that their people are in danger of genocide. After the assassination of John Kennedy, the prospects of equality seemed to recede, and the black people felt trapped. They remember what "civilized" Germany did to the Jews. Before Hitler, the Jews were much less hated by the Germans than the blacks are today by white Americans; and American "know-how" in incineration would hardly take second place to German "efficiency." Some blacks project the whites' mode of reasoning: automation has made blacks economically worthless and permanently unemployable, therefore rebellious, therefore a threat to the white power structure, therefore candidates for extinction.

VI-15 *Black Power poster.*

Blacks often feel an identity with the American Indian. Mostly they marvel at the courage the Indian showed in confronting his extermination. Gwendolyn Warren says, "The Indians died because they had too much pride, and the blacks will die because they have too little." In fact, blacks do have a considerable genetic relationship with Indians. Partly because of a wish to identify with Indian courage, and partly because of a wish to claim any blood other than black (or white), Negroes exaggerate this genetic relationship.

The well-read black militant draws different comparisons between the Indian and the black. He knows that the black people have a history of courage too: the Africans ferociously resisted enslavement. Far more died than were captured, and of the captured, so many starved themselves to death that the slave-owners regularly had to knock out teeth and insert a metal tube that squirted food down the gullet. The intellectual black militant also knows that the reason for Indian genocide in America was not that the Indians resisted slavery, but that they were too non-productive to be profitably enslaved. For example, in Chile, Argentina, Cuba, and Canada, as well as the United States, Indians were considered primitive, and were slaughtered; but the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru were considered highly civilized and highly productive, and thus they were saved for a peonage form of slavery. In the same way, the Africans who were brought to the United States and enslaved were not the unskilled Pygmies and Bushmen, but the civilized West African agriculturists. They were enslaved because, unlike the Indians, they possessed labor skills.

Whites have deep illusions about the ease of a "victory" over the blacks. They envisage a week of heavy fighting with tanks gradually pushing the blacks to surrender or death. The experience of the Irish suggests an alternative situation. One Irish rebellion followed another, generation after generation, although the Irish did not have more national power, or even more "will power," than the British. Essentially, the rebellions were simply too expensive to put down. The same might be true of black guerilla warfare. If the blacks sent out one sniper a week to the expressways for the next twenty-eight years, it just would not be financially profitable to try to "conquer" them. Guerilla warfare is extremely expensive and difficult to fight and does not arouse the drunken euphoria of splendid jingoism and military Blitzkriegs. There are no "victories."

The cost of genocide as a final solution to the "Negro Problem" would be high. Politically, it would throw the colored nations of the world and some European nations into a deep alliance with the Communists. The black soldiers might go over to the Communists in Vietnam and many whites would be killed, for American blacks are now armed to the teeth. The heart of urban America, including many factories, businesses, residences, and transportation facilities might be destroyed. Nor are blacks without white allies. Some whites believe so strongly that genocide is wrong that they would take personal risks to stop it. Others reason that if the blacks are killed, who will then fill the empty ghetto to pay the rents on the slum property? Who will then do the hard and hazardous jobs, the "nigger work?" There are twenty-two million blacks in the country and twenty-two and one-half million Italians. The Italians would just fit.

Some white minorities fear this contagion of genocide enough to fight to keep the blacks from it. Some whites carry the domino theory of genocide to the point of seeing it as the Final Solution for all Americans. After the Italians, who also love to sing and dance and appear swarthy and sexy, are "lawed and ordered" out of existence, and after the "wops, daggos, dumb Pollacks" and so on are killed, only Anglos will be left. But the English Americans are already victims of American racism! Incredible as it may seem, the English stock "hillbillies" are a race. The stereotype includes "culturally deprived" (ugly twangy guitar sounds), "economically shiftless" (feet up on the front porch rail of a mountain shack, swigging whiskey), and "genetically damaged" (living up a holler and marrying first cousins till the gene pool is as polluted as an LSD user's). In this way the Queen of England is reduced to a Mammy Yokum and becomes a candidate for the slums and eventually the ovens.

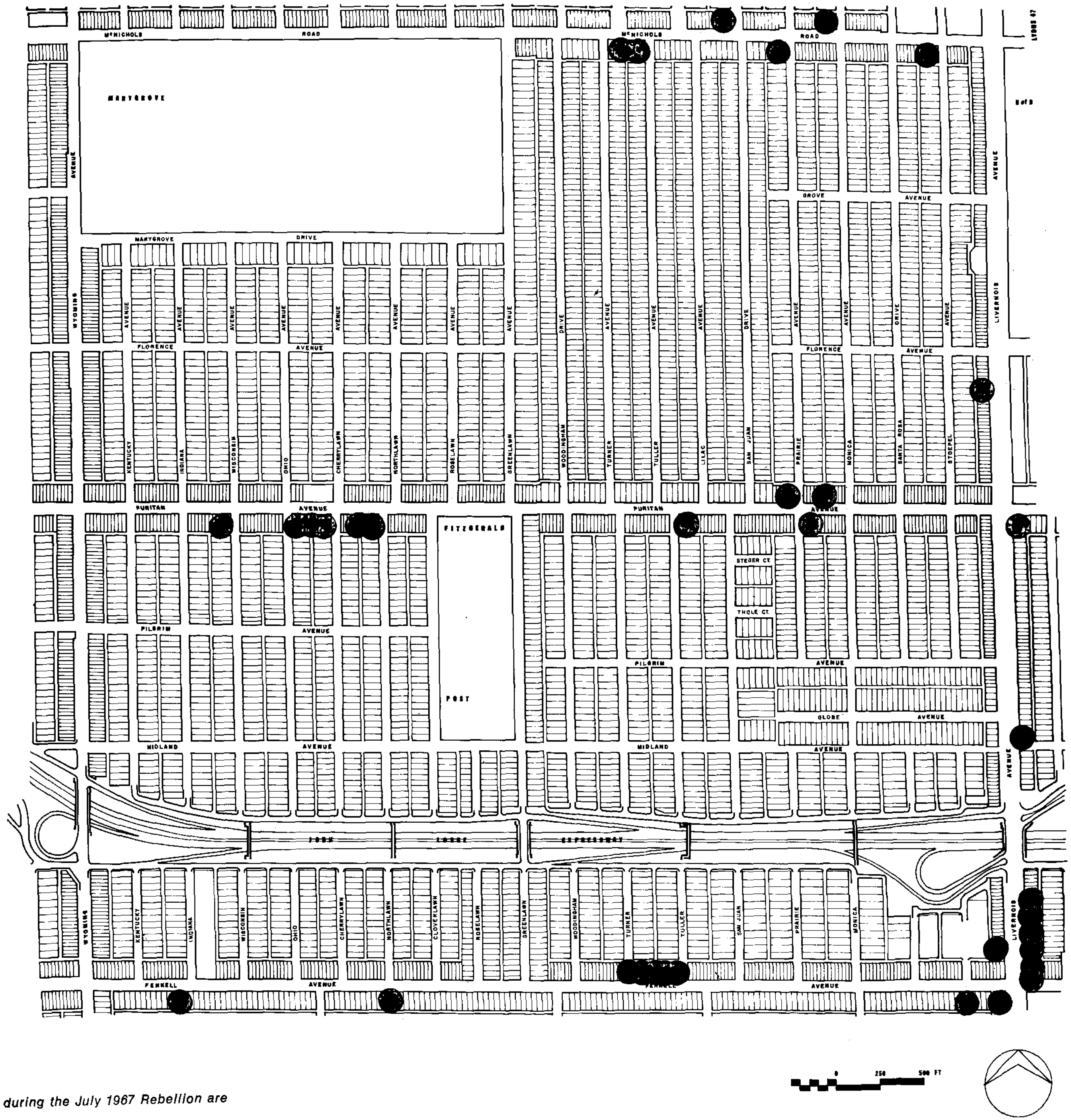
To grant justice, desperation, and reality to the Black Power analysis of the possibility of genocide is not to raise it above criticism. The Black Power argument is partly an expression of depression and, believe it or not, cowardice. If a man seriously advocates that it is better to be killed at the rate of one thousand blacks to one white than to remain in bondage, he is actually advoçating suicide. It takes more courage to try to win than to die so cheaply as to bring shrieks of delight from white racists.

The aftermath of the July, 1967 violence in Detroit was the appearance of reasonability. It has been suggested that one of the causes of the seeming reasonability of the white power structure, typified by Joseph L. Hudson, Jr. and Michigan's Governor George Romney, is the fact that all of Hudson's major stores and some of Romney's automobile plants were in danger of being burned down. The blacks and other poor people defeated in open combat the local police, then the special police, then the state police, and then the national guard. Only the arrival of the federal paratroopers re-established the military supremacy of the white power structure. The heavy fraternization of the black paratroopers with their black "enemy" on the East side of Detroit represents a potential insurrection within the army itself. What would that event portend? Black Power is more than rhetoric, it is a military reality. It would seem much more conservative to grant the blacks justice just as was done to the United Auto Workers at an earlier period when they were rocking Detroit.

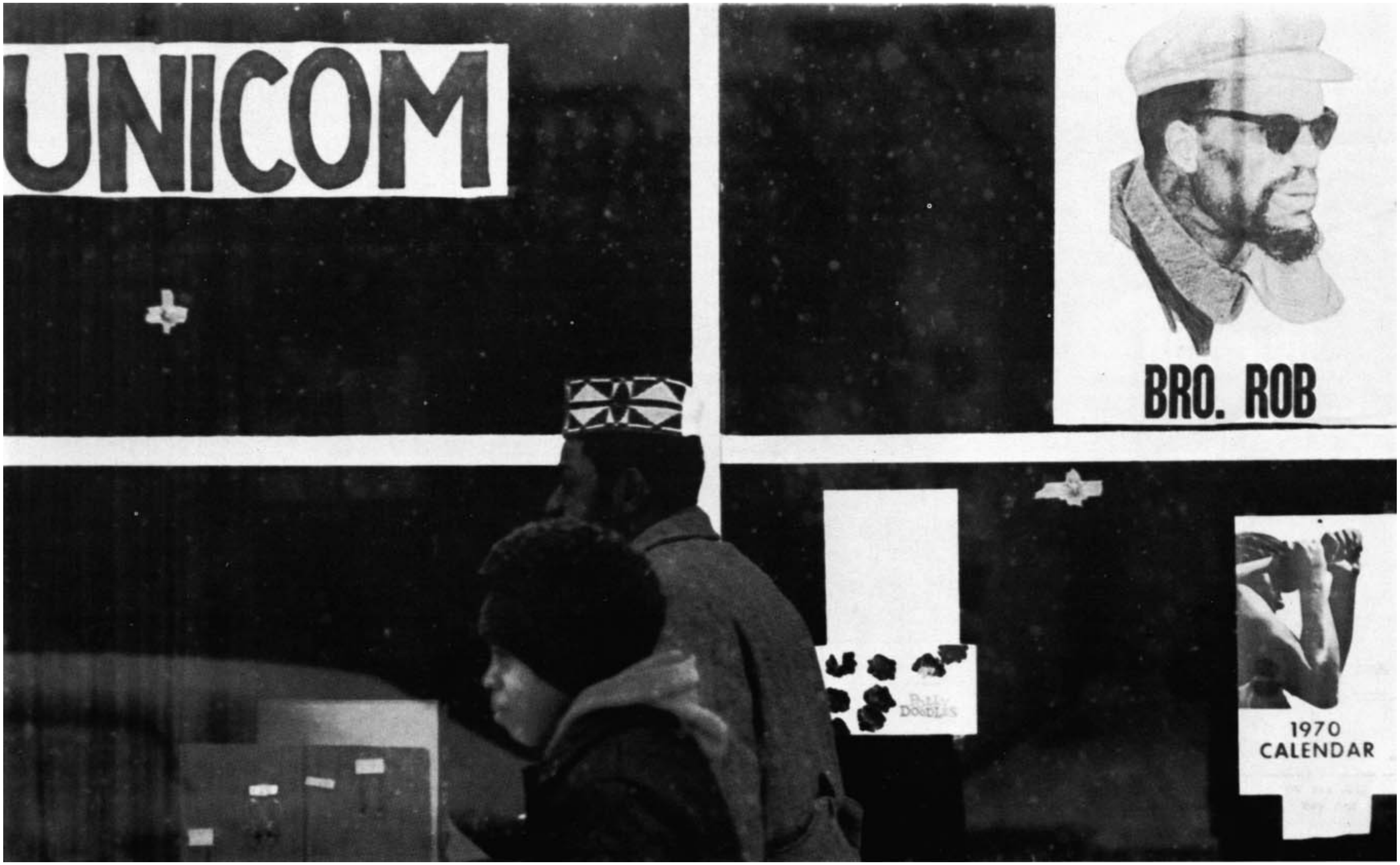
Many factors make a difference to the intensity of violence. The difference between the rebellion on 12th Street in Detroit and in Fitzgerald shows that efforts to create a good community are rewarded. The experience of Fitzgerald also counteracts the white thesis that blacks could never be satisfied, that "concessions" to blacks would just whet their appetite for more, and their unreasonable demands would escalate into disaster. What did happen in Fitzgerald the last week of July, 1967? Thirty-four stores were pillaged within the square mile; manifestly, Fitzgerald has not sufficiently filled the needs and wants of its people. But Fitzgerald's frustrations were nothing compared to the fury elsewhere. Within just a short distance of Fitzgerald, whole blocks of the city became as flat as Berlin in 1945.

Many of the people who now live in Fitzgerald came from more insurrectional areas; their former neighbors fought Army tanks in the streets and besieged police stations. But not in Fitzgerald. Why not? Because they no longer dwell in a slum — Fitzgerald has no rats, no kids with the running sores of malnutrition. It has better homes, teenage dances. *The Fitzgerald News*, a vigorous PTA, and a 2.4 million dollar code enforcement program. The years of caring and trying have made a difference. Slum dwellers do not produce slums, any more than cave men produce caves. There are no riots in the Bloomfield Hills of America. The better the quality of life, the greater the satisfaction.

How many blacks believe in insurrection? How many believe in Black Power? It is hard to judge, but the number is certainly increasing, especially among the poor and the young. It is certainly true that many blacks who promote Black Power are interested in white standards in schooling, police service, employment and housing; but it is also true that many Negroes who reject Black


McNICHOLS ROAD
MARYGROVE
MARYGROVE DRIVE
WYOMING AVENUE
KENTUCKY AVENUE
INDIANA AVENUE
WISCONSIN AVENUE
OHIO AVENUE
CHERRYLAWN AVENUE
NORTHLAWN AVENUE
ROSELAWN AVENUE
GREENLAWN AVENUE
WOODINGHAM DRIVE
TURNER AVENUE
TULLER AVENUE
LILAC AVENUE
SAN JUAN DRIVE
PRAIRIE AVENUE
MONICA AVENUE
SANTA ROSA DRIVE
STOEPEL AVENUE
LIVERNOIS AVENUE
GROVE AVENUE
FLORENCE AVENUE
PURITAN AVENUE
FITZGERALD
POST
STEGER CT.
THOLE CT.
PILGRIM AVENUE
GLOBE AVENUE
MIDLAND AVENUE
JOHN LODGE EXPRESSWAY
CLOVERLAWN
FENKELL AVENUE
0
250
500 FT

VI-16 The stores damaged during the July 1967 Rebellion are marked by dots.

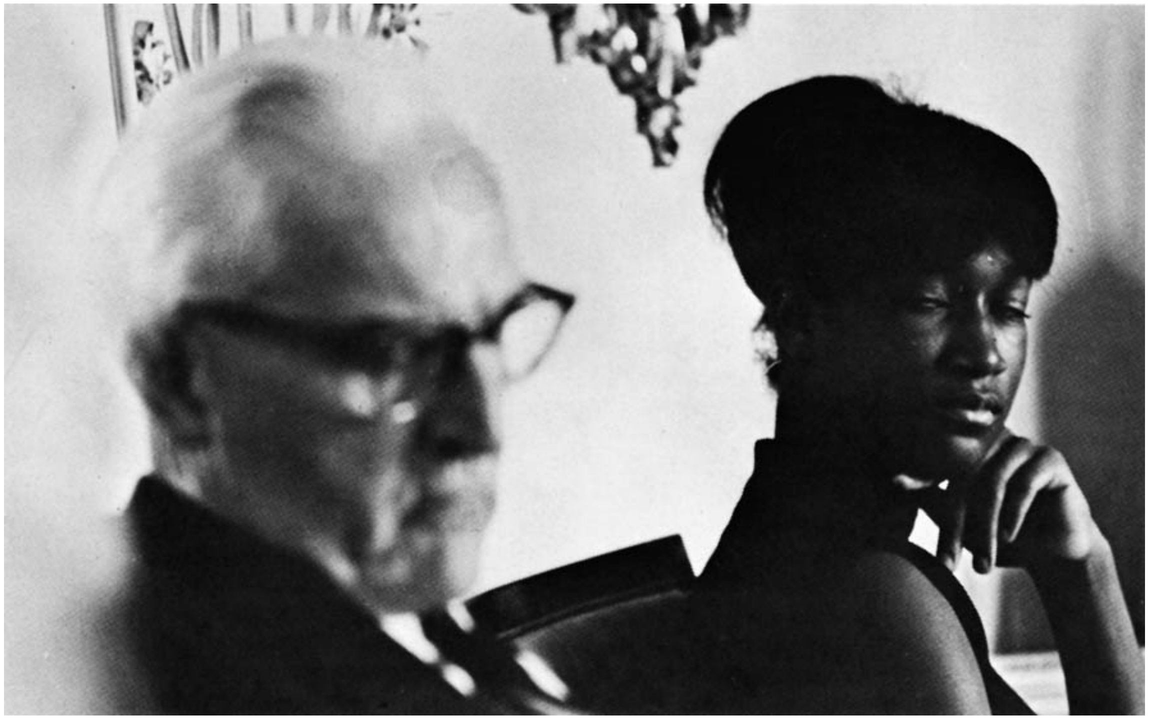


VI-17 Unicom is a new organization in Fitzgerald, run by black young people for black young people.

Power are indignant and bitter at Malcolm X's and Fred Hampton's assassinations. Nor has insurrection or Black Power meant only the mass arming of blacks and whites; surprisingly, it has meant that blacks and whites have stopped sweet-talking each other, and have begun really talking. The whites are screaming like wounded banshees, but they are showing more respect. It was in the fall of 1966, not the summer of '67, that individual blacks were expressing the greatest personal hostility to individual whites in Fitzgerald. Since 1966 personal animosity has decreased, while group animosity has risen. The image of a fighting black is not only frightening but is manly to whites as well as to blacks. Americans often start a friendship with a punch in the mouth; as Stokely says, "Violence is as American as cherry pie." Black Power and integration are not mutually exclusive concepts.

Shall the Races Integrate?

VI-18 Shall the races integrate?



VI-19 Hmmmm. Maybe, y'all.

In 1967, Fitzgerald also felt the tension of white threats of invasion. However, the crisis was handled wisely, and the worst black fears did not come to pass. Fitzgerald is located in the Northwest of the City, an area that is extremely vulnerable to armed attack by whites organized by Breakthrough, the Fascist organization centered west of Fitzgerald. Breakthrough was inflamed by its own fabrication that blacks intended to kill the white men and rape white women. Further, Breakthrough was armed to the teeth and discussed the tactic of "the best defense is a good offense." The organization could fabricate a story of the rape of the white nuns and students at Marygrove College as an excuse to invade the neighborhood.

To counteract this possibility, when in early 1968 the Commandos and their well-known Father Groppi came to speak in Detroit, Fitzgerald's Infernos asked Father Groppi to the home of James and Ethel Garrett, where he and the young people held a conference. Many white Catholics were present. After his departure it was suggested that if Marygrove College were a *haven for women and children of all races*, then the community and the campus would draw together and the fears of rape and murder by invading white fascists would be eliminated. The blacks and whites can forge a political and moral alliance that greatly weakens the possibility of violence by Breakthrough.

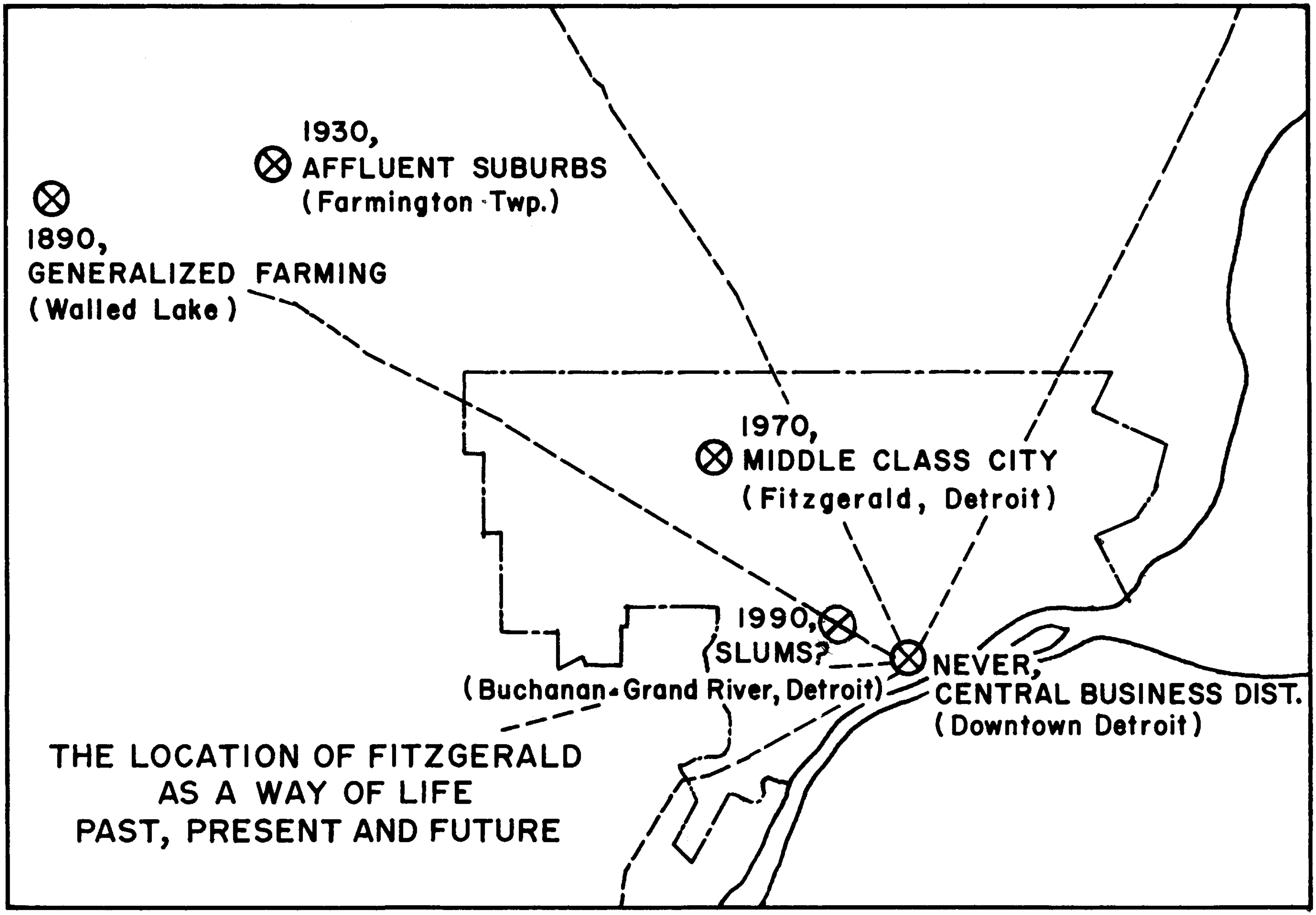
Yet Breakthrough and the powers that back it remain dangerous. How many police are already organized in semi-Fascist organizations? Fascism is a loser, but today it is more dangerous than ever. What would have happened in World War II if Hitler had had thermonuclear missiles the last day in the bunker? Racism and radioactivity are a suicidal mix that could destroy the species, The Human Race.

VI-20 The young men brood.

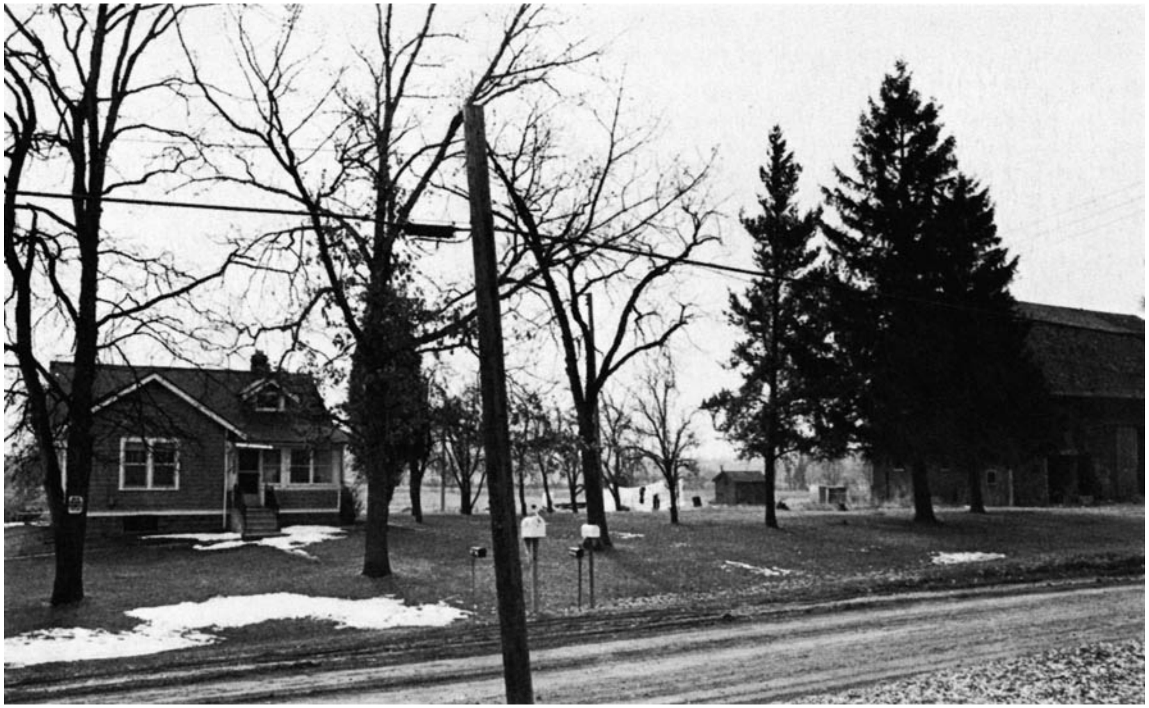
Chapter VII: Slums Move Closer

If, standing in Fitzgerald, one looks away from the city, he sees Fitzgerald's past, the suburbs, the farms, the forests; then, as he looks toward the city, does he see its future, the slums? Perhaps an answer can be found in urban geography. Recent work has shown a surprising uniformity to the internal structure of American cities. Cities have the same proportions, though they are of different sizes. The tiniest hamlets to the largest cities have startlingly similar proportions of slums. Little is heard of urban blight in small towns since the slums are easily crossed; that is, they do not delay the affluent on their journey to and from work downtown. Slums grow because the cities grow. They are merely a proportional geographic growth of an enlarging city. The bigger the city grows, the bigger its slums grow.

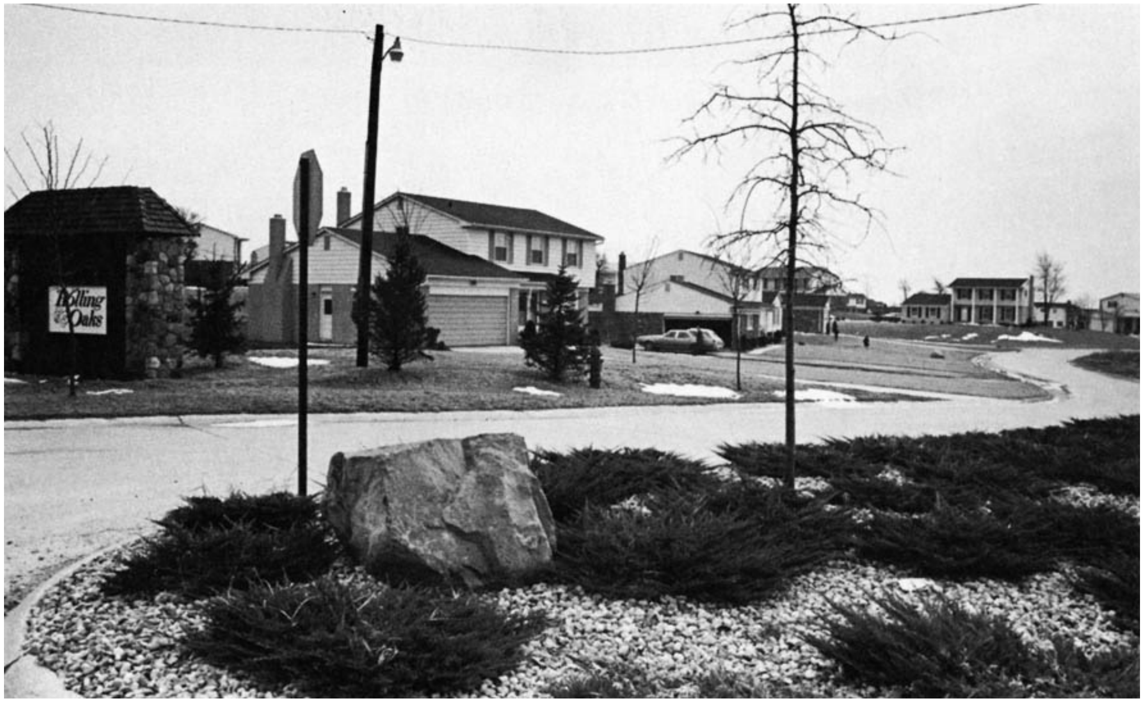
Cities are characterized by rings. The center of the city is a region of high-income inhabitants, with police protection, clean streets and other amenities. Immediately surrounding the city's downtown circle is a slum ring, followed by rings of the near-slum, average, above average, rich, truck farming, general farming, and eventually wilderness. The rings are not spatially static but tend to expand outward proportional to growth. Fitzgerald is no longer located in the wilderness as it was in the 1830's, or in the affluent suburban edge of Detroit as it was in the 1920's, but halfway between the suburbs and the slums.


1930,
AFFLUENT SUBURBS
(Farmington Twp.)
1890,
GENERALIZED FARMING
(Walled Lake)
1970,
MIDDLE CLASS CITY
(Fitzgerald, Detroit)
1990,
SLUMS?
(Buchanan-Grand River, Detroit)
NEVER,
CENTRAL BUSINESS DIST.
(Downtown Detroit)
THE LOCATION OF FITZGERALD
AS A WAY OF LIFE
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

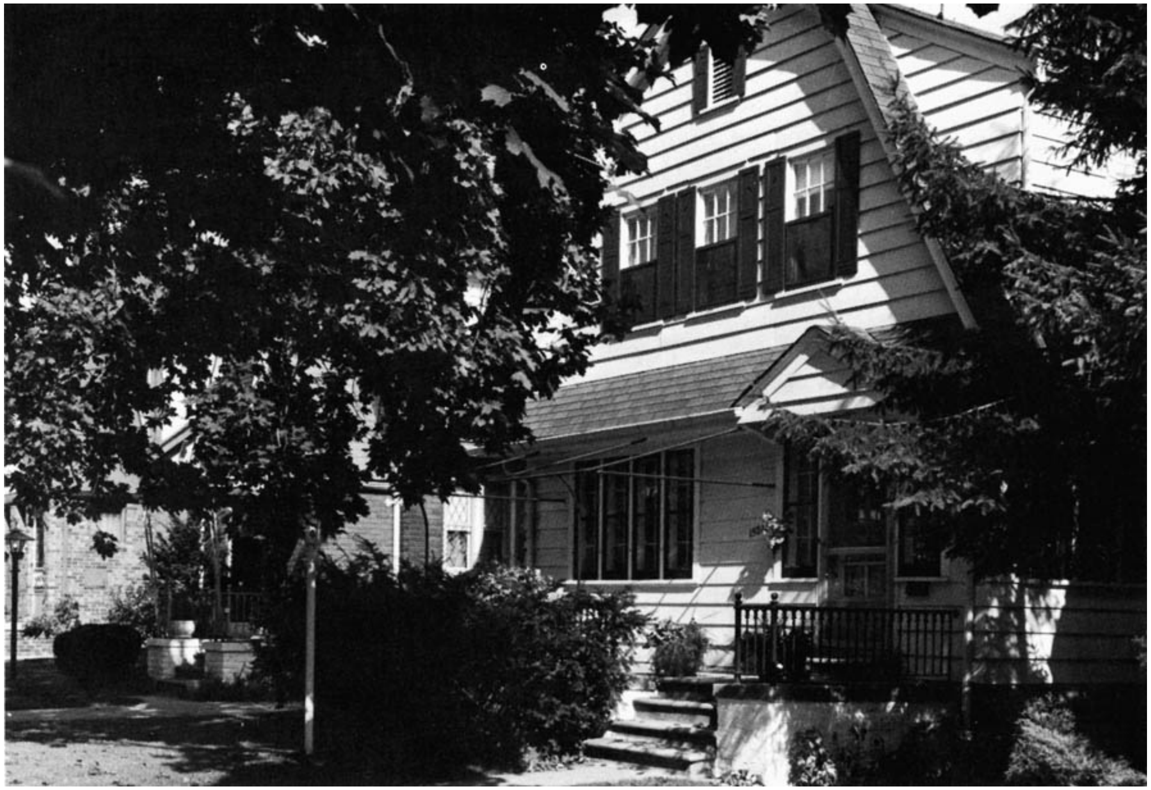
VII-1



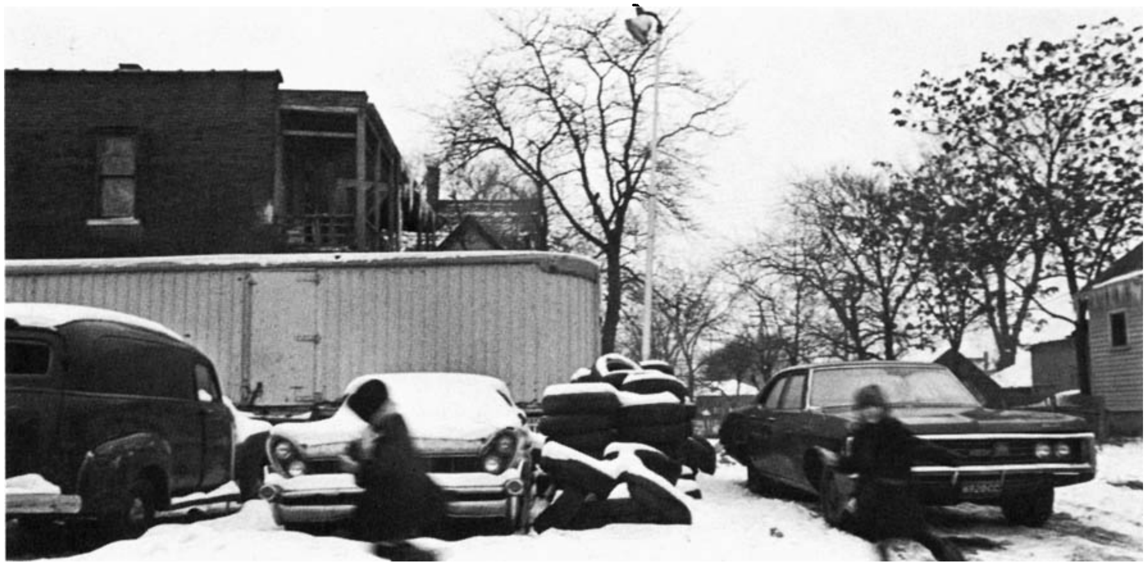
VII-2 Generalized farming twenty-six miles out. Fitzgerald of 1890 on the Mandilka "new" farm. The camera faces back towards the old homestead in Fitzgerald, many miles and years away.



VII-3 Bloomfield, 1930. Rolling Oaks subdivision. The affluent suburbs that were Fitzgerald in 1930, twenty-two miles from downtown.



VII-4 Now. Fitzgerald eight miles out and middle class. Most visitors to Fitzgerald are startled to find that large, immaculate portions of its residential section are black.



VII-5 Slums two miles out. Fitzgerald, 1990? Or never?

VII-6 Downtown Fitzgerald: 2000? Or never?

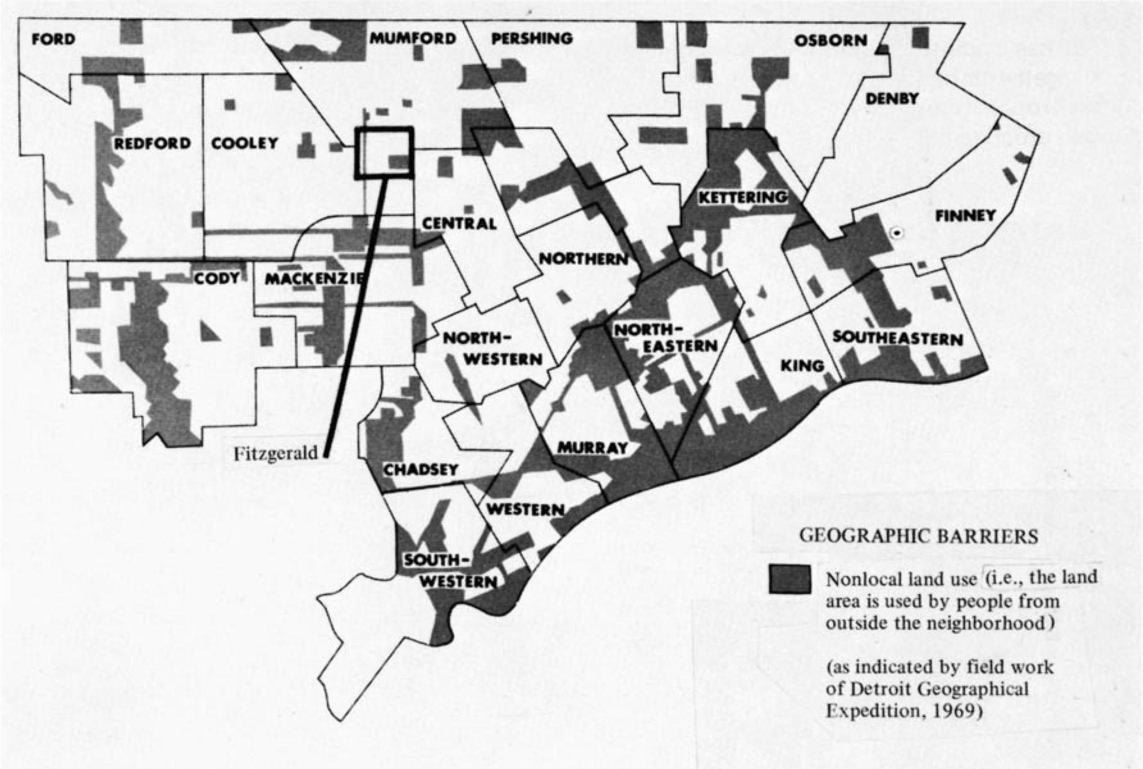
The expansion of the rings even raises the question, what is Fitzgerald, the land or the way of life of the people? If the answer is the way of life of the people, then the Fitzgeralds of 1700, of 1850, of 1920, of 1960 have all moved on. The Fitzgerald of bears and Indians and forest has moved thousands of miles north to the Arctic or south to the Tropics. But if Fitzgerald is the land, it is a fixed spot on the earth washed over by these radiating rings of ways of life.

Is the process inevitable? Are rings to be with us forever, and are we all to be driven away as the rings of decay grow and grow? Residents, moving out is not a matter of simple snobbery, for many people have no choice; they must maintain a good address to maintain their employment. How long can one live in a neighborhood before it changes income rings: ten years, twenty years? Somewhere, sometime, the rot of the ring of slum must be stopped and turned back. Fitzgerald is the best place in Detroit to make the stand. The fight here is the fight for all the homes of Detroit, because if one place can hold off the slums, all places can.

The concept of home implies a geographic permanence. Among other things, home is a place, a setting, a view of a landscape. Deep psychological, perhaps biological, feelings of territoriality are part of the appeal of homeowners' rights. Normally well-behaved people become hysterical if they feel that the geographic sanctuary of their homes, their resting place, their private place where they love each other and gain strength to fight the fights in the outside world, is threatened. Yet, Americans have become a gypsy people. Their geographic instability is a symbol of the greatest forced mass migration in the history of mankind — the necessity to move ever outward from the city.

The suburbs are a geographic monstrosity especially as the home and the work place become so far apart. Whole segments of America's population spend as much as three or four hours a day in travel. Indeed, Fitzgerald's greatest geographic asset is its closeness to work; however, the problem of commuting even from Fitzgerald is massive and greatly affects the tone of its life. The workday in America has not been cut to eight hours; it is lengthening to twelve or thirteen, portal to portal. A miserable alienated Commuter Culture develops; fathers are often not home until their children are asleep, and the home has no experience with the work that sustains it. Thus, a deep psychological distance develops within the family. The commuters pay another price as they travel miles to and from work, for Americans are never more unfriendly than when they travel together, as any expressway jam will prove. The commuter train, the elevator, the crowded downtown sidewalks produce armies of speechless zombies. Long gone are the attitudes of "Aid to the Traveler," and "Howdy, Stranger." As personal geographic distances decrease, social distances increase. For example, the taboo of speaking on elevators in public buildings or at bus stops is extremely strong. The bulletproof glass of bankers' cages provides a neat social as well as lead barrier.

Though suburbanites do suffer from the slums and the necessity of commuting, it is nothing compared to the suffering of slum dwellers themselves. Take the simple pleasures of green grass. The suburbs and the other areas of the affluent are sharply demarcated from the slums by one simple means — green grass. Green grass on a colored aerial photograph almost perfectly maps the territory of the affluent — their campuses, expressways, downtown business center, parks, and homes. The affluent are surrounded by private parks. In contrast, there is no budget for the "landscaping" of tenements. How many blades of grass exist per child in the inner city slum? Poor children play not on grass but on glass, gravel and garbage. The only greens are along the banks of expressways, out of view of slum children, but beautiful to affluent commuters. No wonder suburbanites view the poor as the commuter time necessary to pass through "it."

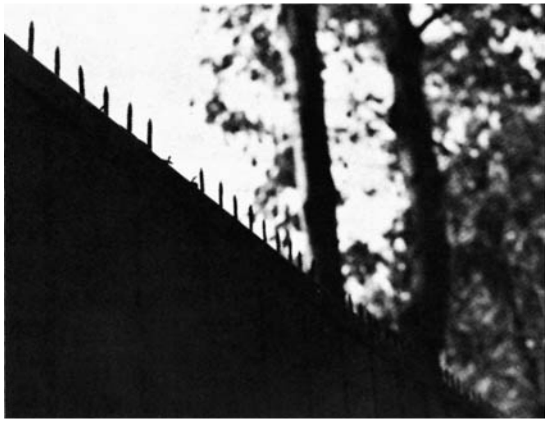

FORD
MUMFORD
PERSHING
OSBORN
DENBY
REDFORD
COOLEY
CENTRAL
KETTERING
FINNEY
NORTHERN
CODY
MACKENZIE
NORTH-WESTERN
NORTH-EASTERN
SOUTHEASTERN
KING
Fitzgerald
MURRAY
CHADSEY
WESTERN
SOUTH-WESTERN
GEOGRAPHIC BARRIERS
Nonlocal land use (i.e., the land area is used by people from outside the neighborhood)
(as indicated by field work of Detroit Geographical Expedition, 1969)

VII-7

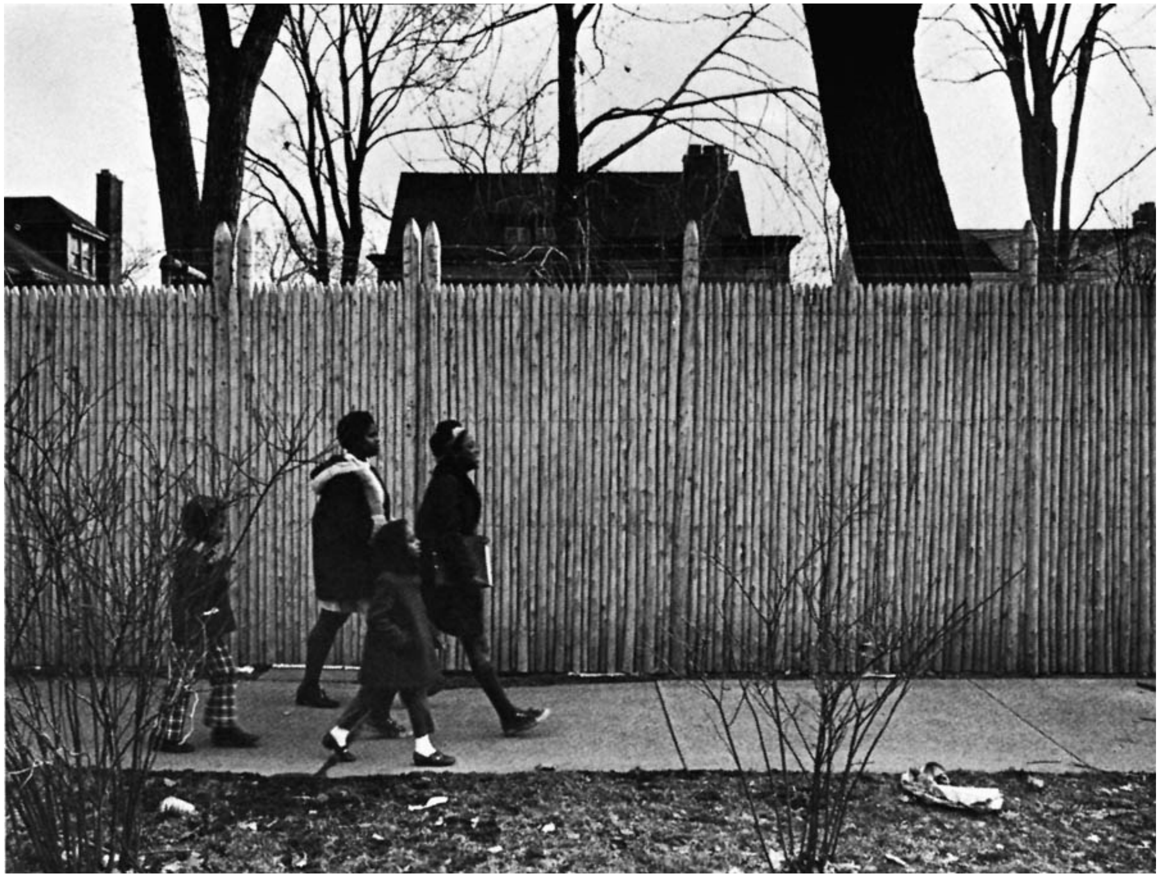
Wherever steep residential income gradients exist on the map, the geographer knows there will also be obstacles to human travel and communication. Walls separate the classes and cage the poor. Expressways are modern walls; they serve not only to whisk the affluent from home to work, but to isolate the poor. Walls may exist within the community too; in Fitzgerald, the walls of Marygrove College are increasingly patrolled, and the College's protection has escalated to include private police with trained dogs. As transportation has become easier, mankind has not become geographically freer; he has precisely matched the transport freedom with increased barriers to movement. Everywhere, including Fitzgerald, the walls are rising. This is true at all geographic scales; barriers range from international passport systems to neighborhood fences. Walls say two things at once: "Keep out, you unwanted person," and "I dare you to tear me down."

Walls

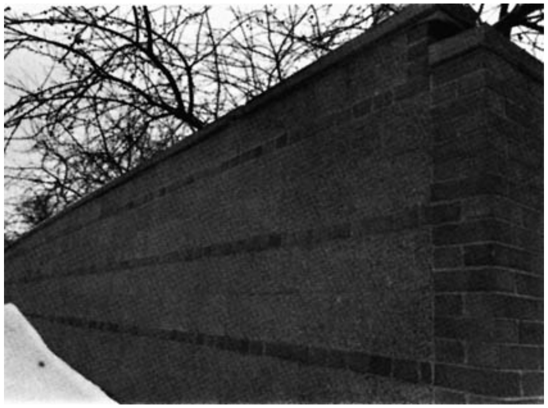
As man has made it easier to know himself and work together through better transportation, he has proportionately made it harder to do so through erecting barriers.



VII-8 This wall separates the cloistered Sisters on Marygrove's Campus from the world. The nails are evidently designed to be driven through an anti-Christ's hand.



VII-9 The wall around Indian Village on Detroit's east side.



VII-10 The wall around Lafayette Towers, downtown.

What are the causes of the progressive rings of slum and suburb around the city centers? Why are slums located in the centers of cities? Why are not the poor and rich integrated in random patterns? Basically the answer is that the land nearest the city center can earn the highest rent per unit of land; this fact determines land use.

Technically, the explanation is known as the von Thünen rent model. In 1826, von Thünen, a German land owner, explained the rings of agricultural land use around settlements. The land closer to the settlement shows greater agricultural profitability and therefore earns higher rents. As the settlement grows, the rings grow in *proportion. The shifts of farm economies in* Fitzgerald, from forestry through berry farming, were caused by the expansion of these successive rings through the neighborhood. Urbanization merely shifts the "crop" from agricultural to human. Rather than the agricultural products being more valuable as they are nearer the city, the human residents must be more valuable, must pay more rent per unit of land.

Transport costs per unit of land are an important factor in the location of slums. A bus fare hike represents an added cost for the individual, and limits how far he can live from his work. Slow transportation systems, requiring long waits for buses, represents a real cost. If a man with an automobile can go from one point to another in a city in half an hour, while another who waits for one bus and then a transfer bus makes the same trip in an hour and a half, the bus rider has paid the price of an extra hour's worth of time. Even a dollar-an-hour worker is paying a bus *fare of one dollar and thirty-five cents, not just* the thirty-five cent fare. The effect of high transport costs is to lock the slum dweller in the slum, and tends to keep him from work: a "hidden" structural unemployment.

Tragically, people fail to see the expansion of rings to be economically determined, not willfully caused by groups. The horror of this misconception is doubled: first, it causes wave after wave of "Founding Fathers" to hate wave after wave of "Invaders;" second, it diverts people from their only effective action, attack on the rent structures.

To measure the flows of Detroit's rent money, we simply make a mathematical application of von Thünen's discoveries. The total rent per unit of land (e.g. — square mile or neighborhood) equals the number of individual renters in a neighborhood, times the difference between the average rent charged for an individual dwelling unit and the average cost of owning an individual unit, (a cost that includes maintenance and taxes). In addition, it is necessary to subtract from the total rent the product of the number of renters per neighborhood times the round-trip *transportation costs per month*; because the more a neighborhood pays out for the inconvenience of the location, the less the neighborhood has available to pay out in rents. The daily transportation cost must be multiplied by thirty in order to convert this daily expense of commuting to a monthly cost comparable to monthly rental payments. The average geographic point of urban travel is downtown, though many trips do not originate or terminate there. "Downtown" is similar, as an average location of trip destination for householders, to "mass point," as an average location of mass in physics.

In functional form:

$$R = A(P - C) - 30ATD$$

Where:

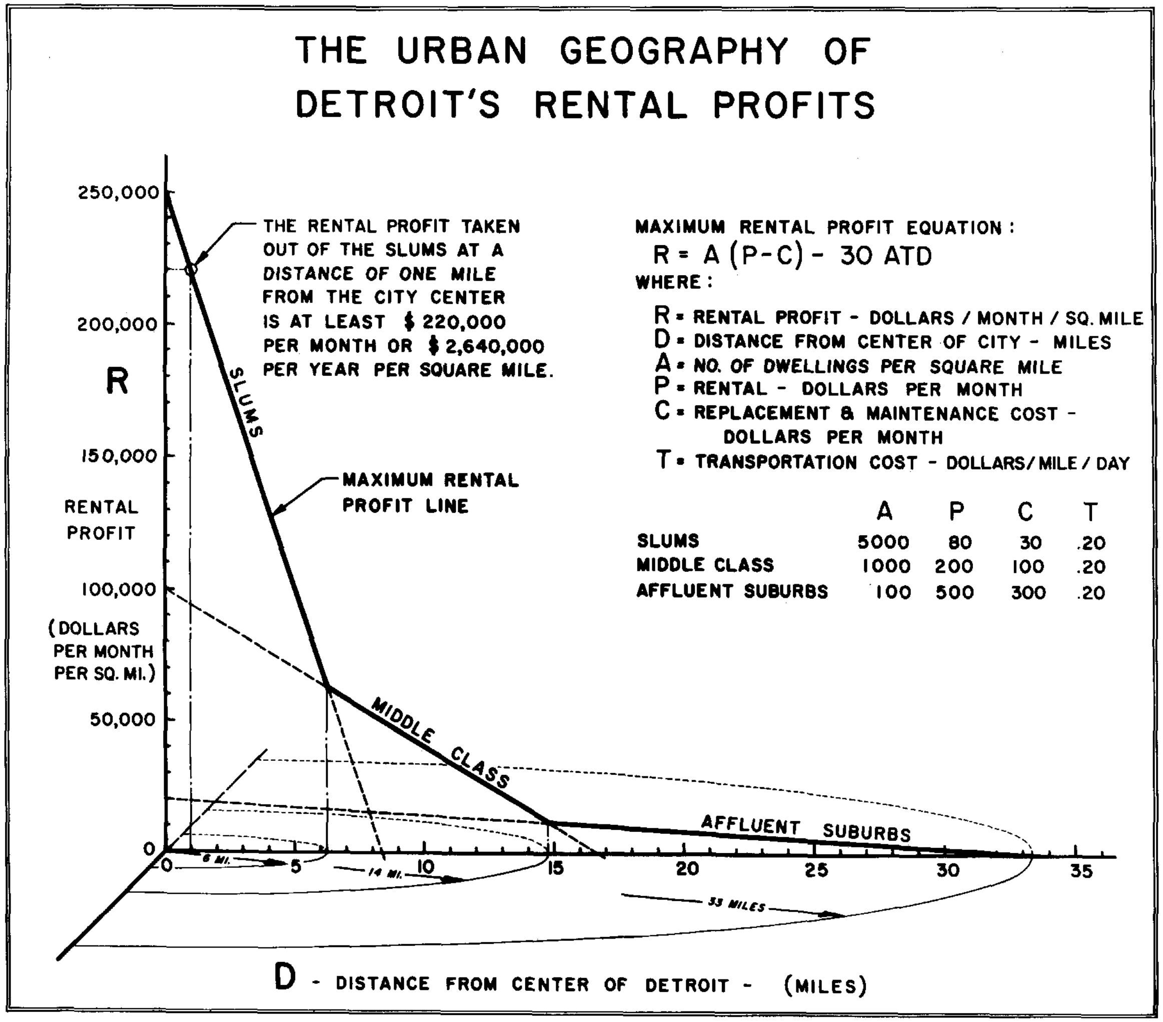
R = total rent per neighborhood
A = number of renters per neighborhood
P = per household unit rent
C = per household unit ownership cost
T = round-trip transport cost per unit of distance
D = distance to downtown

Graphing the formula shows that the rent commanded is always highest downtown, where transportation costs approach zero. Naturally, the residential use commanding the highest rent per unit of land at a particular distance from downtown is the residential use that prevails at that distance. The distance from downtown where a dominant rent changes, say from upper middle class to rich, is the change-of-class distance from downtown. By swinging a radius of this distance about the center of a city, residential class rings roughly corresponding to rent rings can be mapped around the center of a city.

Paradoxically, slums command the highest rents per land unit. The wealthy cannot afford to live in the slums. They cannot afford the rent, for although as individuals they pay much higher rent, per acre of land they pay much lower. Similarly, though the affluent may travel by expensive chauffeur, they cannot afford the collective transportation costs that slum dwellers pay *per unit of impacted slum land. The rent per* individual and transportation costs per individual is lower in the slums than elsewhere in the city. Slum dwellers, with their low incomes, are compelled to live there. Because of the number of people crammed into the hovels, the rent *per acre* is highest while *per individual* the rent is the lowest.

The irony of the slums is acrid. Considering the rent structure, sophisticated property owners welcome the slums since the slums are a financial "blessing" to those who own them. Homeowners detest slums because slums ruin the homes. Thus, home ownership and property ownership are at war. It is a bitter, bitter truth that the monetarily most profitable land is humanly the most bankrupt. "High profits" mean "low life." This contradiction has produced a multi-billion dollar racket in America called "income property investment." Contrary to incessant propaganda that the slums suck money from the rest of the city, the truth is precisely the opposite! Living elsewhere and paying taxes elsewhere, slum-owners earn their incomes from the slums.

The equation of the von Thünen rent model yields some interesting "guesstimates" as to the magnitude of the economics involved. Assuming that a posh suburban square mile contains one hundred family units (a high estimate),



VII-11

charges an average rent per family of five hundred dollars per month with an overhead of three hundred dollars per month, demands a round-trip travel cost of twenty cents per mile, and lies fifteen miles from the city's center, what would be the per square mile rent in a thirty day month in this suburb?

R = 100 (500-300) - 100 (.20) 15 (30)
R = 20,000 - 9,000
R = 11,000

If the homes are fully paid for, this one square mile of affluent suburb yields $11,000 of paper rent per month or $132,000 per year. More likely the homeowners have whopping mortgages but the owners of the mortgages, the bank executives and so forth, all live in such neighborhoods so the money stays in the community though it might shift from one household to another within the community.

Turning to the slums, assume that a square mile contains 5,000 family units (a low estimate), with an average rent per family of eighty dollars per month, an overhead of thirty dollars per month, and a round-trip travel cost of twenty cents per mile. What would then be the rent in this slum in a thirty day month, if it were two miles from the city's center?

R = 5,000 (80-30) - 5,000 (.20) 2 (30)
R = 250,000 - 60,000
R = 190,000

That is, a square mile of slum at a two mile distance from downtown yields $190,000 per month. The money being pumped out from the slums to the slum lords of the suburbs is $2,311,345 per square mile a year.

The slumowner's deal is fattened still further through the American tax system. Since property taxes are based on the attractiveness of the property rather than profitability per unit of land, taxes drop as slum blight increases. Contrary to popular thought, the shrunken tax base of the slum is a very agreeable fact to the rich slumowner (who, as we said, lives in the suburbs). Essentially, the lower the taxes, the more money for slum profits. The shrinking of the taxes on slums deprives the city, not the suburbs, of tax money. Costs of maintaining and cleaning the buildings and controlling the rats are also notoriously low in slums.

With all the money slumowners make from slums, they can easily afford the costs of their rent collectors — i.e., the police. In fact, with $190,000 a month in rent, they could pay the salaries of 228 policemen for each square mile. The policemen break up rent strikes and evict families delinquent in payment, or, as they jokingly refer t o the process in the mortgage business, "throw poor widows out into the snow." Of course, this many policemen would eat up all the profits, but the policemen are also supported by the gyp merchant rackets, the usurers' racket popularly known as "juice," the higher-price-for-sub-standard-goods racket, the numbers racket and so on. Then too the police salaries are directly subsidized by shaking down prostitutes and occasionally by direct police theft. "Support your local police, with a bribe." (During the Detroit Insurrection of 1967, one reason that the police did not immediately react was that they would have been torn to bits by the overwhelmingly superior force of the black street community. Another reason was that the police themselves were busy loading their patrol cars and paddy wagons with loot.)

The money flow from slum to policemen is only one exchange in a large system of money flows from slum to suburb. This system is very subtle, very varied.

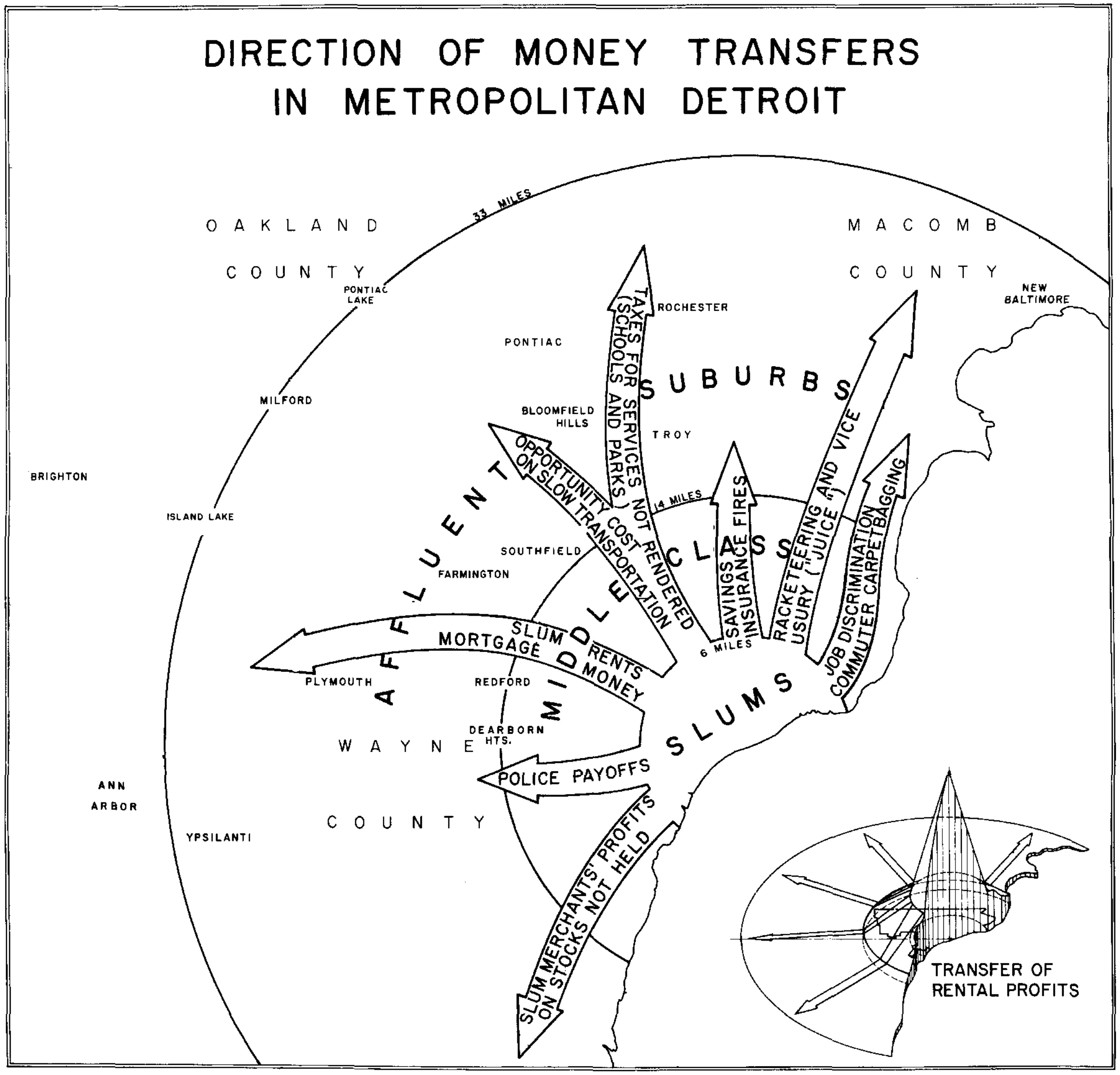
One money flow from slum to suburb involves mortgages. As suburbs are built, white churches are built, and over the years the community eventually pays off the mortgage on the church. When black people move in, the church is sold to a new black congregation. The neighborhood has already bought the church, but now it is buying it again. The church, indeed the whole neighborhood, is mortgaged forever. There are neighborhoods in Detroit which have been "paying off the mortgage" on churches, homes, and stores for two hundred years! The interest on the mortgage flows to the white suburbs.

Another subtle flow involves bank savings. People in the slums who manage to save some money — retirees, workers during booms, beneficiaries of life insurance policies — and who place the money in community banks, are unable to borrow against that money as a community since the community is given a "bad risk" rating. Thus these slum savings flow to the affluent suburbs to finance new construction out there.

Insurance itself is run to benefit from popular ignorance of the actuarial facts. For instance, if it is popularly thought that railroads or airplanes are more dangerous than they are, insurance agents pander to slum clients' ignorance rather than educating them to the true facts. The agents push policies with fancy "double indemnity" clauses for unlikely events. In general, selling insurance to the poor has strong overtones of fixed gambling on the numbers, rather than legitimate risk-sharing. This "numbers racket" insurance money flows out to the suburbs.

Slum money has also flowed out to the suburbs via Medicare. Fighting Medicare now as earlier, doctors have deliberately falsified their medical treatment to the poor to bilk money from the Medicare program. Thus, in the name of "free enterprise heroically fighting the nasty socialist big government in Washington," the suburbanite doctors feather their suburban bank accounts. The residence correlation of doctors with diseased people on the map of Detroit, or America, is zero; the correlation with moneyed people is one hundred percent. The American Medical Association administers the Hypocratic Oath to generation after generation of doctors who profit from illness.

Black areas also lose money to white suburbs because, ironically enough, of white crime. In Fitzgerald, as in other places, it is the white merchants who have been sued for arson (insurance fires), yet it is the neighborhood that is


DIRECTION OF MONEY TRANSFERS IN METROPOLITAN DETROIT
OAKLAND COUNTY
MACOMB COUNTY
33 MILES
PONTIAC LAKE
ROCHESTER
PONTIAC
NEW BALTIMORE
MILFORD
BLOOMFIELD HILLS
TROY
BRIGHTON
ISLAND LAKE
SOUTHFIELD
FARMINGTON
14 MILES
6 MILES
PLYMOUTH
REDFORD
DEARBORN HTS.
WAYNE COUNTY
ANN ARBOR
YPSILANTI
AFFLUENT
MIDDLE CLASS
SUBURBS
SLUMS
TAXES FOR SERVICES NOT RENDERED (SCHOOLS AND PARKS)
OPPORTUNITY COST ON SLOW TRANSPORTATION
SAVINGS INSURANCE FIRES
RACKETEERING AND VICE USURY ("JUICE")
JOB DISCRIMINATION COMMUTER CARPETBAGGING
SLUM RENTS MONEY
MORTGAGE
POLICE PAYOFFS
SLUM MERCHANTS' PROFITS ON STOCKS NOT HELD
TRANSFER OF RENTAL PROFITS

VII-12

penalized with a "high risk" designation, while the criminal arsonists flee and build new suburban establishments. Further, some crimes — such as seeking out prostitutes on the streets — are only allowed in black neighborhoods; thus these neighborhoods develop high crime rates although it is the whites who are criminals, coming in from the suburbs for a little "midnight integration." The Syndicate, a suburban white group, reaps the profits, and then whites use the high crime rate as a further excuse for charging high prices on everything. It is estimated that as much as thirty percent of all ghetto income flows out to the Syndicate.

Employment discrimination also slants the money flow. Every job over ten thousand dollars a year is overwhelmingly "white man's work." Police are overwhelmingly white because to enter the Police Academy you must not have a criminal record, and the "profession" protects itself by making certain that black teenagers have arrest records. Teachers require certification. (And what is the color of the teachers who grade students in the schools of education?) Building trade unions give preference to the sons of members. (And what is the color of the fathers in the unions?) Storekeepers give their businesses to their sons through inheritance. (And what is the color of the storekeepers?) So, Fitzgerald is swarmed over night and day, in swing shifts, by commuter carpetbaggers doing "white man's work" (ten thousand dollars or over), while the black counter-commuters spread out across the city and the suburbs to do the "nigger work" (under five thousand dollars a year), cleaning the white ladies' toilets, mopping bank floors downtown, cooking in Miss Anne's kitchen, nannying the white ladies' kids while their own run wild, neglected on the streets. And most decisively, the capital of capitalism, the profitable stocks and bonds of the profit system, are in the affluent suburbs. (And what is the color of the fathers whose sons inherit the factories?) In an industrial society, the affluent suburbs own the factories; the workers merely build them and work in them. The affluent suburbs own Detroit's heart. All told, money is sucked out of the people of Fitzgerald by the affluent white suburbanites in Grosse Pointe like lamprey eels suck the juices out of Michigan Lake trout.

Given the substantial number of rich and poor people who hate each other, why do the two classes occupy the same metropolitan area at all? Granted that some poor are too poor to eat, much less to move, and granted that the rich get a psychological boot out of pretending they are better than others, still the rich are today genuinely frightened of the "messes" in the city: all those rioters, black people, students, trade unionists, radical professors, Communists, Democrats, militant Christians, and on and on. It would seem that the rich could afford to leave the "messes" (as they call fellow Americans) behind and move, say to Hawaii, and enjoy the greatest amenity a rich neighborhood has to offer, the exclusive presence of exclusive others. And on the poor side, what a shout of joy would go up. "Love Americans or leave us." But one massive reason prevents this exodus of the wealthy to a tropical paradise. The exploiters of the poor must stay in close proximity to their property or the poor will in fact seize it, as they started to do in Fitzgerald in 1967. The poor of America are never far from insurrection and their rebelliousness allows for no absence by the property owners. They must be forever present and vigilant: "The White Man's Burden."

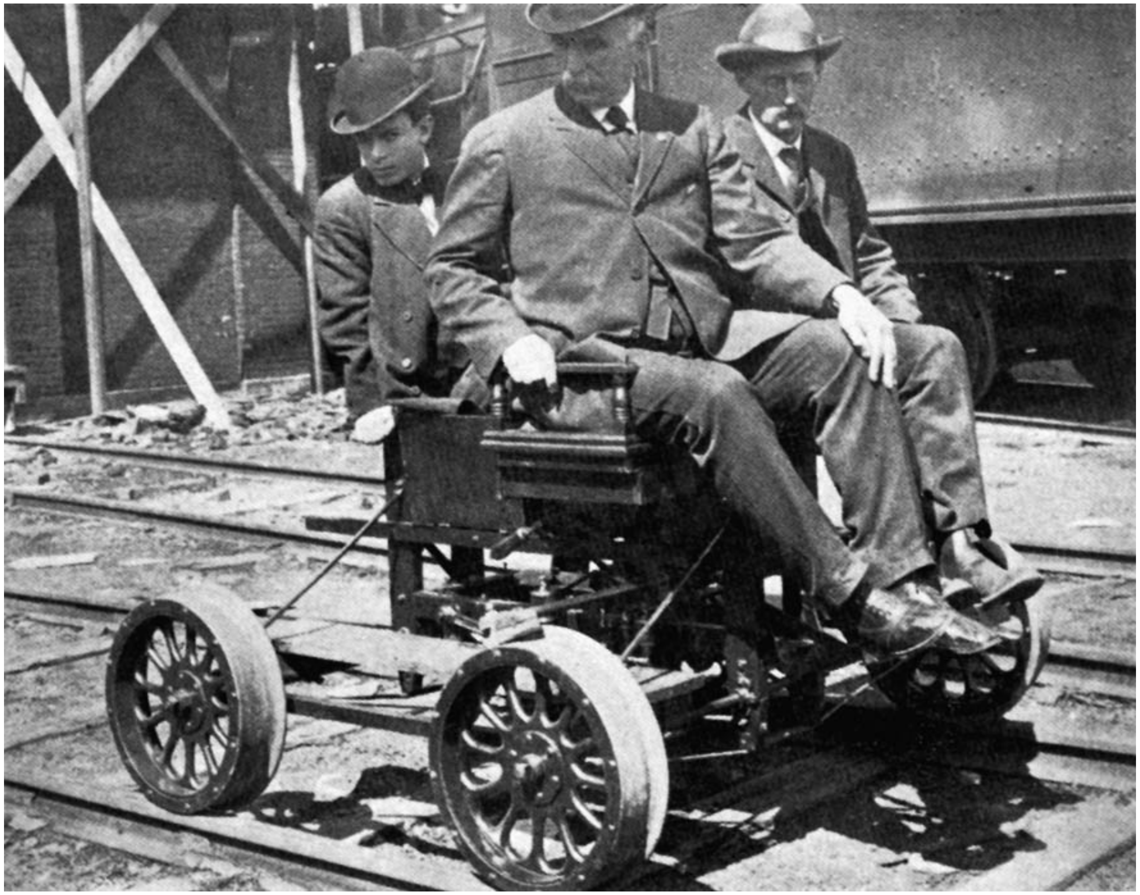
William Bunge — Geographer
The Bunge family has a history of generational tensions. Bunge generations alternate between money-making and cause-serving. The money-makers tend to consider the intellectual do-gooders as effete ornaments, while the do-gooders view the money-makers as provoking thieves. Bunge describes some of the stresses that he has felt as another of the family's do-gooders:

Betty and I are a couple of rich white kids no longer rich, certainly not kids and I'm not so white any more. She spent a summer in Kentucky working with the white poor, but it was compromised by her Junior League point gathering. Though we live modestly, at times extremely modestly, I know that our families will never let our children face real physical needs like hunger or lack of medical care. They go way beyond this and even assure the kids a college education. But when I confront the physical aspects of The Movement, my family's money falls away and I find my ultimate legitimacy.

From this vantage point, Bunge has had good opportunities to explore the attitudes of the rich and the poor towards each other. Bunge considers the rich to be quite schizophrenic in their attitudes toward the "outs":

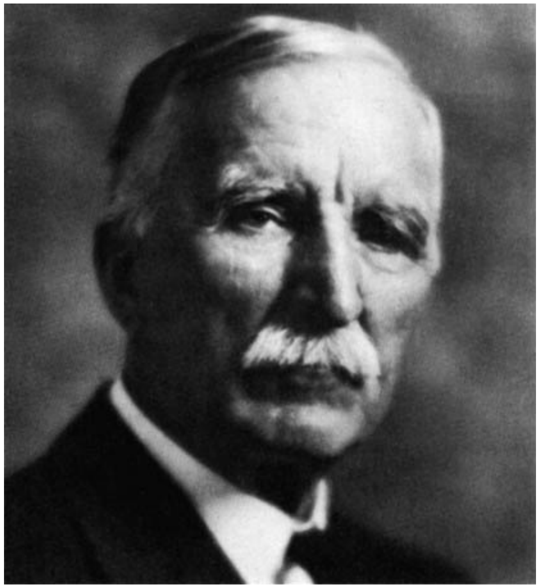
Personally, the rich are often beautiful people. They are loyal to each other, often kindly, truly concerned with their children and tremendously full of the humorous sense. At my sister-in-law's wedding in Milwaukee, I remember the bride's father toasting the assembled bridesmaids and his daughter, all recent Smith graduates, as "the girls from Schmidt" which is a really fine joke in Milwaukee. The rich love to give of themselves personally: charity tutoring, saving the whooping crane, Charlotte Ford's charm school in Harlem and blood. In my home town the Junior League ran the blood bank. Regular vampires!

But at the same time these "generous" people perpetuate a system that sucks the poor dry.



VII-13 A money-making relative who established the Wheeler industry in Chicago. Successful relative founded Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts; Fairbanks Morris in Beloit, Wisconsin; and a substantial mortgage bankers' firm in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

VII-14 A cause-serving relative, Stephen Pearl Lathrop, founder of the Chemistry Department at Beloit College and later of the University of Wisconsin. Do-gooder relatives fought the British in 1775 at Cambridge, Massachusetts; missioned in the Ojibwa nation in 1841 at Madeleine Island, Michigan Territory; and marched in Selma in 1865 with army of the West and again in 1965 with the army of Dr. Martin Luther King.



VII-15 William Wheeler, the author's great-grandfather, who was possibly half Ojibwa. It is perhaps because of his great-grandfather that Bunge feels a particular sympathy for the Indian people.

Their charities are designed to salve their consciences and remind them by contrast of their "lofty" status, rather than to eliminate poverty. The rich individualize their kindness and socialize their cruelty. They balance small-scale acts of individual goodness against mass-produced social greed.

The poor are often just the opposite. They tend individually to be hard-pressed, touchy, tense and greedy, but socially to be open-hearted and generous.

Bunge views himself as a fighter against the "ins," for the "outs," a fighter who hopes for eventual personal and social peace. Yet Bunge is not out to eradicate the "rotten rich," only the institutions they support. Slum lordism, an enterprise over which even the rich blanch, is one example. Bunge hopes that eventually

VII-17 Billy Bunge with his mother in 1932. For him, the primary effect of the Depression was not hunger or fear, but loneliness from those who were hungry and fearful.

VII-18 Bunge at a block club meeting in his Fitzgerald home.

VII-16 Bill and Betty Bunge, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, now of Detroit, Michigan. Betty, editor, Fitzgerald News; member, Fitzgerald Community Council and Wisconsin Block Club; and a nature lover who shells on Sanibel Isle.

everyone will be rich, so rich that money becomes valueless. The key to attaining these ends, Bunge believes, is the courage, wit and energy of young people, who endure despite America's seeming attempts to grind them to pieces. Black teenagers from modest backgrounds seem particularly vulnerable.

An intellectual with an international reputation in geography, Bunge harbors a peculiar disrespect for academic life. He considers it both too organized and too conformist.

Yet, in the end, he is an intellectual, a scientific intellectual in the humanist tradition. He is calculating, not an emotional personality. He believes that man's best hope for survival is his cunning:

In times of great tension, emotional people become more emotional, while rational people become more rational. People who hold that certain Americans are to blame for the tensions want to kill those Americans. People who hold that certain American institutions are to blame want to kill those institutions.

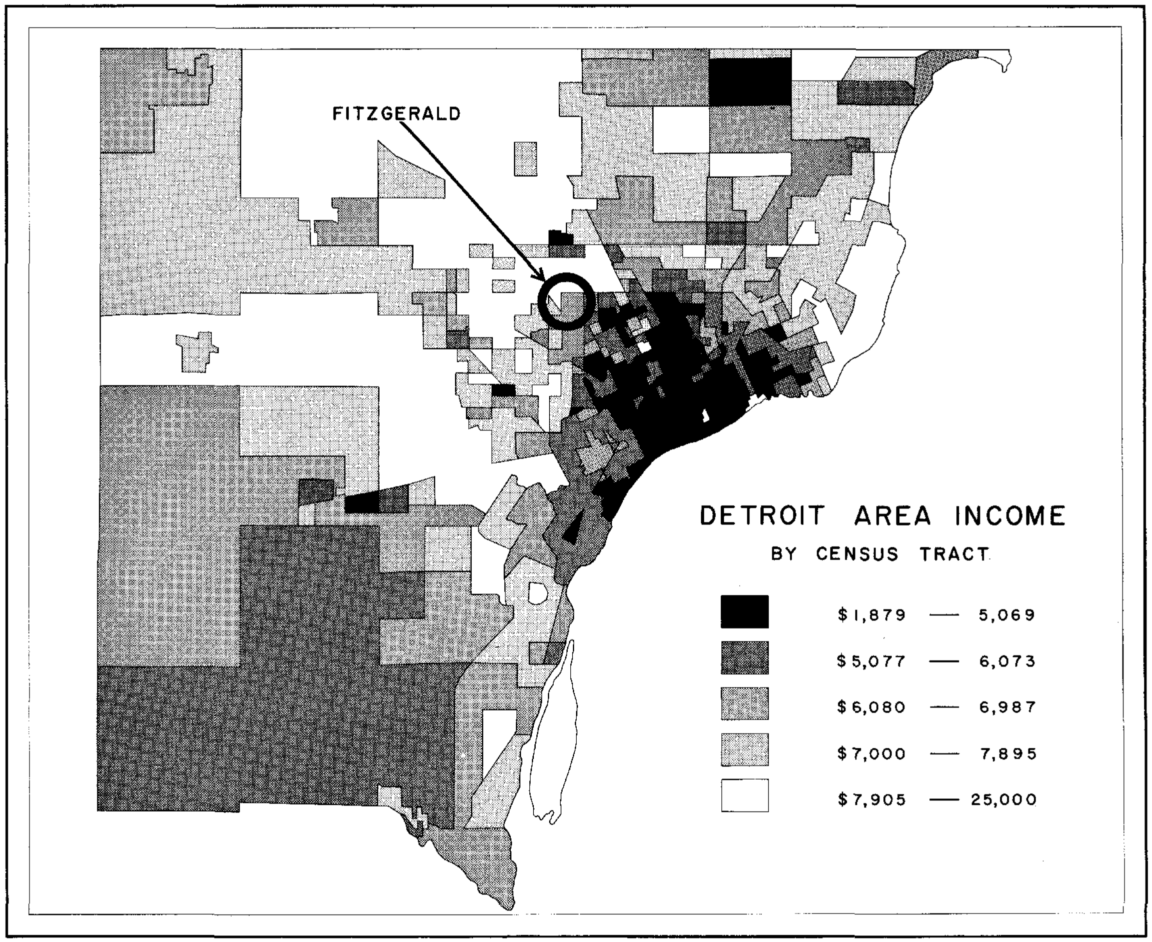
I believe in the triumph of man over himself and his machines. I believe in the goodness of people, especially in the goodness of women and the innocence of children. I believe in science; in the power of rational thought in the midst of seeming chaos; in our ability through reason to achieve a just, humane, and natural order for all, the only stable order. Science, not policemen, has created what order man has achieved.

The great tension that slums create in a city stems not only from their brutality and isolation, but also from the fact that the residential units give way to slums before the institutional units do. Non-slum institutions become surrounded by slum residences. If the institutions are fairly small, they surrender rapidly. But if the institutions are enormous and cannot possibly be moved or allowed to fall into slums, such as the downtown area and colleges and universities, then they remain, and tensions become terrific.

When the institutions in a neighborhood are small, and slum processes threaten the degenerative process is fairly predictable. In the beginning, as we noted, a high proportion of white-owned residences and stores would tip to absentee rental property of a slum type. Institutions that draw their support from the general city, such as the Detroit Teachers' Credit Union or the Detroit Federation of Teachers in Fitzgerald, would not succumb to slum assault immediately. But gradually physical attacks on customers and employees would cause the abandonment of sites. The Detroit Teachers' Credit Union building, for example, is valued at around four hundred thousand dollars. Previous experience with slum conditions has convinced the officers that the building will be worth only one hundred thousand dollars if the slums envelop it. A three hundred thousand dollar loss is not enough to change the immediate neighborhood, so this building and others of its type will succumb. Churches also cannot be saved.

In some cases, though, the institutions in a neighborhood are so valuable that they can't be allowed to crumble. These super institutions are more valuable than the entire surrounding neighborhood. When these institutions are threatened by slums, the question is not whether they will be saved, but how: by saving the surrounding community or by destroying it?

This is the question now confronting Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald is situated just outside the below-average-income ring of Detroit; according to von Thünen, it could soon tip to slum. However,



VII-19

Fitzgerald is the home of the University of Detroit and Marygrove College, and these two institutions represent the single heaviest Catholic property investment in the state of Michigan. Property of this high a value is always saved. The only question is whether the property will be saved by destroying Fitzgerald, or by saving it.

To destroy a neighborhood, propertied Americans have relied on the "urban renewal" method. Urban renewal is a subsidy from the poor to the rich. Tax dollars, a majority of which come from the poor, are used to buy the land of the poor at cut rates. The exact value of this subsidy to the affluent can be seen on the Y coordinate on the graph of rental profits; the subsidy, of course, amounts to the difference between the real value of the slum at that distance from downtown and the price the landowners paid. And the downtown rich, or at least the downtown middle class, get one final hustle in this racket: they move into the new housing.

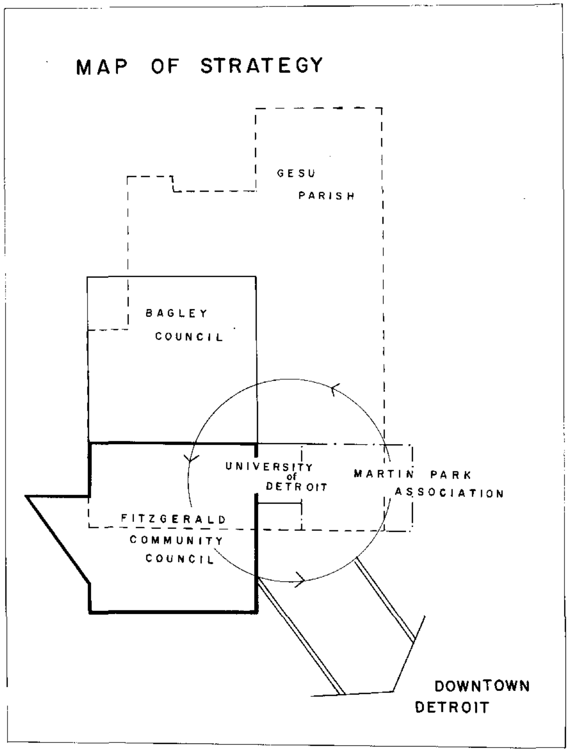
The leveling of such neighborhoods approaches war damage proportions, not only in expense but also in appearance, political upheaval and public dissatisfaction. The old costly and now politically explosive method of slum destruction is the bulldozer and iron ball technique, used

VII-20 In the slum ring two miles out from downtown, Wayne State University "renews" the neighborhood. "Urban renewal" is a federal subsidy to the rich and middle class to pay for the high-priced slum land which would be unpurchaseable otherwise.

by the University of Chicago. The result is cheap, federally subsidized land for the institutions, but also moral and political uproar. The University of Chicago's ruthless "Negro removal" led to the formation of Saul Alinsky's extremely militant political base immediately to the south of that campus. Columbia University's similar activities precipitated a law suit by the New York Civil Rights Commission. The strongest supporters of Detroit's militant West Central Organization are the residents whose homes are being razed in order to provide Wayne State University with cheap campus expansion. The University of Detroit would precipitate an explosion if it sought to "renew" the residential streets south of its campus.

Yet, there is an alternative to "urban renewal." Before the community around the major institutions tips to slum, its people must try to preserve it. Institutions like the University of Detroit and Marygrove College can help save the community. If this strategy is to be pursued in Fitzgerald, then more than a mere strip of houses fronting the campuses, such as Marygrove and Greenlawn Streets bordering Marygrove College and Fairfield Street edging the University of Detroit, must be preserved. A small unit of non-slum residences cannot stand as an island in a sea of slum; in that case, personal contact with slum habits would become unavoidable because all the dwellers in a neighborhood share certain facilities. The primary school is perhaps the most important; to save the universities from slum evironment, grade school regions have to be saved as whole organic units. But what happens if a neighborhood does begin to tip to slum? As mentioned, businesses are often destroyed by their owners, because of the drop in their rental values; for as the rents per acre of residential land rise as the people are crammed into the space, the rents for such institutions as bowling alleys, with relatively fixed costs and fixed numbers of users, remain static or even decline. Insurance fires plague changing neighborhoods and further depreciate the human value of the new residences.

However, sometimes commercial facilities do not disappear as slums arise, but permanently lag as "nice" (white) facilities. Barber shops, churches, and restaurants are typical examples. This fact — that non-residential land uses remain out of touch with slums, at least for several years — can be considered a victory for non-slum forces. It certainly is so considered by the officers of such institutions. However, the same fact can be viewed as a penalty to the slum residents. Because the non-slum facilities are too expensive for the slum dwellers to use, they are deprived of important neighborhood facilities. Add racial overtones to this denial and the save-the-institutions-from-the-slum forces can look fairly ugly. Thus "saving" institutions may not even be desirable. "Saving" some institutions, such as colleges and universities, often means never allowing them to fall into the hands of the residents: in other words, the residents are never allowed to obtain a college education. There is not one black urban college or university in America that reflects the feelings and culture of a Watts or a Harlem, in spite of all the universities located in a Watts or a Harlem, and



VII-21

in spite of all the tax money black people pay to support public universities. The slum dwellers are taxed to produce centers of learning that despise slum dwellers. Wayne State University is named after that great killer of the colored, the Heinrich Himmler of the Ojibwa nation, Mad Anthony Wayne. Why not rename it Frederick Douglas University? Douglas had an historic meeting with John Brown within three miles of the present campus. Why not a black university with Muhammad Ali as athletic director, LeRoi Jones as the Little College Playhouse, H. Rap Brown as chief campus cop? Why doesn't the University of Detroit obtain a grant to record the existing language of the blacks, now contemptuously categorized as a "dialect," and to develop a dictionary of the black language? If Marygrove's neighboring University of Windsor is establishing a bilingual French-English culture, why not a bilingual black-white culture at Marygrove? Must all rest rooms be marked "men" and "women," never "macs" and "foxes?" It is a geographic affront for a university or for any other institution to be so foreign to its neighbors! When in the ghetto, at least speak as the ghetto speaks.

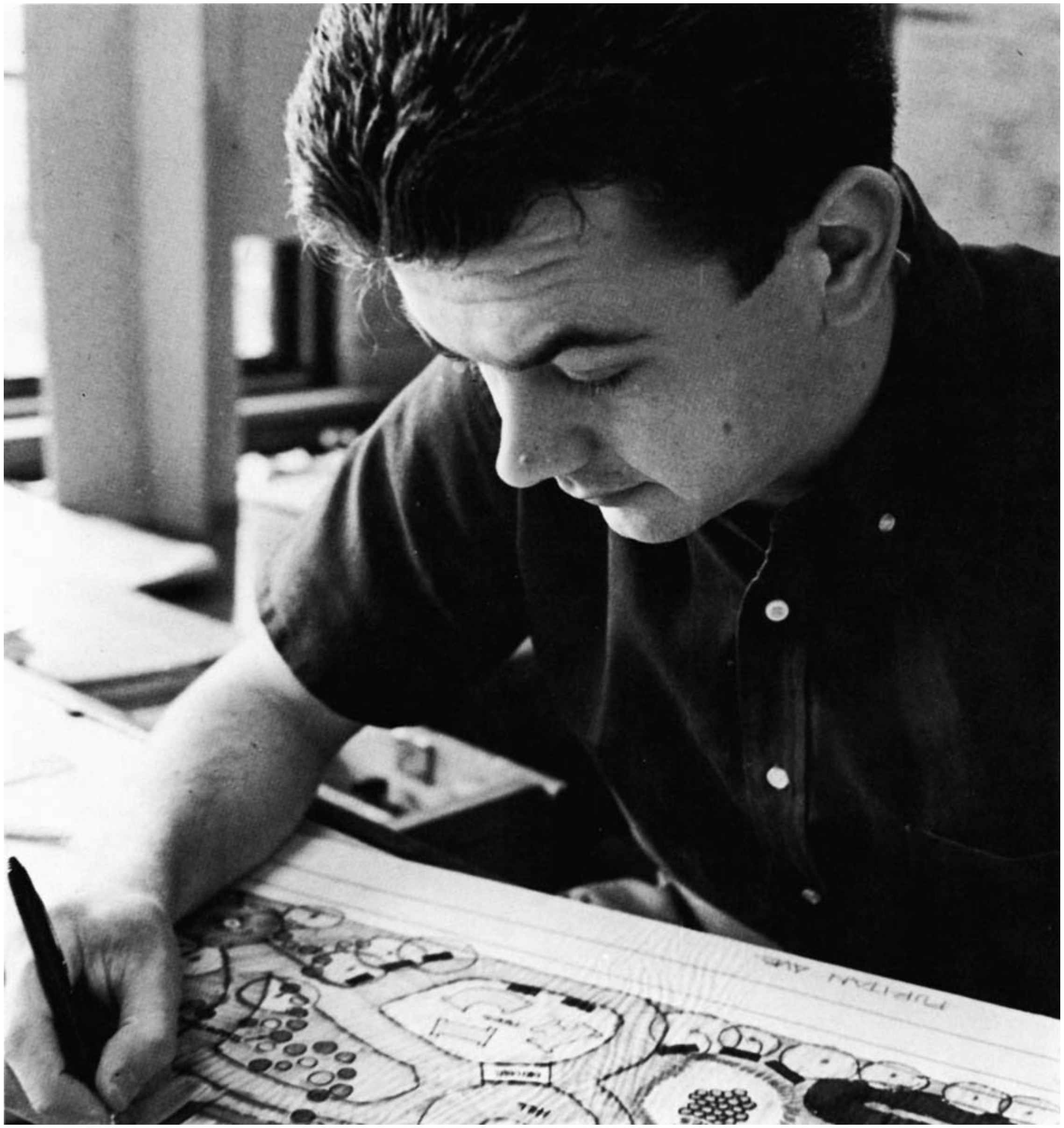
But, rather than considering only the expansion of slum rings and slum processes, we must think how the expansion can be stopped and even reversed. To achieve a Great Society, the slum will have to dissolve. What will be the geographic stages of slum dissolution? Will the affluent central business district move outward? Only in proportion to general urban expansion. The affluent business district expands mostly upwards in skyscrapers, not outwards over expensive land. Nor will the slums nearest downtown dissolve immediately; they are the most profitable, thus the least likely to come down. The first stage of slum dissolution will be where their profitability, relative to the next ring of land use, is low. It is at the outer margin of the slums where they should be attacked and compelled to contract geographically. The slums must be rolled back, like a glacier, in the direction from which they came. As the slums retreat, the entire mentality of the city will reverse. For decades, eyes have been turned outward toward the suburbs; but with the retreat of the slums, eyes will turn inward, and the sophisticated joys of city living will be rediscovered.

Fitzgerald is at the outside margin of the slum ring, and so is one of the first communities where slum processes must be fought. The essence of the Fitzgerald Experiment is the development and implementation of anti-slum techniques. The Experiment has some hope of succeeding, for Fitzgerald is not looking at itself with one eye and at the suburbs with another. Its eyes are inward toward the center of the city.

But all urban America, even the most affluent new suburb, is suffering from some degree of slum process — juvenile delinquency, property destruction, and aging. As the cynical real estate men say, "A neighborhood starts going downhill the minute it is built." Thus Fitzgerald must try to extend its anti-slum techniques to other neighborhoods and eventually to all Detroit. Fitzgerald has begun. It realizes that to survive, the areas around it must survive; thus Fitzgerald has been surrounding the University of Detroit and Marygrove College with regenerating neighborhoods. The Fitzgerald Community Council works closely with many surrounding organizations; for instance, it shared its housing service with the Bagley Community Council to the immediate north. The Fitzgerald beachhead will link up with Martin Park to the east and the Hampton-Gesu Parish complex to the northeast.

Fitzgerald has a strategy. It has the potential power to implement the strategy. Only time will tell if it will succeed.

Chapter VIII: Fitzgerald Plans



VIII-1 Former Fitzgerald planner Owen Klugel philosophizes about alienation:

Man is no longer in a position to shape his own environment. He is not able to express himself. It is shaped for him, but the people who are shaping it don't really understand who they are shaping it for.

Beauty in a neighborhood, as in an individual, is as much a spiritual as a physical quality. It is important not only that people find their neighborhood beautiful but that they contribute to making it so, for if not, they will soon feel isolated from their environment, no matter how physically glorious it might be. Americans today do not participate in planning and arranging their neighborhoods, and so do tend to be alienated from them.

An architectural student at Fitzgerald's University of Detroit, Owen Klugel, has important insights into this problem:

The problem is to present an environment that is completely flexible and adaptable, so that the environment adapts to the people and the people do not adapt to the environment. I could sit down right now and re-design Fitzgerald, say I have five billion dollars. By the time I designed Fitzgerald and got it built, the whole nature of the community would be changed and every individual in it would be changed. We need an environment that is changing with the people.

The rugged individual idea still lingers, though we are getting more mass-produced. You see people planting their flowers and arranging their flower beds, or moving their chairs, or setting stones around trees. Those few little things they are able to manipulate in their environment. These are the only things in our environment that are variable. If a person were able to manipulate his whole house easily — colors, shapes, and textures — he would. We have the technology to enable him to do it. But we are a long way from this. The "primitives" were closer.

Thus city planning is not the concern of the expert alone, but of all its people.

It is not always easy for the people of a neighborhood to agree on what should be done, for a neighborhood is often composed of the widest imaginable variety of individuals. In Fitzgerald, social distances between the street people and the university people are vast. Students at the University of Detroit are very distant socially from the people on the streets immediately south of the campus. Boys from these streets have been jack rolling male dormitory students, who have threatened a retaliatory riot. It is no suprise that the University of Detroit receives some abuse. It is an alien white middle class island in a sea of black semi-employed factory workers. The University does not encourage its neighborhood to aspire to a college education or even to feel the campus is open to them.

Even on one block, highly varied families and individuals live together. Take Petoskey Street. "Moochie" is a young man who was so rejected that he was wild by kindergarten and lost three fingers at the dairy on Puritan at five years old. He had to leave Fitzgerald School in the primary units. For all his troubles, he is still a warm and courageous personality. James Dillard was the initiator of a Little League Baseball Club and, the first year of the Santa Claus parade, was the first black Santa thousands of kids had ever seen. One boy on the block robbed and killed the young filling station attendant at the Clark station on the east side of Livernois not a block from his home; the boy he killed was white and lived not two blocks away. The Greenways on the same street have been threatened by the parents of the boy who killed the filling station attendant. Which Petoskey Street are we talking about? Which individual, distinct, and precious human being? From the campus, Petoskey Street might appear one solid threat, but this seeming uniformity is false, even prejudiced.

The Fitzgerald Community Council has tried to involve many groups in the effort to beautify Fitzgerald. The Council interacts with many groups and societies within the community, but few of these interact with each other directly. For instance, the University and the businessmen do not communicate with each other, but the Council interacts with both. The Council's role is awkward due to the very breadth of its understanding. In talking to the university and explaining the merchants' needs, the University tends to project the Council itself into the role of the merchant. The same projection is made by the merchants when the Council speaks of the University's problems. In trying to be everyone's friend, it is hard not to appear to be everyone's enemy.

The Council's role as reconciler is thus difficult and requires high maturity. For example, the University is doing its best to beautify Livernois and to landscape its campus, spending considerable sums. But sign practices are bad, uglifying both community and campus. Also, across the street and slightly south, used truck lots abound, providing flagrant examples of commercial blight. Just eight years ago Confederate flags, the banner of slavery, were used to "decorate" a truck lot. If the Council plays its cards deftly, it may convince the University to convert the used truck lots into housing sites for retirees and University of Detroit students, a benefit to both community and campus.

Stan Lewin — City Planner

Property maintenance has been a key battle waged by Fitzgerald's planners. With the problems of property maintenance, the city government has proven most helpful. Most of Fitzgerald's property maintenance work is being accomplished under a 2.4 million dollar code enforcement program, entitled Fitzgerald Neighborhood Improvements Program (FNIP). The code enforcement program has provided low interest loans as well as some grants to homeowners for individual repair. In five years, one out of six homes in Fitzgerald has been repaired, and one out of six rebuilt privately. The program has also resurfaced streets, paved alleys, repaired curbs and broken sidewalks, and tried to eliminate commercial eyesores. An annual beautification contest provides cash prizes to the best kept property, and stimulates up-keep efforts. The entire program is administered by Stanley Lewin, a member of the Detroit Housing Commission.

Planning can be a seductive science. Structurally beautiful architectural sketches of the Neighborhood of the Future can be a human disaster. Too often a plan seems to consist of one perfectly designed unit repeated ad nauseam: The Endless Symmetry Approach. A Fifty-Year Plan for residential areas is not as good as a Plan to Plan Forever. Neighborhoods are for those who live in them. They must be tailored to fit each new generation.

Lewin has contributed greatly to Fitzgerald. He administers a project that represents American government at its best. A major part of the reason for its success is that Lewin is not only an efficient manager, but an excellent ward heeler in the best sense. Lewin himself describes how intimately he involves himself with the people in the neighborhood:

A neighborhood should be a living organism, not just a bunch of people who happen to live within a couple of blocks of one another. The city has gone out and organized people in communities, has backed block clubs and community council organizations. This not only creates answers, but problems, because as people work together and become effective, they examine things and say, "Well, why can't this be changed? Why do we have to accept this? Why can't it be done this way?"

This is a Neighborhood Conservation Office, and if somebody says to me, "How come you get involved with questions about dances for teenagers at the Post School, or about donations of food for a picnic for kids, or about use of the office for a Christmas party?" I say, "Well, I do because I think it has a bearing on the neighborhood."

You get involved in the personal aspects of people's lives. I recognize eight hundred to a thousand people. Someone calls and says, "I'm taking training toward self-support and I am getting ADC but my landlord is trying to move me out. Will you help me find something else in this area?" You are caught up in the life of that individual at that particular moment.

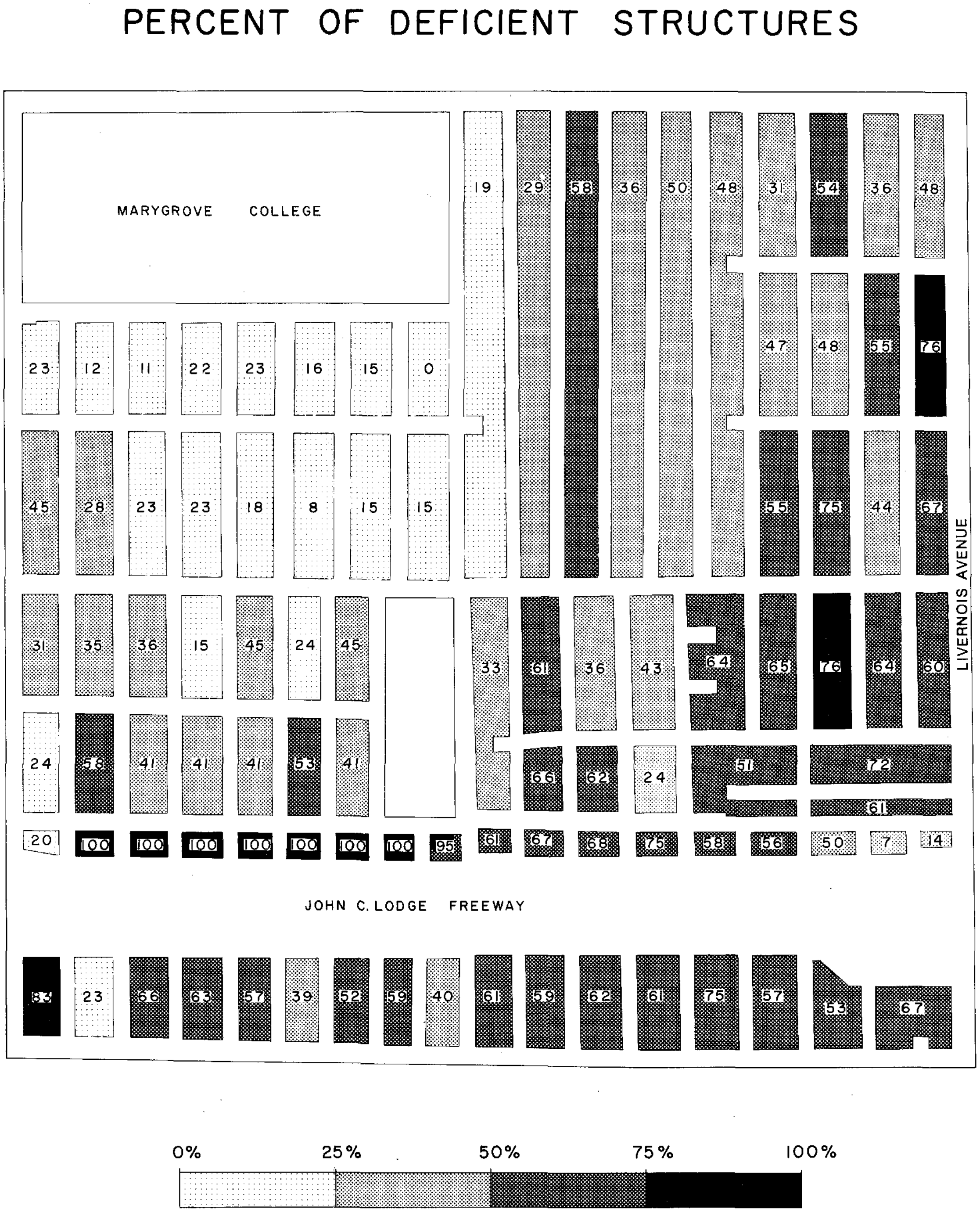
Lewin is a planner with a special skill — paci-

VIII-6 Stan Lewin is a modest man. He worries, he extends himself, and he deserves primary responsibility for making good housing Fitzgerald's strongest asset.

VIII-3 Average housing. Mr. White, a favorite of everyone in Fitzgerald, delivers mail.

VIII-2 A modest home. Several smaller bungalows exist in Fitzgerald, all built on the extreme rear of the respective lot. For as long as fifty years, these homes have been "temporary;" a "big house" was supposed to be built on the front portion of the lot. "Temporary" can be a tricky way of achieving permanence and beating zoning and other codes.

VIII-4 Affluent housing. Fitzgerald's best house sits immediately opposite Marygrove College. When Fitzgerald was a suburb, the real estate men referred to "Behind Marygrove" with particular respect. This home now holds the President of Marygrove College.


PERCENT OF DEFICIENT STRUCTURES
MARYGROVE COLLEGE
LIVERNOIS AVENUE
JOHN C. LODGE FREEWAY
19
29
58
36
50
48
31
54
36
48
23
12
11
22
23
16
15
0
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48
55
76
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39
52
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40
61
59
62
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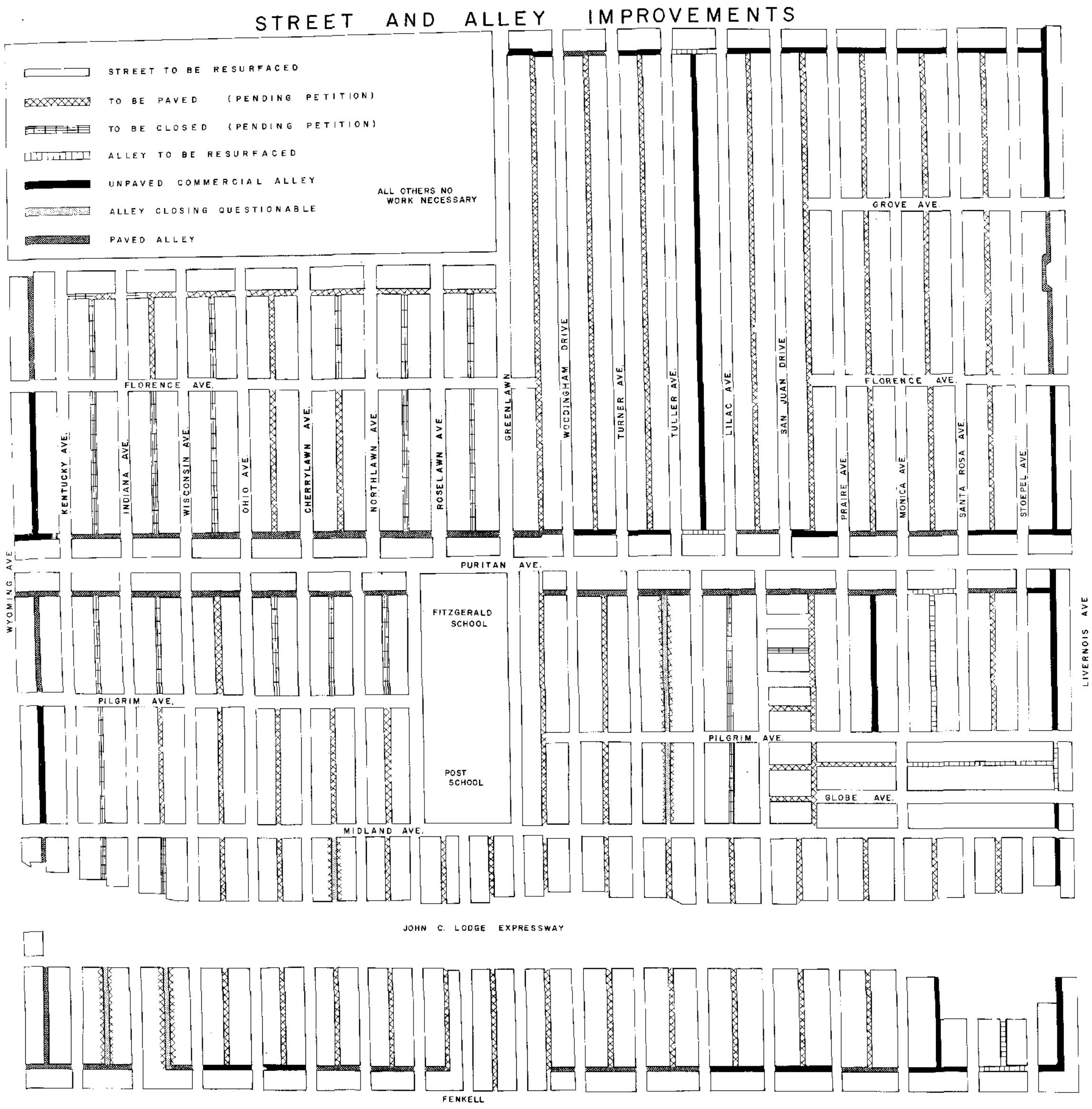
0%
25%
50%
75%
100%

fication. Pacification, the establishment of internal peace, is a delicate art that consists of sharing the injustices of people, finding solutions to the shared injustices and implementing the solutions through an organizational structure. Lewin is the servant, not the savior of the people.

At times, Lewin must not only be a planner and a pacifier, but a scientist and a theologist. The good planner has to be able to analyze scientifically the plans of the people, and implement them in a way that is scientifically valid. Sometimes, too, he must recognize that science can only take him so far, and he must make a leap *of faith — of faith in the plans of the people.* He becomes, in part, a theologist.

Divisions between the labors of planner, theologist, geographer, pacifier and scientist, are thus highly artificial; they often even impede action to the point where one is tempted to believe in a conspiracy to obfuscate through obfuscation. Yet, if these divisions are ignored, good plans can be created. Ultimately, too, if a plan is democratic as opposed to masterful, if it is indigenous — such as providing more classroom space — as opposed to foreign, such as building a new expressway that slices ruthlessly through people's homes, it wins the people to it.

VIII-5 Noise and noxious fume pollution has obviously depressed housing near the expressway. The government offers no compensation for such destruction. On the eastern edge of the map, the expressway is buffered by an entrance ramp, and the apparent result is better housing.
The blight along Livernois is associated with the University of Detroit. Students tend to form code-violating rooming houses and have the transients' disrespect for property up-keep. Fitzgerald Community Council membership is non-existent among University of Detroit professors. Marygrove College, on the other hand, has stimulated good housing surrounding its campus.


STREET AND ALLEY IMPROVEMENTS
STREET TO BE RESURFACED
TO BE PAVED (PENDING PETITION)
TO BE CLOSED (PENDING PETITION)
ALLEY TO BE RESURFACED
UNPAVED COMMERCIAL ALLEY
ALLEY CLOSING QUESTIONABLE
PAVED ALLEY
ALL OTHERS NO WORK NECESSARY
GROVE AVE.
FLORENCE AVE.
FLORENCE AVE.
KENTUCKY AVE.
INDIANA AVE.
WISCONSIN AVE.
OHIO AVE.
CHERRYLAWN AVE.
NORTHLAWN AVE.
ROSELAWN AVE.
GREENLAWN
WOODINGHAM DRIVE
TURNER AVE.
TULLER AVE.
LILAC AVE.
SAN JUAN DRIVE
PRAIRE AVE.
MONICA AVE.
SANTA ROSA AVE.
STOEPEL AVE.
WYOMING AVE.
PURITAN AVE.
FITZGERALD SCHOOL
LIVERNOIS AVE
PILGRIM AVE.
PILGRIM AVE.
POST SCHOOL
GLOBE AVE.
MIDLAND AVE.
JOHN C. LODGE EXPRESSWAY
FENKELL

VIII-7 This street and alley plan designed by Lewin lacks grandeur, but it keeps the alleys up and helps fight the rats that plague large regions of slum Detroit. It fits the needs of the people in the neighborhood.

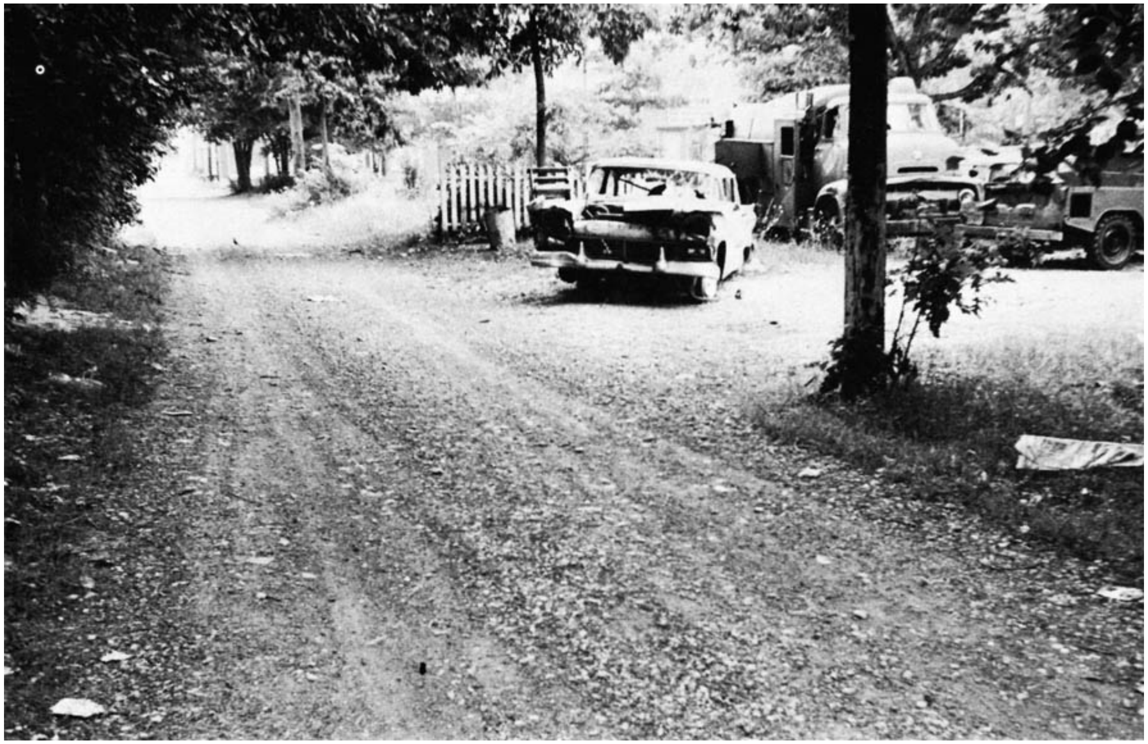
If more and more people come to care for Fitzgerald, it will be given the attention that will make it shine. Much has been done already. The neighborhood has selected the petunia as its flower, and it pops up gaily in many appropriate places. A continuous battle rages to keep the streets and lots clear of abandoned cars; block clubs have been one of the major forces, contributing particularly to cleaning the alleys. In the fall of 1965, the city selected the neighborhood for a smoke abatement program: leaves were carried off rather than burned. This greatly reduced pollution, producing one or two sunny weekends in an otherwise besmogged city. Street lighting has been improved with mercury vapor lamps, but the lighting fixtures are tasteless and the light tends to glare in intense pools, beaming brightly into bedroom windows. In a residential area, many low intensity lights, such as individual charm lights, might be better: they give a soft warm glow.

Other functional plans abound: a stop light on the corner of Cloverlawn and Puritan would save children who live northwest of school six minutes a trip, and so twelve minutes at noon; this would enable more children to return home for lunch and therefore relieve the pressure on school lunch facilities. Similarly, a small walkway between the unextended street at Pilgrim and Greenlawn would save five minutes a trip for the Fitzgerald children who live east of school on or near Pilgrim. An overpass at Midland and Livernois would keep traffic and children from continuously running into each other. Footpaths between the houses on the half-mile blocks north of Puritan would open housing to students at the University of Detroit and stimulate social interaction.

But more plans and efforts are needed. Tender loving care alone cannot improve Fitzgerald; a study of the functions of the neighborhood is necessary. Function and beauty are related. For example, the street pattern in Fitzgerald was designed for horse and buggy travel, and today invites hot-rodding by youngsters. Functional changes are necessary. Corners could be blocked and landscaped, entire cross-streets

NO
LEFT
TURN
7AM-9AM

VII-9 Run for your life, child.

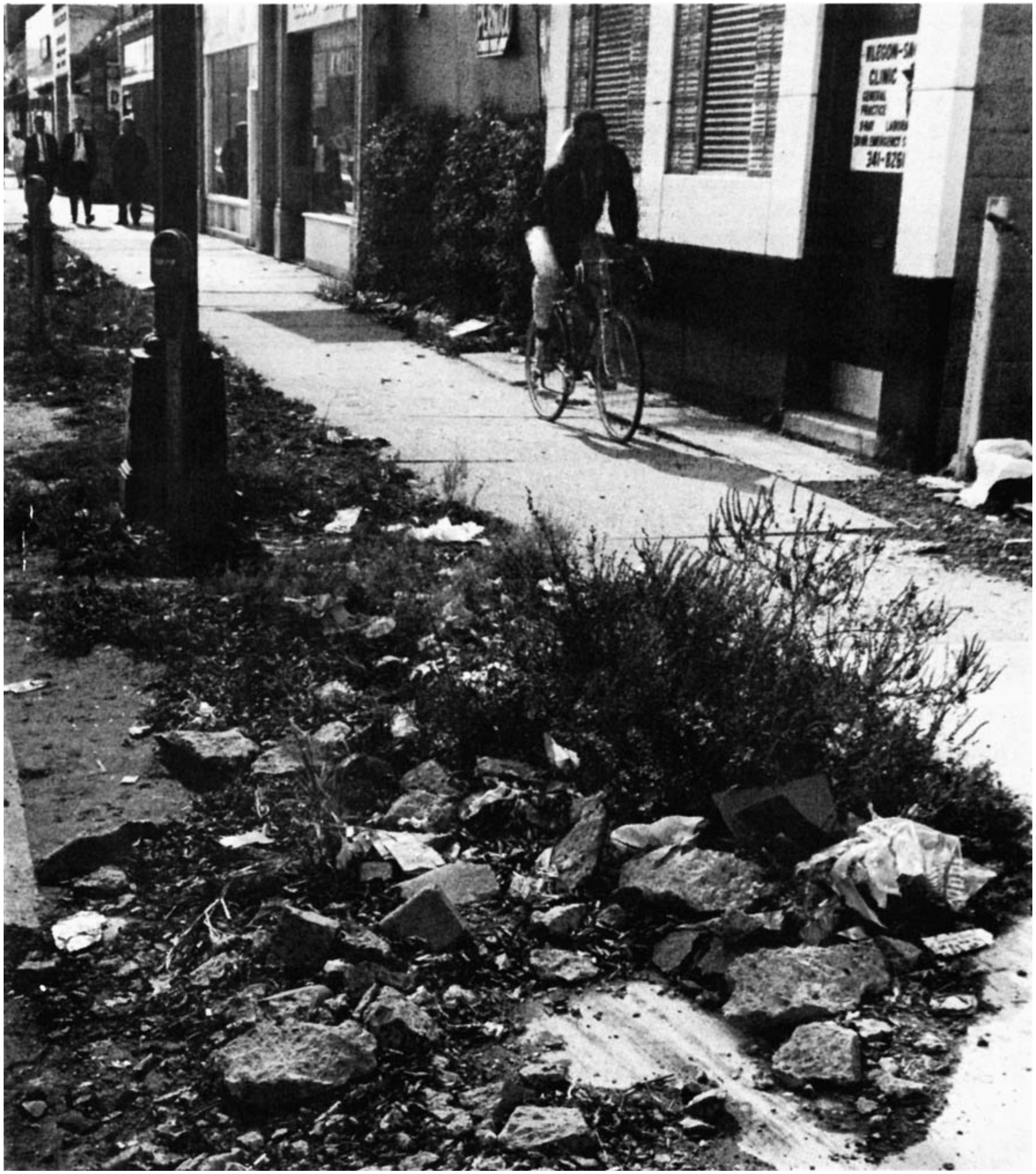


VIII-8 Junked cars in Fitzgerald. For generations white folks have been junking their cars in black neighborhoods. White Detroit dumps its garbage, its prostitute seekers, its drug addicts, its pollution on black Detroit; why not its old cars?

turned into lawns, and a series of kitty-cornered walls built, turning the traffic left or right. The result would be a design similar to the cul-de-sac pattern of the suburbs. Owen Klugel has made the suggestion to install attractive bumpy brick pavement to slow down the automobiles.

Functional requirements also have to be observed in beautifying the area between sidewalk and curb, the berm, on Fitzgerald's commercial streets. Presently, the berm has been planted with grass, but it is impossible to keep it green, for it is trampled by motorists leaving or entering their parked cars. The berm, designed for beauty, becomes an ugly mud patch, peppered with broken glass and littered with paper and other debris. These strips should be paved. New designs for the streets and pavement for the berm could be accompanied by a broader, similarly functional beautification plan, perhaps including potted flowers, benches, and a special set of street signs identifying the neighborhood at its boundaries.

The extent to which these plans will be accomplished and to which Fitzgerald generally will be beautified depends considerably upon individual commercial property owners. Recent prosperity in Detroit has perked up many businesses and vacancies do not exist in their previous epidemic proportions. Several businesses have greatly improved their appearance by bootstrap efforts. But some businesses become extreme eyesores and neighborhood depressants.

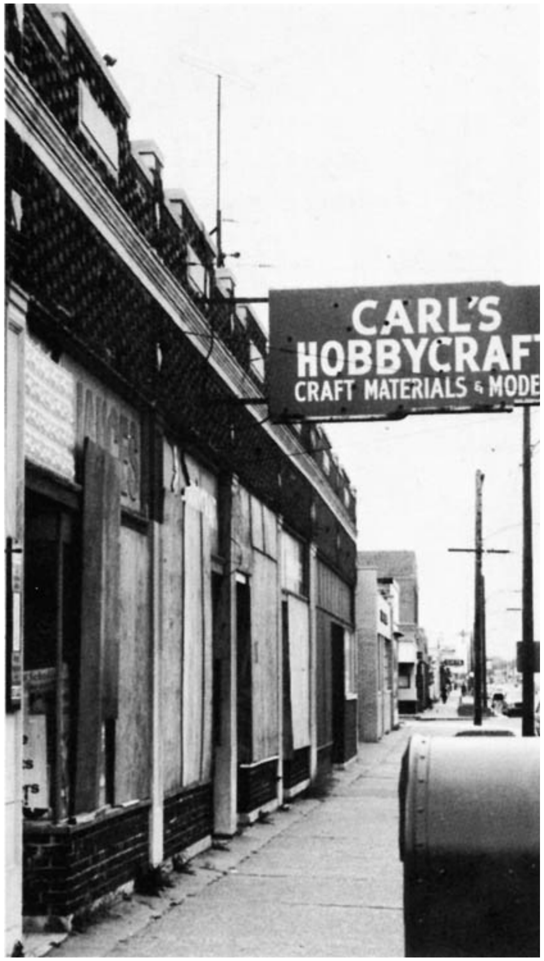

CLINIC
GENERAL PRACTICE
341-8261

VIII-10 What good intentions can lead to: the berm, a "beautifying strip of rural greenery in modern urban America."

White Commercial Property

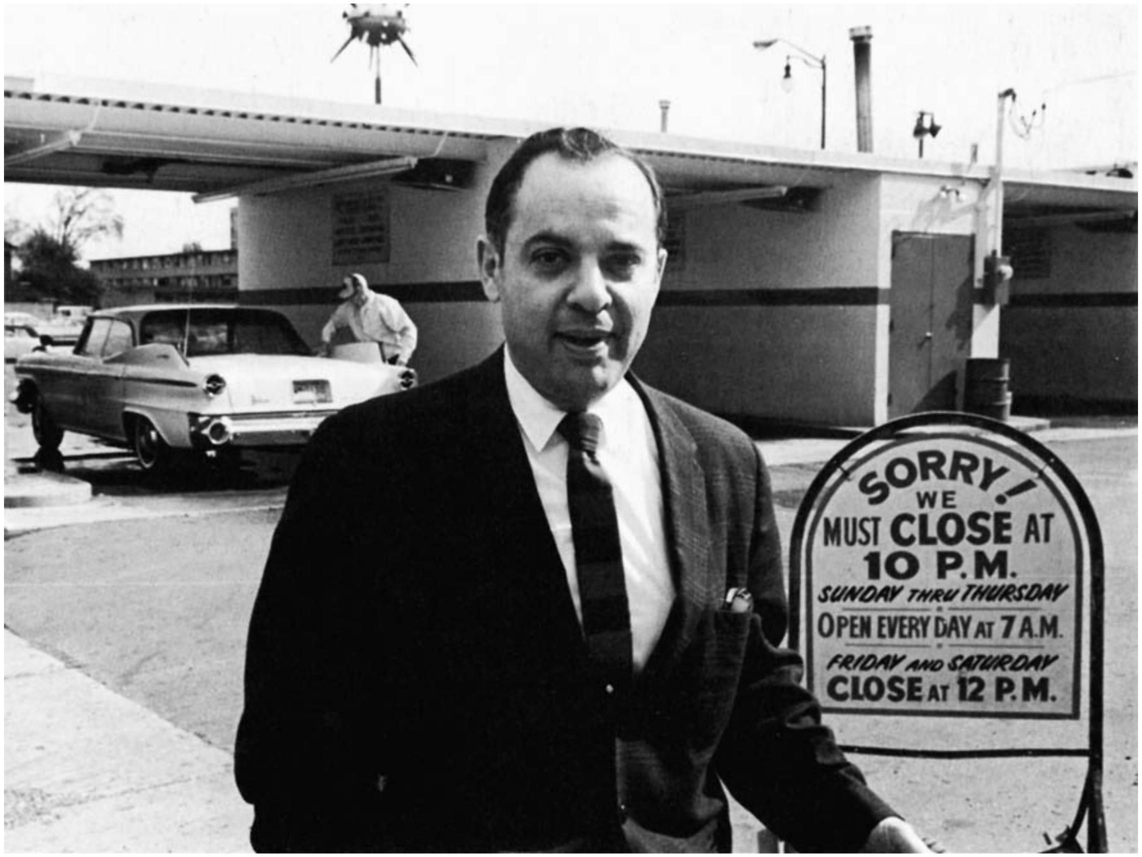
Why is so much white commercial property visually repugnant? Sometimes the reason is slovenliness, sometimes lack of pride. But more often it's racism. White merchants are not subtle in their prejudice against blacks. For instance, they say to the (white) author, "For them four dollars, for you three-fifty." Referring to blacks, they use the vilest of racist terms. In spite of a public accommodation act, the merchants put electric locks on their doors and permit only certain people to enter. This racism breeds counter racism, especially among the young who are most discriminated against. The youngsters may throw retaliatory bricks through carefully selected windows. If the white owner wants total revenge, he then makes his store the most ugly eyesore possible, insulting the entire community, driving down black residential values, and allowing passing white motorists to cluck-cluck about how the neighborhood has declined since "they" moved in.

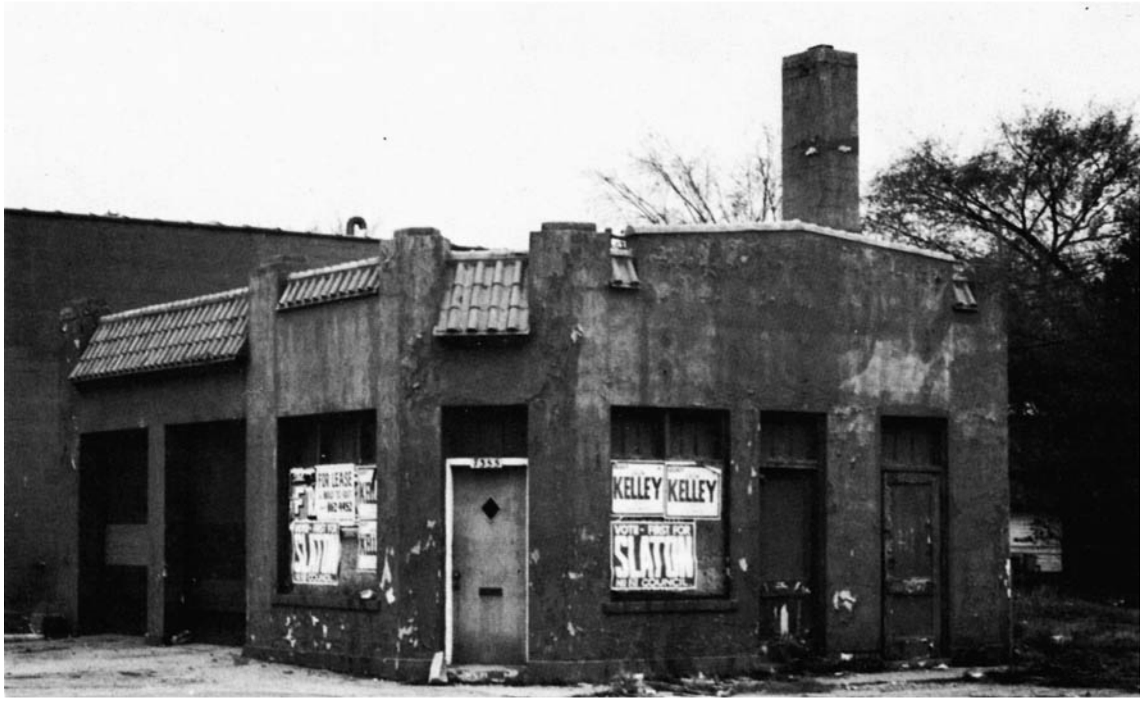
Curing the pox of white commercial properties is not easy. Responsive to white businessmen but not to black residents, the Board of Zoning Appeals is a one-way racket. "Exceptions" to already low standards are constantly allowed. Fitzgerald needs up-graded zoning to keep the ring of slums away. Institutions with enough power to improve zoning, such as the University of Detroit, with its Catholic clout, seem too provincial to associate declining zoning standards with increased crime on campus.



VIII-11 Wrecks of "white capitalism" like these are induced for social, not functional, reasons.

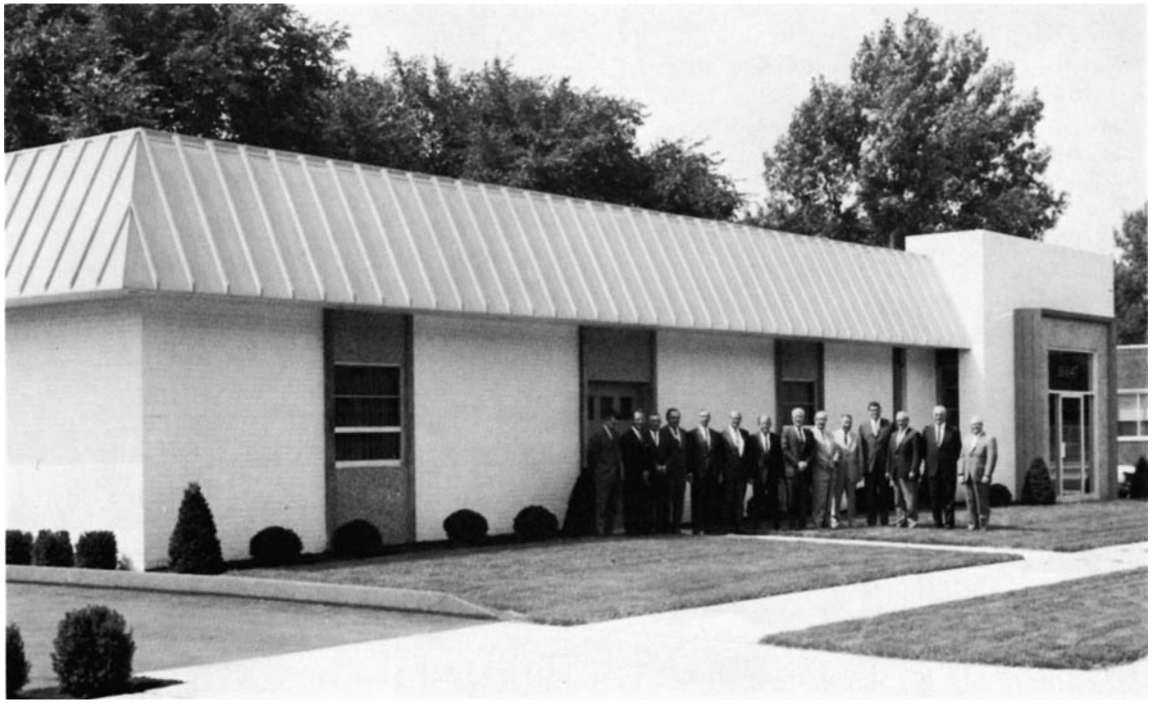
VIII-12 Stan Lewin next to a code enforcement victory he engineered on Livernois. This car wash was running at all hours, blighting the residences immediately behind it. Unfortunately, victories like this are rare and exhausting.


SORRY!
WE
MUST CLOSE AT
10 P.M.
SUNDAY THRU THURSDAY
OPEN EVERY DAY AT 7 A.M.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
CLOSE AT 12 P.M.



VIII-13 Certain places that cease to function cannot be salvaged. Tiny gasoline stations should be torn down. The major reason for their existence is a social and economic swindle. In one of the crueler flimflams practiced in America, the oil companies of "private enterprise" hustle a man, telling him that if he works loyally for twenty-five years he will own a gas station. Who ever heard of a twenty-five year old gas station? They are as junker as a twenty-five year old car. In the end, exhausted families own these worthless wrecks and try to turn them into repair shops, offices, or just anything to have gotten something for their years of "self-employed sucker" status.

VIII-14 Certain places that cease to function can be salvaged by giving them a new function. For instance, the functions of small shops give way to supermarkets and shopping centers, but the shops can be made over to suit new uses. Warehousing, provided trucking is not too heavy, is not necessarily pernicious. This picture shows the most improved building in the neighborhood, the Painters' Union Local on Wyoming; the union officials are proudly assembled in front of their structure. The building, a neighborhood wreck, cost $35,000 and was re-built for an additional $65,000.



In addition, planning by the city is needed. Much of the ugliness of the area is municipal in origin: the huge noisy expressways, the unenforced commercial codes, the disrepair and unattractiveness of publicly owned property. A tie-up in the courts left a burned out bowling alley standing as a shell for years, blighting the neighborhood. It is particularly difficult for the neighborhood that the city keeps up its own property poorly, for neighborhood merchants cannot be expected to keep their property better than the city does. The most antiquated structure in the neighborhood is the forty-year-old public school. The school property has broken curbing, poor snow removal from its sidewalks, dismal interior lighting and boiler factory acoustics: it is a neighborhood disgrace. The two sets of properties, public and private, must be improved hand in hand.

The Fenkell-Livernois area is one that has particularly suffered at the hands of the city. The construction of the expressway cut the Fenkell-Livernois shopping center off from the northern half of its market area. In a gesture of compensation, the city built a parking lot there, but it is never more than half-filled. A consultant hired by the city made a series of interesting suggestions to improve the center, including a mall, an arcade, clean-up, encouragement of a local businessmen's association, use of the rear of the stores (the direction facing the parking lot), placement of the parking lot so that it can be viewed from the street, and construction of an entrance from Livernois. But no action was taken on these suggestions, and the area continues to decline.

The Greenlawn ramp to the expressway once dumped tremendously heavy traffic on Greenlawn, a street where several neighborhood schools are located. A militant group of mothers protested the ramp. The mothers succeeded, and the ramp was closed. The ramp now lies in disuse with a "permanently temporarily closed" appearance. The ramp is scheduled to be removed and re-landscaped as part of the city's contribution to the Fitzgerald Neighborhood Improvements Program. It has been suggested that the city or private enterprise construct two supper club sites over the expressway and use the formed access ramp for parking, thus returning this awkward strip to the city tax base and providing a worthwhile facility. It is hoped that the supper clubs will be racially integrated; a club that creates its atmosphere and chooses its entertainment appropriately can easily effect integration, just as the all-white atmosphere of the existing supper clubs in the area generates segregation. Since Detroit is a world jazz capital, a club with a jazz theme would be most appropriate and would of course draw blacks and whites as its clientele.

The expressway itself, which bisects Fitzgerald, is becoming, overtly, a class highway. Stop lights have been placed on the expressway ramps so that the inner city motorist cannot enter the expressway as long as the rich are occupying the highway. The expressways begin in affluent places of business downtown and terminate in affluent places of residence in the suburbs. What could be more fair than first come first served, with the rich whites somehow always first in line? In urban America the slum system embraces even the seemingly innocent transportation system.

Although Americans point to their classless buses, trains, and airplanes and claim that their transportation system is much less class-based than European transportation, the claim is not true. America has the most specialized class transportation system in the world. The private automobile provides a perfectly sealed compartment. What is a car other than a short bus? If it is self-chauffeured, as opposed to a taxi or limousine, the segregation is absolute. Exactly how class-based is the transportation system? Think of the automobile driver's fear that the poor will drop material upon him from pedestrian overpasses, a fear not without foundation. And this fear often becomes terror for people riding on surface streets through slum ghettos. These people lock their car doors and keep their windows tightly sealed, even during the hottest weather, scared of being robbed or accosted.

The public transportation system would seem to be the democratic antidote to the automobile. But the system is most unpopular, for public transportation represents something of a trauma to most people. The expression on the face of the passenger on a public bus is bland and unhesitating as he chooses a seat, but he is flipping through his mental IBM cards at a million a minute: "If I sit next to a Negro will I look patronizing? If I do not, will I look prejudiced?" Some passengers are so anxious to avoid what they consider an objectionable seatmate that they spread themselves or their parcels across two seats. And even the public transportation system is often segregated. Express trains and buses not only serve to whisk passengers into the central business district at blazing speed; they also segregate the passengers by income, social standing, and race. No Detroit suburban buses stop within the city limits until downtown.

Today public transportation is not only segregated but totally blind to the needs of the people it serves. It runs on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. You stand on such and such a cold and wet corner, at such and such a time, and are dropped off at such and such a place — all by the determination of the managers of the bus system, for their convenience. On a snowy day, imagine the majority of passengers on the McNichols bus ordering the driver to make the loop of the Marygrove College campus driveway to drop off coeds! Incredible! For a "free country" we certinaly have gone overboard about running our trains on time.

Why is there such a lack of enterprise in public transportation? Ringing his bell, the ice cream man transports his ice cream bars to the children's doors each night. (Couldn't a bookmobile go up and down each street ringing a bell to condition the children into drooling for books?) Unlike the garbageman, the milkman, employee of a private enterprise, serves his customers; he sets his milk at the door, not at the curb or in the alley. Why do the governmental and quasi-governmental transportation services feel they can refuse to provide service at normal American levels of courtesy and consideration? Is it our government itself that is dragging down the neighborhoods of America, and not the citizens who always seem to catch the blame?

Perhaps public transportation systems would be more attentive to their customers' needs if they were supplemented by community-based buses. Such buses would, however, reinforce the tendency to segregated transportation, and so perhaps only a heterogeneous neighborhood, where democracy flourishes, can afford one of these systems. Fitzgerald is one of these neighborhoods. It might be possible to develop a bus system really attuned to the pulses of the neighborhood, perhaps one run by a dispatcher who promotes neighborhood use of the bus, complete with taxi-type two-way radios. Couldn't mini-buses go to individual homes, as a car pool pick-up does? Why not use the buses for employed persons' journeys to work in the early morning, and then later for housewives' shopping trips? Why not two or three full-time bus salesmen working in the neighborhoods to drum up trade for ski trips in the winter and beach trips in the summer? A weekly tradition could be established; Wednesday to downtown, Thursday to Northland Shopping Center, Friday to the supermarkets, Saturday men to the football game and teenagers to the roller rink, Sunday morning to the churches, and Sunday afternoon family day at a park. A friendly social atmosphere would develop among the regulars.

These ideas are now practiced by churches. The parochial schools — Hebrew, Muslim, and Catholic—serve Fitzgerald with community buses. Generally, however, public buses today serve lines, not areas or people. People's movements do not correspond to the movements of the machines.

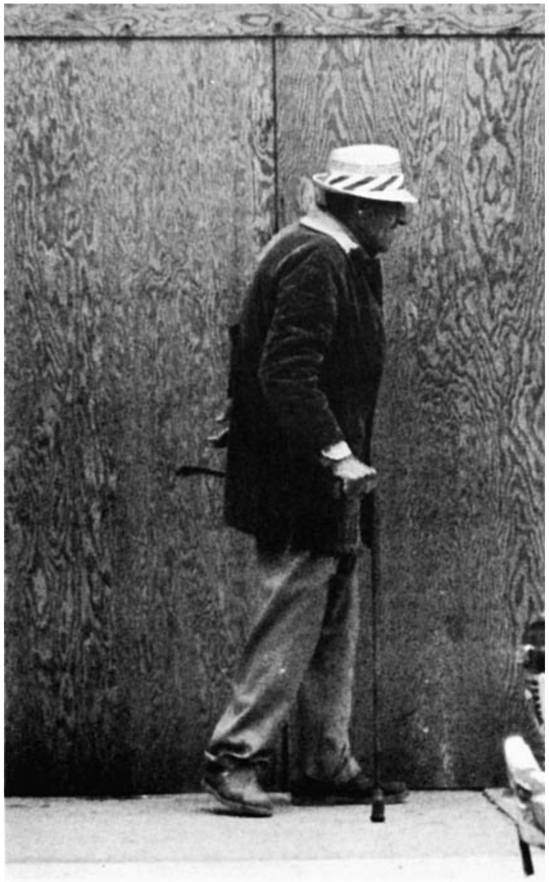
As mentioned previously, some of the deepest wounds to urban planning are afflicted by urban renewal. It incites the poor to insurrection, for urban renewal renews real estate, not human beings. The destruction of existing slums in one area further increases the density of remaining slums, forcing up rents, misery, and profits. America has a bad history in regard to relocations of minority peoples. Mass evictions have befallen many minority groups. The Indians were forced on death marches, such as the Trail of Tears, and concentrated on foreign and worthless land. The Afro-Americans have a similar history, as the experience of James Kanada in Fitzgerald indicates. The gypsies in Fitzgerald, by some unwritten "Constitutional Law," were allowed to stay only forty-eight hours in their camps. The very word, "ghetto," originated in reference to the Jews and to the restrictive real estate practices and social prejudices that continue to concentrate these people. Discrimination against Appalachians in northern cities also causes ghettos, such as the Appalachian colony on Third Street in Detroit immediately south of Wayne State University. This American tradition of geographic ruthlessness contradicts the school boy myths of free settlement in a free land.

The people of Detroit have become so outraged at being ordered to "get packing" to make way for urban renewal and expressways that since the early sixties they have been taking to the streets in mass numbers to compel governmental caution. A sharp conflict in Fitzgerald came with the government's attempt to condemn sixty homes for the construction of a park. Although the plan for the park was ideal, the American method of seizure is so ruthless and unfair that it inevitably provokes maximum resistance. The park site was to be between Midland and Pilgrim from Monica to the alley west of San Juan. This proposed site would appear perfect, and Fitzgerald did need a park. In spite of paying taxes for forty years for parks, Fitzgerald lies in the middle of the least park-served area of Detroit. This specific site is away from the existing school "playground," considered a park-like facility. Midland Street, by Old Holman's Woods, was badly plotted; it is a street on its south side, but an alley complete with garage backs and garbage cans, on its north side. With the exception of one family, the residents were elderly white people who would soon be physically unable to maintain their homes. In addition, the Parks and Recreation Department had strong backing from the Fitzgerald Community Council; when the construction of the park became doubtful, the Council gathered 1,837 signatures for it in just four days. If, under these circumstances, land cannot be condemmed, something would seem to be drastically wrong with the system of condemnation. And something is.

The forces of opposition to the park contained both illegitimate and legitimate elements. The illegitimate ones include the staunch white racism of both the people to be displaced and their immediate neighbors on Globe, who did not want a park attracting black teenagers to their street. This street was Catholic territory, St. Gregory Parish. These homeowners were able to gather 200 signatures and to get St. Gregory Parish on their side. In addition, though never mobilized, the newly arrived black families in the area sympathized with the white homeowners, for there is not a black family in Detroit that has not been either the direct victim of ruthless removal or the close relative or friend of a victim.

But most of the opposition to the construction of the park stemmed from legitimate hatred of the incredibly cruel condemnation practices of American cities. These practices seem based on a philosophy of confronting individual homeowners with overwhelming power. The procedure begins with mailing an ultimatum to the individual to submit or simply be bulldozed under the rubble. A long time, sometimes years, elapses between notification and property appraisal. But, with the receipt of the official governmental notice, community morale is shattered. Why should individual property owners keep up or improve property that is soon to be destroyed? This calculated governmental delay vastly reduces the value of the property by the time the assessor arrives on the scene. Then the governmental block-busters really go to work, pressuring and cajoling the people month after month to sell. Finally, a death here, a necessary move there, or a human weakness somewhere else, gives the government one or two homes on each block, and ugly plywood boards are slapped on windows like pennies on a dead man's eyes. An equally ugly sign is nailed to the veranda announcing the property is condemned: "No trespassing" . . . But really saying, "Neighbors get out" . . . "This is your fate," etc. Often school boys play in the abandoned structure and accidentally or deliberately burn the buildings, providing an even more ominous symbol. The government well knows the symbolic effect of burned-out buildings: almost every structure burned in the Insurrection of 1967 was immediately leveled and the ground filled so that the people would have no reminders of what they had done. Still, homeowners bravely hang on, tending their beloved flower gardens, as one by one the houses crash down around them. The sidewalks are crushed by the destruction equipment, the streets are caked with mud dragged there by the bulldozers and iron ball cranes. In the end, the stubborn face direct police action.

Simple alternatives are available. The homeowner often wants his home more than his land; the goverment wants the land, not the home. So why not relocate the homes on vacant land nearby? There were enough vacant lots within a half-mile of the proposed park in Fitzgerald to relocate every home. It is no more necessary to smash a family's home than to smash their furniture in order to obtain the land. Social geography also needs to be considered. Some people had been friendly neighbors for over forty years. If two or three families were especially close, why not arrange to relocate them together as a unit? Or, because most of the people were quite elderly, they could have been provided with low-cost retirement apartments, perhaps replacing the ugly used truck lots on Livernois. Of course, the attachment to the land itself, its trees, its look and the memories of the children raised there would still be forfeited, but in partial compensation an additional one percent per year of occupancy could be added to the assessed value of the home.



VIII-15 The old, like the children, the sick and the despised, have a miserable time in Fitzgerald. After they are unable to care for their property, no provision is made for them. They have no dignity and their suicide rate is extreme.

The tragedy of overlooking these alternatives is great. In Fitzgerald, just two years after the protesting families defended their homes and denied the neighborhood the park, the combination of race prejudice and old age has led almost all of them to move out.

Children are needy, and dependent upon adults for fulfillment of their needs. After their need to live, perhaps to play is most important. Psychologists point out the deep emotional importance of play. Play provides a child with the opportunity to express his own identity, to act out his own fears and his own desires. Play is also a chance for exploration of the unknown, for extension of the child into spheres of life that may be threatening to him. And, from the sociological rather than psychological viewpoint, play is also a group activity, and offers children an opportunity to learn to interact with others, free from intrusion by adults.

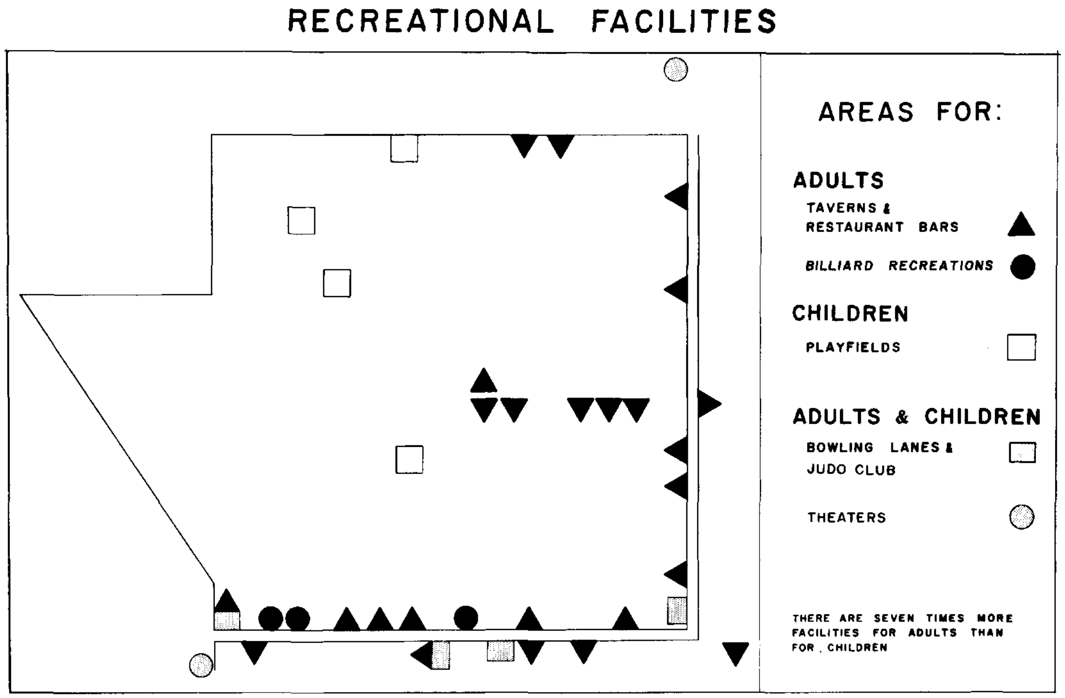
Thus a good neighborhood is a neighborhood with abundant opportunities for play. The American affluent tend to consider public recreation facilities mere frills, like a Roman circus, but only because their own children don't need them; their children are immersed in private recreation, such as Christmas vacation skiing at Aspen, spring vacation on the west coast of Florida, tennis and swimming at private clubs, at summer homes on lakes and even on their own suburban estates. But for everyone else, parks, playgrounds, athletic fields, swimming pools, all are important, and all need to be well equipped and well maintained. To black children, perhaps athletic opportunities are most important. Mackie Johnson emphasizes the subtle but important fact that in the psychology of integration, athletics occupies a significant position. Black athletes, as opposed to, say, black business executives, have free opportunity in America. The sports section is the one area of the communication industry, including the newspapers and TV, where integration is practiced completely and naturally. City-wide coaches' meetings are broadly accepted, even by otherwise highly bigoted types.

Fitzgerald has fought hard for adequate play facilities. Until recently, the battle seemed lost; the Detroit Department of Parks and Recreation, the Detroit School Center, and Fitzgerald's own neighborhood cranks seemed a conspiracy bent on frustrating the needs of children.

The problem of providing adequate play facilities was also complicated in Fitzgerald by frequent changes in the size of its young population. In the late twenties and thirties, the neighborhood swarmed with children and yet there was space for them. The Marygrove Woods at Marygrove College had not yet been fenced. Many vacant lots existed and the entire area to the west of Wyoming was countryside. But gradually the population became older and the play space for children shrank. Houses sprang up in the vacant lots. The basketball hoops on the garage doors came down one by one. Then suddenly in four or five years, the neighborhood was flooded with children. But the play space for them was gone.

What recreational facilities does the area enjoy? Marygrove College allows the far northeast of its campus to be used as a public park. It is the only place where teenage boys can legally play football and baseball on grass. In addition, Fitzgerald has a small Tot Lot, a large grade school and junior high school playground, and an indoor pool at the junior high school. Parks and Recreation staffs an afternoon summer program at the Tot Lot, the school yard and the swimming

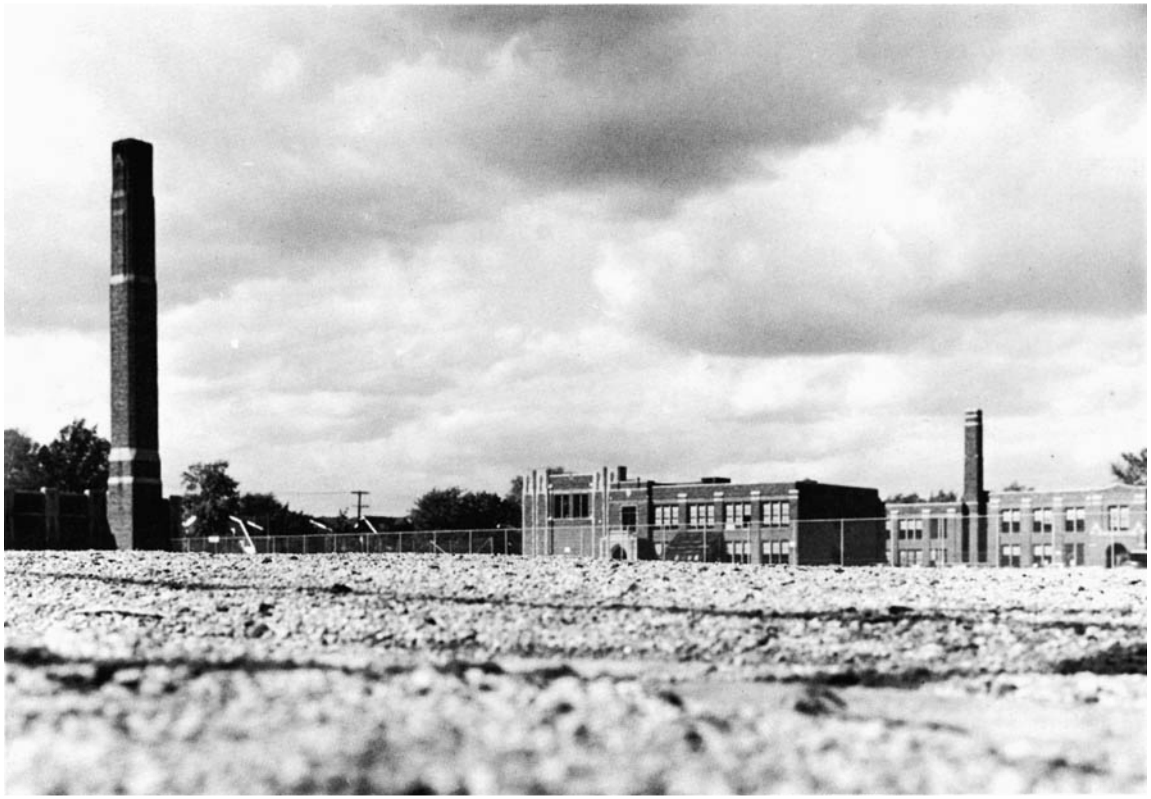
VIII-16


RECREATIONAL FACILITIES
AREAS FOR:
ADULTS
TAVERNS & RESTAURANT BARS ▲
BILLIARD RECREATIONS ●
CHILDREN
PLAYFIELDS ☐
ADULTS & CHILDREN
BOWLING LANES & JUDO CLUB ▨
THEATERS ◎
THERE ARE SEVEN TIMES MORE FACILITIES FOR ADULTS THAN FOR CHILDREN

VIII-17 Since this map was drawn in 1966 the following changes have occurred: Both movie theaters have closed, one bowling alley mysteriously burned after it was closed, and the playfield on the Marygrove campus was barred from neighborhood use. The taverns are booming, and many have been completely re-built. The ratio of adult facilities to children facilities has tipped even more in favor of the adults.

pool, but these cannot begin to serve an adequate percentage of the 3,341 children under thirteen years of age and the 1,437 teens in the area.

The neighborhood churches have some recreational facilities. Henderson Memorial Methodist Church installed a basketball hoop in its parking lot. The hoop is used day and night; teenagers turn their car lights on it at night, they are so desperate. The church has hired a recreation director and conducts its own summer program. In the summer of 1967 three churches, the Methodists, Lutherans, and Episcopalians, cooperated in a summer recreation program that included movies and athletics. The Baptists have their own full sports program and an annual picnic; they are considering placing a basketball hoop and other equipment in their parking lot. The Apostolic Church hosted a "We Care" conference for the neighborhood that included teenage recreation. One result of this meeting was a poll of Fitzgerald adults through the Fitzgerald PTA; because of the results of the poll, one coach was hired for the summer of 1967. The fight for coaches is important; coaches are psychological fathers. But recreational facilities remain totally inadequate. The great density of children is pressuring every square inch of space — the alleys, driveways, sidewalks, and the streets.



VIII-18 The geographic concept called "land use" is normally restricted to property mapping. But land is also used directly by humans. What is it that the human child in Fitzgerald actually touches? Is this a suitable surface for human contact, or is it just cheap, easy to maintain, easy to drain? Or is it deliberately inhumane so as to discourage after-school use? Would anyone want to picnic here?

But to these inadequacies neither Parks and Recreation nor the schools are responding with intellectual or emotional understanding. They view the flood of children as a nefarious scheme on the part of Fitzgerald residents to curry special concessions. The callousness of Parks and Recreation, which suggested racial bias, led to an investigation of the Department by the Commission on Community Relations during the fall of 1966. Cecil Erbaugh's testimony for the Commission read in part:

. . . Dr. Angus, Principal of Fitzgerald School . . . said that in the seven years she has served Fitzgerald its enrollment has nearly doubled, from 1,100 to 2,100 in round figures. In that period there has not been to my knowledge a single new recreational facility. One hesitates but is almost forced to ask the question, "Is it because many of our new residents are not white?"

But, despite the Commission's report, there is no visible evidence that Detroit's downtown officials have a child-oriented plan. They seem to give magical significance to the number of parks, schools, and so forth per square mile, but no consideration to the number of facilities per square child.

A primary difficulty is the lack of communication between the Parks and Recreation staff, and the school administrators and the community. There is no sense of neighborliness. Parks and Recreation seems to have an absentee landlord's sense of ownership of "its" parks and "its" playgrounds. It views neighborhood concern as meddling, as seizing property. During one heated conversation it was pointed out that the shuffleboard was not being used at the Lollo Tot Lot at Cherrylawn and Puritan, and the officials exploded, "But the shuffleboard was put in at the neighborhood's request!" "But the neighborhood has changed!" it was shouted back. The officials were only thinking, "this is the thanks we get," not that the shuffleboard was put in when the average age of Fitzgerald children was fifteen years, not eight years, as it is today. As the older population of Fitzgerald moved out, the Parks and Recreation planning systems became out of date.

The school playgrounds are deserted because they are not "playgrounds"; perhaps subconsciously, perhaps consciously, they have been made incompatible with "play." A paced square yard on Post's "playground," not the worst square yard in sight by any means, yielded fifty-nine pieces of glass and other jagged objects, whose total weight was six and one-half ounces. Multiplying this number by the number of square yards in the playground indicates that it contains a total of 820,690 pernicious objects weighing a total of 5,551 pounds or approximately 2.8 tons! School administrators seem to feel that childless playgrounds, especially over weekends and holidays, reduce vandalism and break-ins of the school, but the opposite is true. The best preventive is the presence of people. Pickpockets work in crowds, but casual vandals do not.

In the spring of 1963, the Community Council began to seek play equipment for the utterly barren Fitzgerald "playground." The tedious persistence necessary for the smallest improvement is unbelievable. First the school requested that the families adjacent to the grounds be polled to see if they objected. To a family they did not. This information was relayed to both the school administration and the Parks and Recreation Department and a verbal assurance of the installation of playground equipment was forthcoming. After several months went by with no installation, the Council again contacted Parks and Recreation, to receive an outraged, muffed scream that the schools did not want the equipment. Dumbfounded, the Council checked with Fitzgerald School and discovered that one single teacher had reversed the decision. Does each adult have absolute veto power over all other adults and children in any attempt to make a liveable world for children? The excuse for the reversal was lack of space. The school did not mention that the teachers sprawl their cars all over the "playground" to shorten their walk to the building and to prevent the complaints that arise when they park in front of homes.

At a subsequent meeting between the community, the school officials, and the Parks and Recreation staff, it was pointed out that their very meeting place, an old unused garden spot on the playground, a hot spot for breaking into the school and other delinquent acts, was a space available for play equipment. For a time it seemed as if resistance would build up on the principle that playground equipment has to be locked in case the "wrong" children use it at the "wrong" time. Nothing happened for almost two years. The delay was caused by all sorts of "reasonable" red tape: personnel transfers, other agencies to consult, putting it in writing.

The officials even took the preposterous position that the frozen ground on the playground would not support an ice skating rink. Then a midwinter thaw and refreeze in 1966-67 made a natural temporary rink on which hundreds of kids tried out Christmas skates; the event embarrassed the officials out of their stand. Before the event, the community had placed telephone poles to edge a rink on Post's playground, and threatened to flood it Boston Tea Party style, but they did not complete the project.

Bureaucrats often argue that children's playground equipment is unsafe. How unsafe? More

VIII-19 Some of the larger hunks of jagged material found in one casually selected, paced square yard, on the Post Junior High School playground.

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unsafe than the streets where the kids play otherwise? The adult world dumps the children onto the streets and washes their hands of the injury which occurs there or vaguely blames individual parents rather than collective adulthood. Adults do not want kids to be hurt on a playground because the injury might leave some adult liable; but if a child is mangled by a truck, the adult can moralize, "These kids should know better than to play in the streets." This line is absolute cowardice. In Fitzgerald's one square mile, thirty-four children have been killed or injured on the streets between January, 1963 and May, 1967. Existing playground space must be designed to attract children rather than to repulse them, as it does today.

To the villainy of the bureaucratic thinking of Parks and Recreation and the Detroit Public School System must be added a third villain: the neighborhood crank. It seems an unwritten law that if any individual adult conflicts with any number of children, the adult will be supported or at least not opposed by the rest of the adult community, no matter how outrageous his actions. For instance, an old white crank on Greenlawn decided that the Post Junior High School teachers were parking in front of his house. He complained to the principal and she gave strict instructions to her teachers to stop parking there. Of course, non-teachers would occasionally park in front of his house. The crank, in classic paranoiac projection, was convinced that the teachers were abusing him, so he drove his car into the only exit of the fenced Post School parking lot, set the brakes and locked it, immediately before the time of school dismissal.

This same crank campaigned successfully through the Detroit Police Department to disband the Post Model Airplane Club. The club, a healthy activity for the young, built airplanes throughout the school year. For four or five weeks in the spring the noisy gasoline motors were tried out for about an hour. Average life expectancy per plane: thirty seconds. Polling the neighbors on the streets immediately surrounding Post revealed one hundred percent minus one willingness, indeed overwhelming eagerness, for the club to resume. But momentum was lost and the club remains defunct. There are many cases whose details boringly repeat evidence of the dictatorial authority of cranks. Children do not vote. The school administrators and the police, being human, take the course of least resistance.

Adults are insensitive to other needs of their children. With the eye of an architect, Owen Klugel detects one of these other insensitivities:

If our environment worked, the people who live on corners would never have to holler at kids not to cut across their lawn when they are . . bicycling around the block. A bicycle is essential to a child growing up and he cannot ride on the street, which is set aside for automobiles. He has to ride on the sidewalk. The sidewalks are all right angles. Did you ever try and turn a right angle on a bicycle? Going at a fair clip, it is impossible, so you have to ride across the lawns. People start putting up fences and bushes at their corners so that kids cannot cut across.

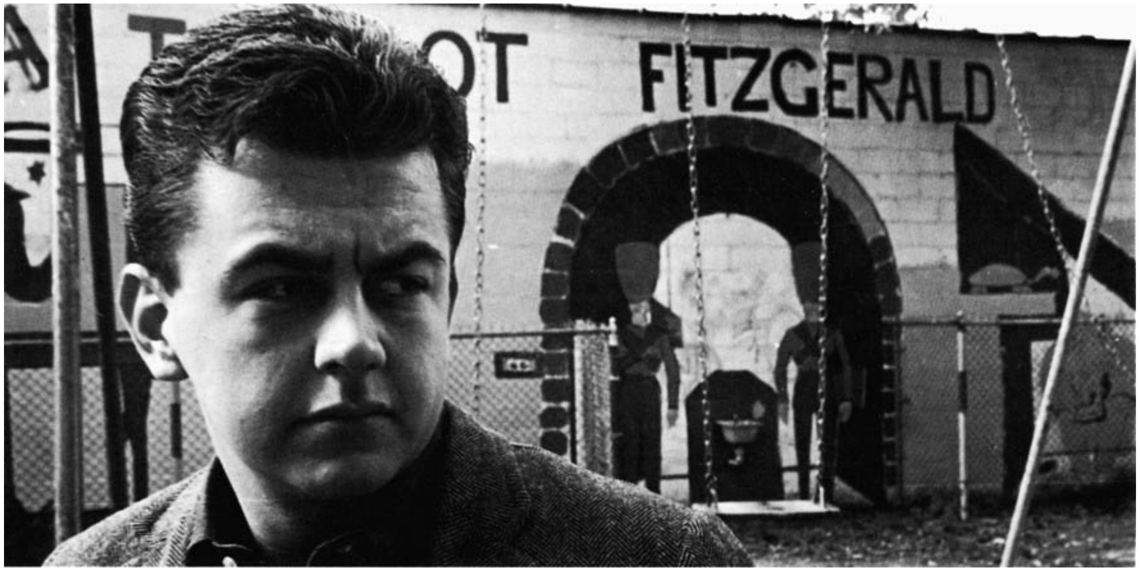
When the proposed neighborhood park was handed a death blow by the bureaucrats and the cranks, the hopes for recreational improvements hit their lowest ebb. The proposed park seemed the victim of conspiracy. *The Northwest Detroiter,* the weekly white newspaper, showed pictures of empty playgrounds, including Fitzgerald's, asserting that it made no sense to clear more land at taxpayers' expense when the children did not take advantage of the play space they had. In fact, the children were playing football illegally on the fenced-in grass fronting the school, while the photographers were busy clicking pictures of the gravel desert in the back! The "triangular trade" between the three villains — Parks and Recreation, the school system, and the cranks — went like this: to stop crank complaints and school liability, the school let its grounds become repulsive to children; Parks and Recreation refused to cooperate with the schools, hammerlocking that situation; Parks and Recreation proposed a new park; then the neighborhood cranks used the gravel desert that they helped to create as an effective argument against the park. The cycle was complete.

At this low ebb, everyone — Parks and Recreation, schools, and the neighborhood itself — began to fight back. But the initiative and greater share of the glory must be given to the neighborhood. Outraged by the runaround the children were receiving, Cecil Erbaugh, leader of the Community Council, went to work. The Council's first attempt was trying to save the Lollo Tot Lot.

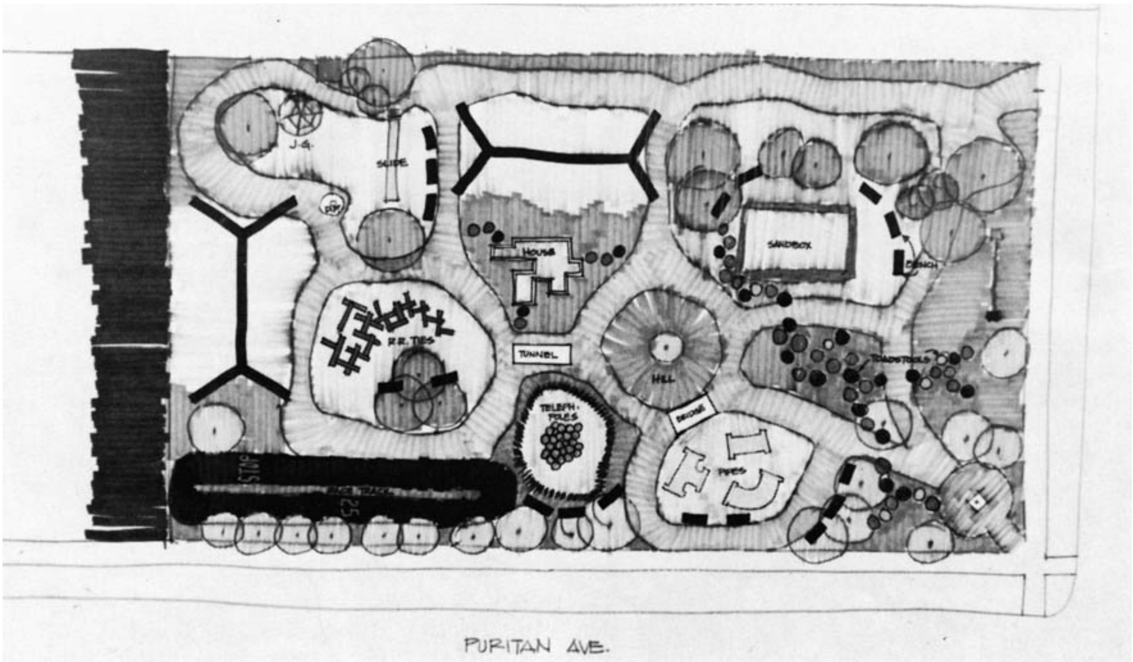
The Lollo Tot Lot.

The Lollo Tot Lot had been a highly visible public failure; for a time, it had gone totally unused. The grounds were full of glass, the sand gone from the sandbox, the edges of the sandbox rotted, the swings broken, the toy train destroyed, the drinking fountain plugged. If homeowners and renters had kept their property in such miserable condition, the neighborhood would have been condemned.

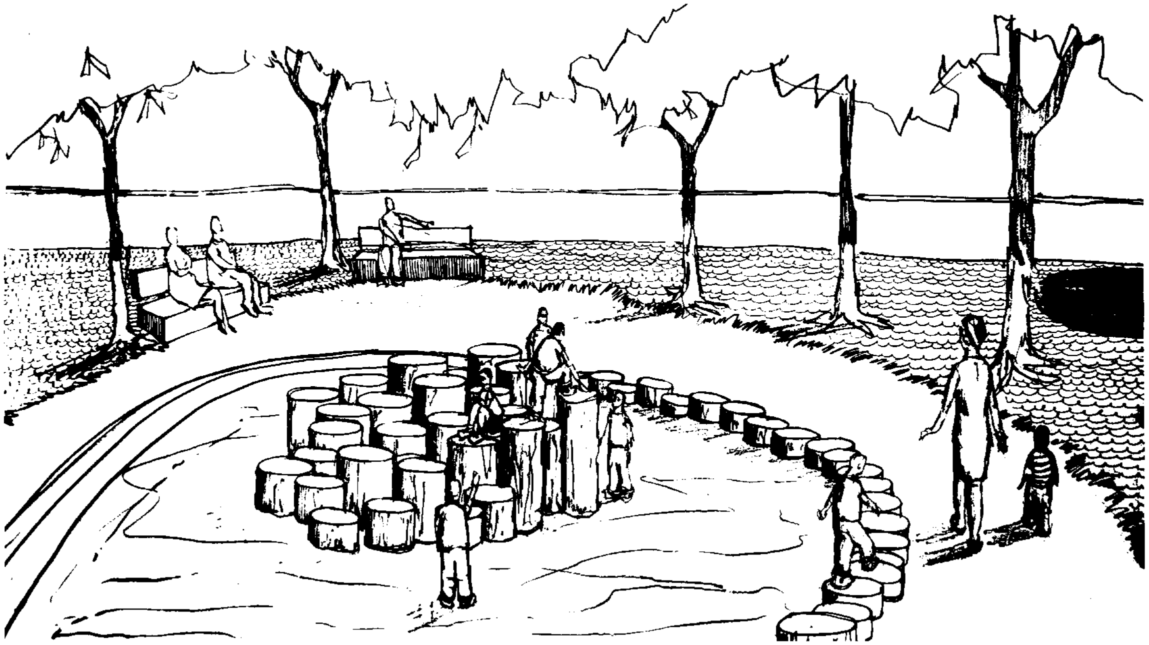
Saving the Lollo Tot Lot became the number one priority of the Council's Recreation Committee. The Committee held a series of discussions, stretching from the philosophy of tot lots to the physical equipment for them. The Committee decided to create a lot for tots, mothers, and retirees. The needs of teenagers would be taken care of elsewhere: the single basketball hoop was removed. Owen Klugel and Vincent Lyons drew up sketch plans to turn the lot into a wonderland. It was to be packed with equipment: concrete crawl-ins, an earthen hill, a pit, railroad tie figures, a telephone pole hill, a tunnel, a tree hut, a tree bridge, stepping stones, paths, numerous benches for mothers, and so forth. A working relationship with Parks and Recreation developed; the Department repaired the drinking fountain and the swing. On a spring Saturday in 1966 some twenty adults and hordes of children cleaned the lot and trimmed its trees. Local citizens completed the first permanent improvement project, the painting of a large and colorful mural on the adjacent wall of the commercial garage bounding the lot on the west. During the winter of 1966-67 the neighborhood held a series of "squirt-ins" in a vain attempt to provide an ice skating rink. Through the following summer ping-pong balls and "Keep Detroit Beautiful" bags were provided with the suggestion that the children have a daily clean-up contest, with a ping-pong ball as the prize. The suggestion was used and the park was kept immaculate by the tots themselves. Work continues. A new generation of U. of D. architects is drawing the engineering plans for the telephone pole hill. These will then be submitted to Parks and Recreation to make sure the plans are safe. The neighborhood will then implement the plans out of its own resources.



VIII-20 Owen Klugel, designer of the tot lot.

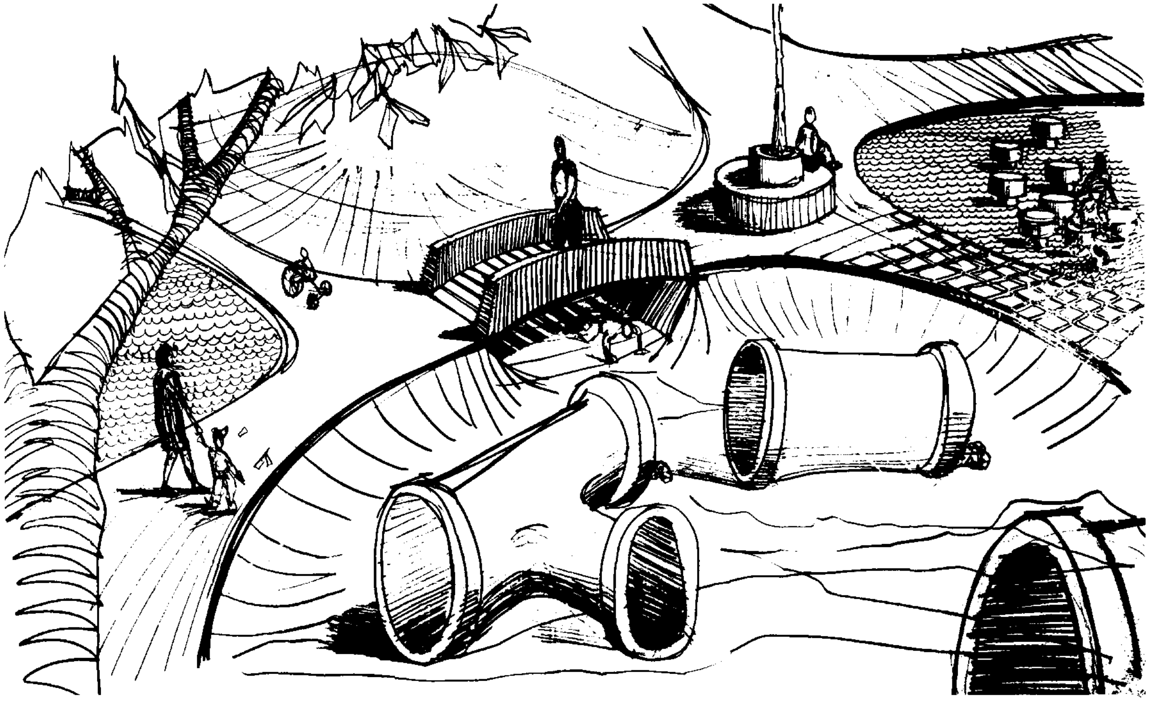


VIII-23 The over-all tot lot plan.



VIII-21 Drawings for the tot lot.

VIII-22



VIII-26

VIII-25 Children play on the tot lot, fulfilling its purpose.

THE FITZGERALD COMMUNITY COUNCI

VIII-24 Mayme Mitcham paints the tot lot wall.

The Lollo Tot Lot is an important play facility in Fitzgerald, yet it is more than that. Owen Klugel catches the mood and depth of the problem:

Because of the Lollo Tot Lot, the whole nature of the community changes. In a slum there is expression of the slum, such as garbage all over the streets. In the slums the community becomes smaller and smaller in sensitivity and the transaction of human beings decreases. But if there is a good expression it increases with each good expression that goes on in the community. The tot lot has a deep meaning to the neighborhood. But the meaning needs to be reinforced by other similar expressions.

Many tot lots are needed. A sampling of the children playing at the Lollo Tot Lot showed that the medium average distance of the children from their homes was less than one block. Thus, each block should have a lot. At least thirty potential tot lot sites have been discovered in Fitzgerald in addition to the alleys, which are almost always useless.

The refurbishing of the school playgrounds has been even more dramatic. Dr. Greta Angus, the Fitzgerald grade school principal, and Stanley Lewin, the mayor's representative to the neighborhood, worked quietly but frantically in the mysterious bureaus downtown; together they finally achieved a breakthrough. They initiated a policy of cooperation between the school system and Parks and Recreation. It required the personal attention of the Parks and Recreation Director, Mr. John M. May, and the Detroit Public Schools Superintendent, Dr. Norman Drachler, to hammer out a policy. Added impetus to the new policy came from the teenagers, who were picketing because they had just lost their social center. Ultimately, $50,000 worth of playground equipment was constructed on the Fitzgerald School grounds during the spring and summer of 1967. The equipment included a tot lot, a kindergarten children's grassy play area, and a "magic square" consisting of two paved basketball courts that can be converted to a skating rink in winter. They were all dedicated

VIII-27 Children's Day at the University of Detroit stadium. At the top of the stadium, "Bat Man" (Edward Grozner, father and friend of the young) waits to surprise the children.

VII-28 Years of weary struggle finally produced this healthy playground spot.

with a flurry: top brass, bands, drums, clowns, balloons, pipers, and loud speakers on Children's Day in 1967. But the playground still needs trees, benches, drinking fountains, bleachers, lights, more basketball courts, handball courts, track paths, football grounds, and an outdoor swimming pool. The goal: suburban standards for urban children.

The best place to reach the children is on the streets, since the youngsters generally play in the area immediately about their homes. The Good Humor man realizes this: why not the Parks and Recreation official? Geography has yet to provide statistics of travel by age groups, but we can guess that few children under four cross streets unaided. So really, to reach the children, one must go to them. One way is a Santa Claus parade. In Fitzgerald, the parade is held on three evenings, and tours every street; it is complete with a lighted float, neighborhood

VIII-29 James Dillard, Santa Claus, father and friend of the young.

VIII-30 Joyce Brown helps plan for the children.

carolers, Santa himself, and Santa's helpers who hand out candy. In early summer, on Fitzgerald's yearly Children's Day, a parade starting in the neighborhood converges on the Marygrove College. Parks and Recreation supervises an old-fashioned picnic with three-legged races, prizes, and a drum and bugle concert. The Council could sponsor plays on flat bed trucks, wandering singing groups, Punch and Judy shows, and jugglers. Until children reach young adulthood, they really enjoy many types of athletic and recreational activities.

Side benefits accrue from such consideration of children. The most successful social events, for both adults and children, center around children. Even the neighborhood grump is all smiles when the drums go thumping by and kids, clutching balloons, sweep down the street on decorated bicycles. The visibility, noise, and flash of these events give to the community's sense of self-identity a concreteness that no amount of newspaper publicity or public meetings can provide. Also, such events fight the isolation that creeps into corners of the neighborhood. "South of the Expressway," "East of Livernois," "Near the Lodge," "Behind Marygrove," "South of Puritan," and the half-mile long streets in our northeast quarter tend to feel left out. The families of the officers and the members of the Fitzgerald Community Council are uniformly spread, but they are falsely rumored to be concentrated in the "Behind Marygrove" higher income area. Street events tend to pull all sections together.

Poor planning for children is just one way in which urban planning is inhuman today. New methods must emerge soon. Plans must consider the personal and social needs of all the people in question as well as geographic requirements. Planners should include as many members of the community as possible, particularly members with different wisdoms and different skills. Only as the people of the community build their own plans, work for them, and change them as necessary, will the plans work and will areas like Fitzgerald possess beauty.

Raw farmland became Complete City in Fitzgerald in the 1920's. Like other American subdivisions, it is now half-way to becoming a slum. Can Fitzgerald be regenerated? Can a neighborhood be regenerated forever? If it can, then the race question may be overcome. When a good, integrated neighborhood is maintained, free men may decide to live there. At any rate, for America to be given a free and fair racial choice, integrated living must not mean slum living.

Chapter IX: Institutions Respond

Fitzgerald and America are seething with unrest. The established institutions are dumbfounded. From the dream of affluent America with split-level homes to this in just a few years. What is to be done? No one seems to know. America's politicians grapple groggily with America's problems, suggesting that even they do not know what's happening; they imply that the Great Society has something to do with the Great Pork Barrel. The experts on the university campuses now see the American slums, but still from a great distance, like Galileo peering through a telescope and discovering the moons of Jupiter. In geography, for example, everything about the cities has been studied — their business districts, factories, transportation, recreation — absolutely everything, except the human condition of Americans. Geographers "somehow" never did see the slum dwellers as they commuted daily to and from urban universities.

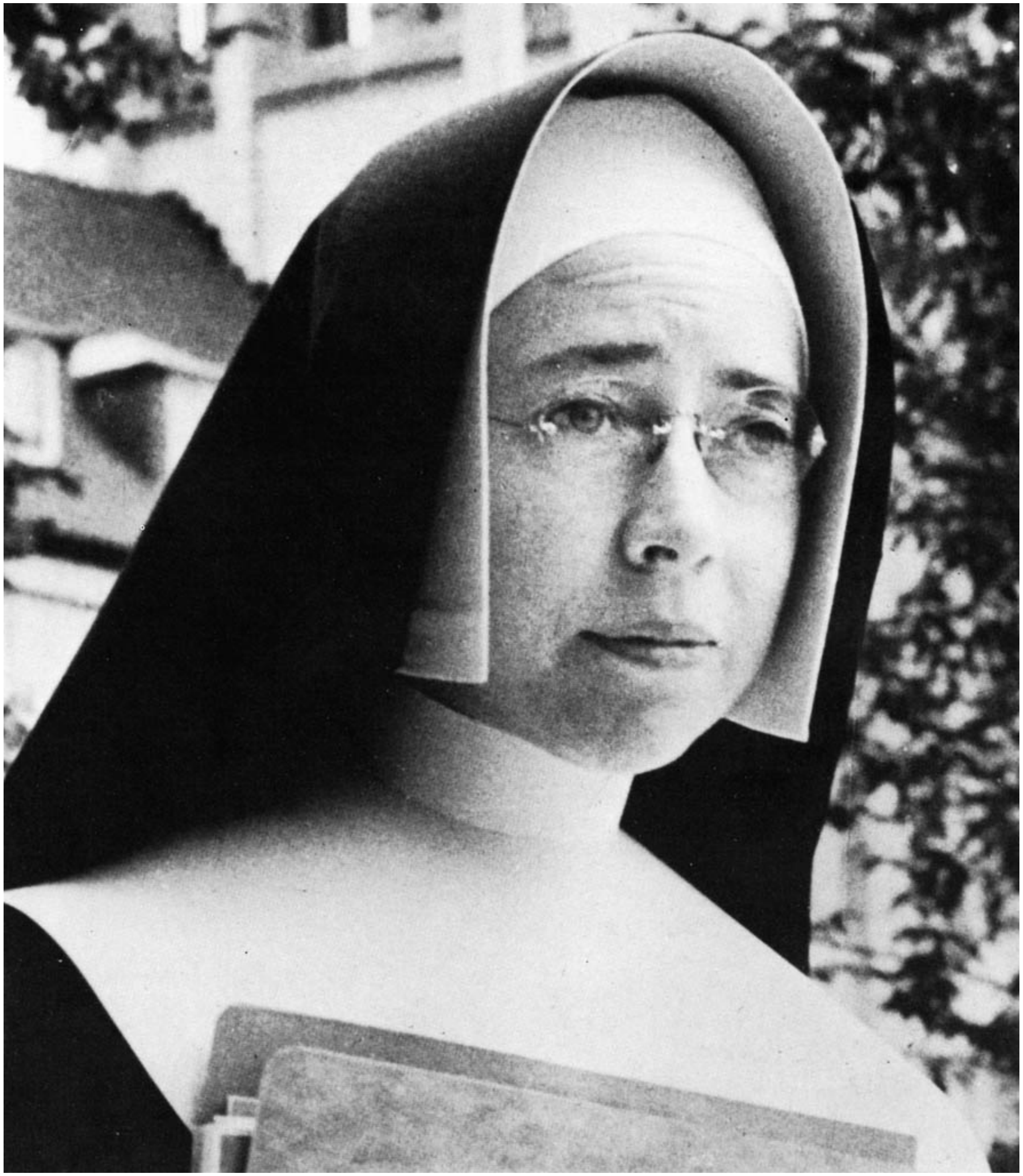
The people in the slums themselves are just *now beginning to rebel, to think about what goes* on in the slums that America can correct. It is patently unfair for the decision-makers of the ins to turn to the outs, their house servants in the suburbs, and demand, "What do you people want?" People should not be expected to be instant experts on questions that confound the wisest. But the poor may soon be able to articulate more clearly what they want. The leaders of these people can help them to work through their plans and hopes by building and organizing participatory institutions. This has been Fitzgerald's effort.

Every group located in Fitzgerald has been effectively organized. The only exception is the adult groups that serve areas so large that the Fitzgerald portion of their hinterland is negligible. These institutions feel superior, act aloof, and refuse to participate in any meaningful way, though numerous invitations have been extended. They argue "If we support this neighborhood group we will have to support all neighborhood groups across the city." Therefore, they free-load off the neighborhood in which they are located. It is especially ironic that the teachers' union acted this way, for unions are always denouncing the free-loaders in open shops. Thus, the bigger and stronger institutions, the ones most able to help, are least willing. They provide no personal talents, just a yearly check to the United Foundation (which in turn heavily supports white middle class projects and provides the gimmick of a tax deduction as an added incentive). The most energetic and most able personalities in the neighborhood are community nonentities, gray ghosts passing through in their automobiles.

Fitzgerald's greatest hopes and deepest disappointments lie with the neighborhood's institutions of higher learning — The University of Detroit and Marygrove College. On the positive side, the two institutions have always endorsed the Council. Both Sister Mary Emil, the former President of Marygrove College, and Father Laurence Britt, the former President of the University of Detroit, gave the Council important early moral support. Sister Mary Emil made a beautiful statement, October 8, 1963, when the College joined the Council:

One of the purposes of the Council is to keep our integrated neighborhood integrated. This does not mean to me that we are just making the best of our integrated neighborhood, that we feel that integration is a danger which can best be contained by being pleasant and by promoting fresh paint and green lawns. Integration is not a danger; it is not a creeping calamity to which we must become resigned. It is right. I think that we can take part in a Council like this with good conscience only if we feel in our hearts that segregation in housing, like segregation in anything else, is evil. It is only honest to recognize that we will never again have a lily-white neighborhood in this section of Detroit. The acid test of our sincerity in banding together in this Community Council is whether in our heart of hearts we ever would want a lily-white neighborhood here if we could have it. Marygrove would not want it.

Marygrove College has helped the community



IX-1 Sister Mary Emil, former President, Marygrove College — courageous, strong, compassionate.

in many ways. The acting President of Marygrove College, Sister Jane Mary, was the College's official representative to the Council and a long-time member of its Board of Directors. Marygrove and the Council jointly prepared a school proposal, submitted it to the Detroit Board of Education, which in turn submitted it to Washington, where it was unfortunately rejected. Marygrove students faithfully helped the Fitzgerald Singers, and put on special performances of their charming children's plays for Fitzgerald School children.

The University of Detroit has also made a commitment to the community. Bruno Leon, Chairman of the School of Architecture, each year encourages students to act as Community Architects. In the first year, Owen Klugel and Vincent Lyons designed the wonderland of the Lollo Tot Lot. The sociology department has made available its data on the neighborhood and made arrangements for the use of the football stadium on Children's Day. That department's Joseph Altoff is the unsung hero of the Fitzgerald Neighborhood Improvement Project; he also initially consulted with Mayor Cavanaugh about the Code Enforcement Project. Further, this department, under Father Cross, provided free space for the Community Council's Housing Office. Father Carron, the new President of the university, provided a meeting place in his office for the Council and extended a personal greeting to the farm families who assembled there in the winter of 1967, and provided much of the material for the historic portion of this book.

But although Marygrove and the University of Detroit have been stable sources of support for the community, they have failed to foster a real town-gown alliance, which did exist when the neighborhood was both more white and more Catholic. The colleges need to recruit students, both young people and adults, from the immediate community and help them study by providing scholarships and work programs. Just where do city schools expect to find their students? The young in Bloomfield Hills go East. But, the thought of thousands of neighboring inner-city kids walking around in Marygrove or University of Detroit sweatshirts, working their way through college, learning the skills necessary in the age of automation, does not seem to crash through either college's mind. (In fairness, considerably more black scholarships have been awarded recently, but these have no special ties to Fitzgerald.) Wouldn't it be better if the kids on 12th Street engaged in the annual collegiate spring panty raid, rather that the annual summer riot? Instead of a junior year in Europe, why not a junior year in the neighborhood? College students are not simply passing through the neighborhood on the way to graduation; many spend four or more years living here. Could not the Fitzgerald Community Council place in neighborhood homes students that want to do field work? Why not ask each university department, "What would be mutually beneficial?" The intellectuals on campus could run their minds over the problem. Ingenuity, not money, is the watchword.

Gradually the gates of both campuses have been closing to the neighborhood. Are they keeping the gates slightly open for legal and tax purposes only? The neighborhood high school students used to be welcome to cross the Marygrove campus to the bus stop on McNichols, a short cut of four blocks, but now crossing is merely tolerated, usually after a conversation with a campus cop. Firebrand Saul Alinsky was imported from Chicago to speak at Marygrove College, but Detroit firebrands aren't invited: they are treated as too hot to handle. The racist Marygrove Civic Association, which tried to bribe and frighten Reverend Mitcham into selling his house, had access to the campus for its annual neighborhood picnics, but the integrated Fitzgerald Community Council was till recently barred for its Children's Day. When Marygrove wanted to build more dormitories, it sought to change the zoning regulations on Marygrove Street to permit boarding houses, a change that would mean a serious drop in zoning standards. An unfortunate battle developed between the College and the Council; the fight was very sharp and very public, and much to the College's surprise, the Council won. Even though the campus tot lot is closed off from the rest of the campus by a high cyclone fence, neighborhood pre-schoolers are no longer allowed to use it. Why not make a children's entrance to the lot on Marygrove Street? Marygrove has thirteen tennis courts, the only ones in the neighborhood, but it does not let the community play on them; they go totally unused all summer. Eight of the thirteen courts are fenced off from the rest of the campus; a new gate could be built to these, and Fitzgerald's children could learn the game. If the crime rate has necessitated campus caution, why not compensate with acts of trust? For every necessary negative act, at least one positive one could be made. A few Sisters coaching summer baseball teams off-campus would not turn them into Flying Nuns, but would help overcome the community's feelings of rejection. How are the neighborhood kids supposed to realize that the Sisters pray for them? An expanded summer program for the children of Fitzgerald would develop understanding and warmth between the College and the community, and may even happen soon.

The University of Detroit's attitude has become one of controlled panic. The young on Petoskey Street are not permitted to look upon the University of Detroit as "our school." Whatever happened to the Catholic priests of *Boy's Town* and *Going My Way,* or was all that just a Hollywood snow job? It is almost as if the University feels that, if it has nothing to do with Petoskey, Petoskey will not notice the University and will leave it safely alone. The University seems to assume that contact with the University would only tempt the kids to loot it. (Again, in fairness, recent events offer some hope for the future.) The University of Detroit has some fine Father Groppi-type faculty members, but the Administration never uses these priests as representatives; it treats them as if they would betray the University from within, Judas-style. And to think one Jesuit almost converted the empire of China to Catholicism by becoming a Chinese Mandarin scholar and then visiting the court in Peking! Today the administration does not even encourage its people to have individual membership in the Council. The tragedy of the campuses and the community is the danger that an opportunity for real closeness will slip away.

In the summer of 1967, the University of Detroit requested that the Council hire armed guards to control the children on Children's Day, whose average age is eight! What next, a pistol-packing Santa Claus not in a sleigh but in a Brink's armored car? Finally, calmer heads prevailed, and Parks and Recreation personnel plus the parents attending were deemed adequate to control "the mob." The use of the University stadium, donated free for Children's Day in 1966, cost the Council one hundred dollars in 1967.

The University of Detroit helped create a new coordinating body for Northwest Detroit's community councils, Community Action Neighbors Northwest (CANN). It is the third super-council with which the Fitzgerald Council has been affiliated. The boundaries of CANN are seriously gerrymandered to pick up every white soul brother from the campus to the suburbs, and its initial leadership was almost totally white in both body and soul. At first, CANN tried to gather only like-minded people, in this case white middle class Catholics, and to impose its will on all other groups by an escalation of its own power. They did not try to unite the community by the better method — forming a bloc and then seeking alliances with other power blocs in a program of mutual self-interest. CANN had no connections with the organized teenagers. However, perhaps realizing that it would thus be doomed to a frantic ineffectuality, and spurred by Fitzgerald's Reverend Mitcham, one of CANN's original members, the group has broadened itself to include middle class black Protestants, and is now reaching out for middle class white Protestants and Jewish whites and middle-aged civil rights activists. It remains to be seen if it will grow fast enough to be an effective organization in the long run.

Besides these two large educational institutions, Fitzgerald holds numerous commercial institutions. The businesses are owned by blacks as well as whites. Whether or not a white merchant can continue to do business in a black community depends overwhelmingly on his own attitude. A baker in the neighborhood said that all he had to do was to learn the first names of the teenagers who stopped off from school and they became markedly better behaved than the white teens had been.

Many of the black businesses are the most enjoyable. A barbershop such as Jimmie's Northwest Tonsorial Parlour, on Puritan, is much more fun than a white barbershop. There customers play the juke box and just hang out. A shrimp shop, several record shops, and the wig shops are enriching. Several store-front churches flourish. The only negative effect that these black businesses seem to have is that the standards of the white merchants plummet. The white-owned Atkins' Drug Store, for example, openly displayed smut newspapers and magazines at tots' eye level, in spite of repeated protests. (Atkins finally sold out and moved away.) Junk magazines are kept under the counter in suburban stores, not in full view of the youngsters, even today.

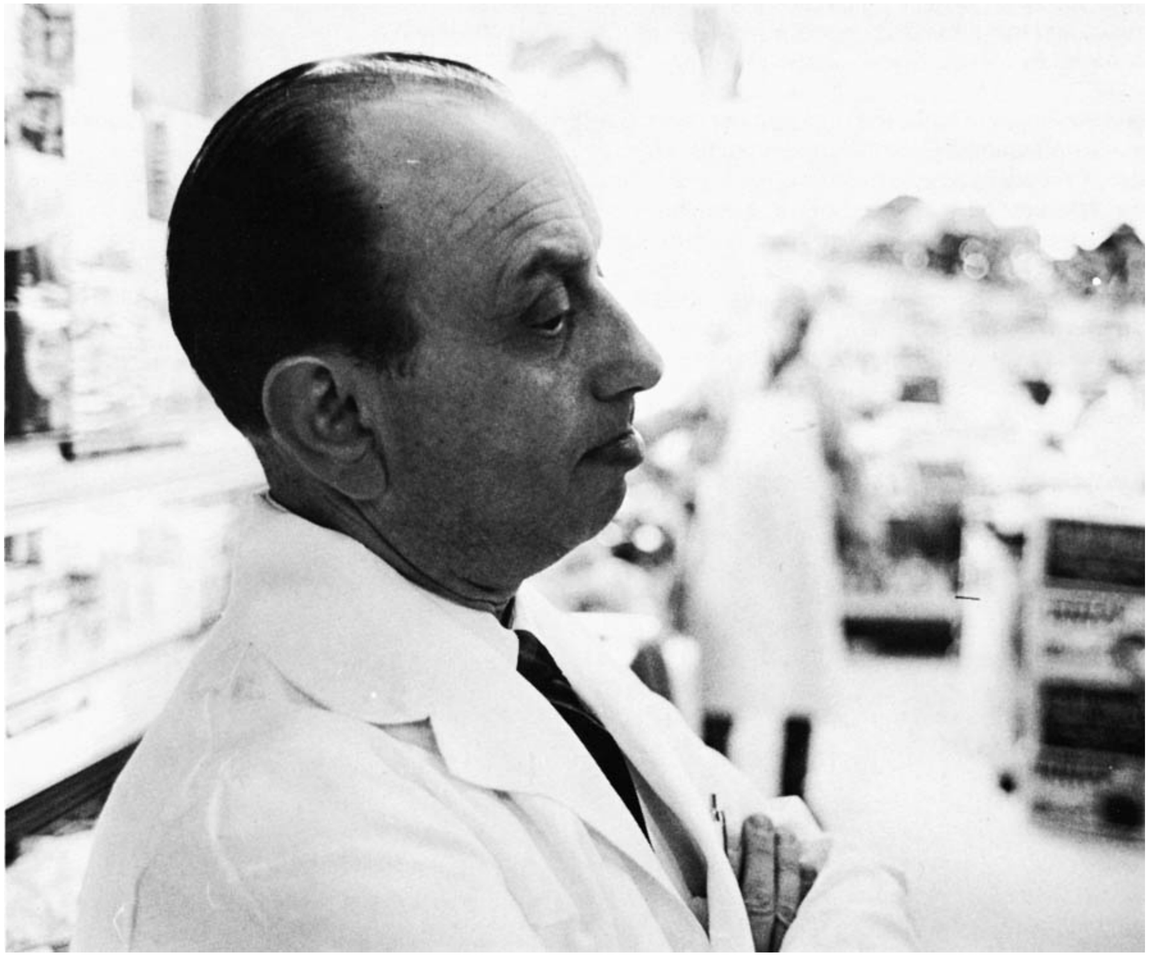
Many of the businessmen have not joined in the effort to keep up the Fitzgerald community. Most live outside the neighborhood; they drive

IX-2 A white Fitzgerald merchant awaits his black customers.

from their homes to their parking lot, and their only concern about Fitzgerald seems to be the slashed tire rate. Yet, by their own philosophies, these businessmen should either stop complaining about Fitzgerald or get in there and pitch. In their philosophies, these businessmen claim that they are oriented to action, not to rumination. They deride people who occupy jobs whose primary benefits are security and early retirement, such as school teachers. These people, businessmen say, do not invest themselves in their work and do not realize the necessity for risk and competition in life. But, by ignoring the challenges of Fitzgerald, these businessmen are themselves not realizing the necessity for risk and activity.

Yet, although the local commercial businessmen generally fall into the above pattern, remaining aloof from the community, the smaller businessmen have given meaningful support. Generally, these businessmen are also the ones most dependent on neighborhood good will. Harry Rothenburg, owner of the Puritan Community Market, is one particularly sympathetic supporter. He is a member of the Council's Board of Directors, and during the Council's membership drives in 1965 and 1967, he offered his store, provided coffee and personally encouraged customers to join. He has contributed considerable amounts of money to the Neighborhood Beautification Award. Seventeen years ago, when the neighborhood was immaculately white, Rothenburg began to hire Negroes, despite the fact that some of his more prejudiced customers left in a huff. Levon Earnest was his first Negro employee; he has risen to the position of manager. During Rothenburg's absences, Earnest is the boss of the business, which has a payroll of twenty-five. Rothenburg explains the basis of his prosperity:

I started in 1944. Since the neighborhood started changing, it has become younger. I prospered with the coming of children. Our first expansion must have been about ten years ago, but the big expansion has been in the last three years.



IX-3 Harold Rothenburg, successful merchant and reasonable man.

Despite Rothenburg's sincere efforts to maintain good community relations, he has been faced with some backlash. He is Jewish and just as some Jews are anti-black, some blacks are anti-Jew. Also, some blacks attribute Rothenburg's prosperity not to the influx of the young, but to his high prices. Small groceries must charge higher prices than the A & P, but instead of tracing Rothenburg's prices to the small size of his store and chalking his prosperity up to the convenience of his location, many blacks reverse the argument and claim he charges high prices because he knows they cannot easily travel the greater distances to supermarkets. Enough Jewish slum lords and price-gougers exist in the inner city to give the anti-Semitism some objective basis and make it difficult to combat.

Also, Rothenburg occasionally contributes to his own backlash. He handles the youngsters in his store as if they are his own children, and although this practice is admirably kind, it makes for some confusion, for the children come from different cultures and Rothenburg sometimes seems patronizing. Rothenburg's discussion of his discipline tactics suggests the problem:

Each case of pilfering is different, each child is a personality by himself. The other day we caught two little kids about eight and ten just stealing for the sheer idea of stealing. We know because they took four rolls of adhesive tape and a couple of bags of candy. When I caught them, I asked them to put their hands on the counter. I spoke loud to them in front of other people; I told them that I felt bad, but I would have to call the school, the FBI, Interpol, the Police Department, and everybody else like that, all the big names. They started crying and finally promised that they would never do it again. I sent them home. I don't threaten the children with violence. No. I couldn't do that.

Steven Jackson, the black proprietor of the House of Sound Record Shop on McNichols, has a different approach to kids' misbehavior. He feels you must spend time with the youngsters, and be interested in them, but not wishy-washy. So what if they steal a ten-cent record? To challenge them is to injure their pride. They will stop stealing if they feel you are a friend. Jackson is never threatening; he never puts a youngster in the corner, and in even his most direct order lies a touch of humor. For instance, he has a sign saying "no dancing," but realizes that with some of his records the youngsters will start moving their feet. Instead of blurting out, "You no-good hoodlums, get out of here," he simply glances up at the sign, down at their feet, up at the sign in a comical way, until the youngsters get the message and laugh. Perhaps it is the nature of his business — its dependency on teenage customers — or perhaps it is his attitude that black young people need to be shown dignity, or perhaps both reasons together, but regardless of motive his methods work. He really helps kids. He takes them home if they have run away; he awards a record to any youngster who gets top marks or improved marks on their report cards. This is not only constructive merchandising, but a more optimistic and American approach to children than a Nazi-like hate-fear, which leads to shooting kids for filching candy. Like Rothenburg and other smart merchants, Jackson has been financially rewarded for his approach.

In contrast to Rothenburg's grocery and Jackson's record shop, the proprietor of a dry cleaning store was racist and recently went out of business. The owner rejected black clerks and black business on the grounds that "Negroes do not have dry cleaning!" Bricks were thrown through his windows like hail stones during a summer storm. Most totally racist merchants have long since failed and disappeared, but many merchants still hold racist attitudes. Some are fearfully belligerent, physically threatening children with guns.

The 1967 riot had a heavy impact upon Fitzgerald's merchants, although the damage in Fitzgerald was relatively light. Livernois was

IX-4 Young Miss American squeezes the Charmin as she comparative shops for bubble gum.

looted out to Eight Mile Road, and heavy looting hit Fenkell, Puritan, and McNichols, but no arson occurred in the Fitzgerald Community Council area. Immediately across the street from the Council area, Gorman's Furniture was looted and burned. Its merchandise was totally beyond the economic reach of most people in the immediate neighborhood. The looters boosted trailers from the rental lot on Wisconsin and Puritan, hitched them to their cars, hurried to Gorman's, shopped, trundled the goods home, unloaded them, and then, like Eagle Scouts, returned the trailers. Many other generally law-abiding citizens of Fitzgerald engaged in looting elsewhere. They put their loot in their cars, drove back to Fitzgerald with their headlights off, and scooted the goods into their respectable middle class homes.

SOUND TOP JAZZ
ATCO

IX-5 Steven Jackson, wise in the ways of the young.

During the riot, Fitzgerald's merchants were very frightened for their businesses. Many printed "Soul Brother" on their store windows; sometimes they did not quite know the term. One painted "Sold Brother," a flashback to slavery, and another "Sole Brother," perhaps another reference to down-troddenness. It was wonderful, because for the first time in the history of America, whites were trying to pass as colored. Rothenburg was convinced that his grocery would be burned and since it was defenseless, he opened it at midday Monday, the second day of the rebellion, to sell what he could before the torches hit that night. Also, by selling the store out, including the liquor, he would leave nothing in it worth looting. Queuing up for the check-out counter, black men completely encircled the inside of his store. But the fires did not reach Fitzgerald, and the next day showed the Puritan Community Market perfectly intact. The looting extended down Puritan as far west as Ohio, missing Rothenburg by three blocks. One far-sighted businessman on Livernois played an expensive but noteworthy joke on the rioters. Having experienced pre-riot window-breaking, he rigged his entire store front out with bulletproof glass. When the kids came around with their little bricks and things and winged one at his glass, it bounced off like a penny hitting pavement. Booowing! Not a scratch! The kid turned to another with an incredulous "Damn!" He thought he had lost his strength altogether, and slunk off.

The basic cause of the looting was economic, not directly racial. Throughout the poorer city, blacks and whites looted together; they watched Gorman's burn down together. Only in the heart of the black ghetto did some anti-white feelings stir the rioters. But the special plight of the black poor led to an astounding amount of support for the rioters among black people. Almost all blacks except the middle class elites privately upheld the looting, and why not? Over all these years, who has been looting who? Isn't the slum lord racket a looting? Aren't high-priced goods a looting? Wasn't slavery a looting? Blacks were simply counter-looting.

*Percentage of Higher Prices in the Inner City Compared to Suburbs in Detroit Chain Stores**

Item	*Quantity*	*Percent Higher*
MILK	½ gallon	25% higher
CRISCO	3 pounds	41% higher
CHEER	giant	40% higher
SKIPPY	12 ounces	28% higher
PET MILK	13 ounces	31% higher
SUGAR	5 pounds	33% higher
COFFEE	1 pound	34% higher
PORK AND BEANS	16 ounces	79% higher

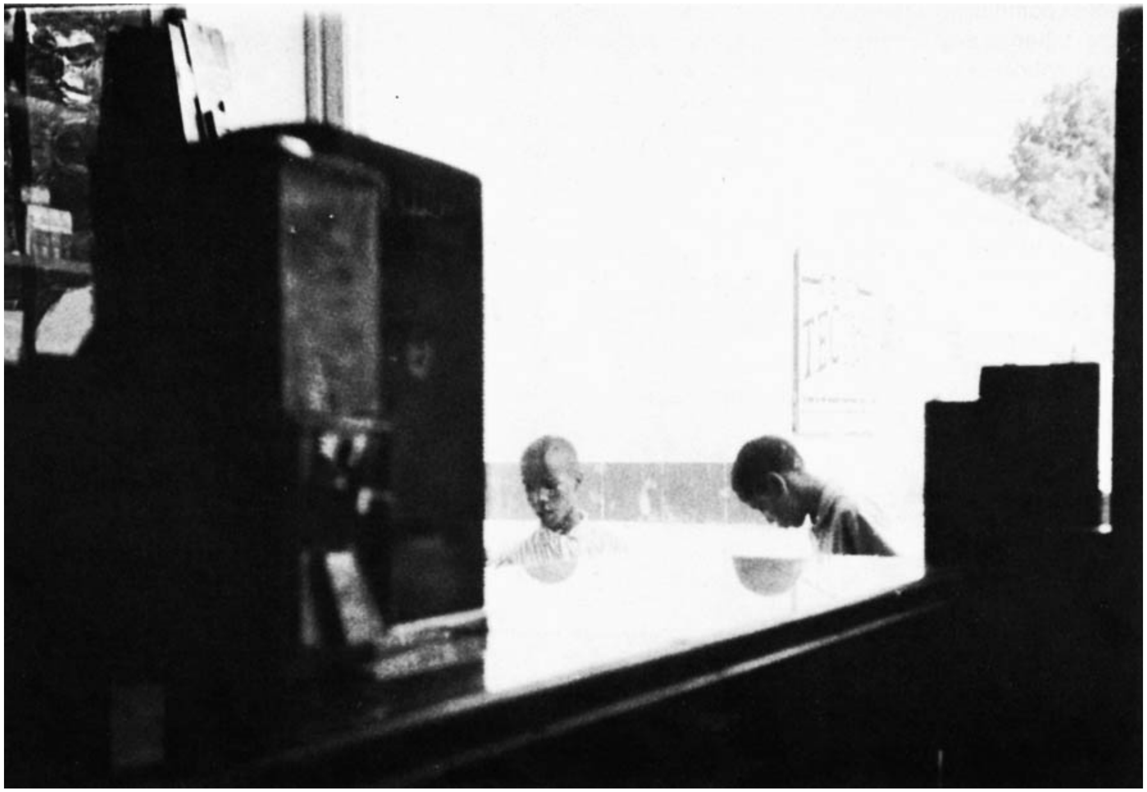
*The survey was done by a church group employing careful sample techniques.

To be poor in America is to be a hungry kid in the world's biggest candy store. Every day America's hungry young see food in front of them: the ice cream vendor down the street, the TV ads and, most tempting of all, the food "protected" from the children by glass in the shops. Is it any wonder that the hungry push in for the food, and some of this glass gets broken? Many people look upon the Detroit Rebellion of 1967 with horror as lawless, violent madness, but many Detroit children see it as the one week in their life, before or since, when they had enough food.

America is the wealthiest country in the world and yet it is number eighteen in infant mortality. Thus, America is seventeen ranks behind its ability to save the infants. No other country in the world is so deliberately ruthless to its babies.

Fitzgerald merchants responded in different ways to the riot. Some Fitzgerald merchants were unable to stay cool in the tense, militant atmosphere that followed the riot and has never really disappeared since then. In fact, the atmosphere has gradually become more and more threatening for many of the white merchants in the neighborhood. Danny, the owner of Danny's Market on Puritan once gave generously to the children's awards for good citizenship marks; but in the summer of 1968, Danny hired a black armed guard. In July of 1968 two little black girls, eight and ten years old, parked their bikes in front of Danny's Market. One bike fell off its stand and clattered against the building. The black mercenary guard charged out of the front door and shot at, evidently trying to kill, the two petrified little girls. He missed them. A man across the street saw this, got his gun and apparently was going to kill the guard on the spot and burn Danny's down, but the crowd interfered. Danny sold his store.

But other merchants made a definite decision to stay in the neighborhood, and did what they felt they had to do to remain. Privately they were extremely bitter, but publicly they were never more friendly, especially to the black teenager; blacks understood that the new attention and respect were motivated by fear. Enough bricks crashed enough windows that insurance on glass was cancelled. Some merchants boarded or bricked their store fronts; for instance, Rothenburg bricked up most of his large windows. Others put metal grilling across them. Some stores are locked during business hours and to be admitted, a customer must knock and be scrutinized. Putting the glass back is an important symbol to the neighborhood; when Rosie's Confectionery across from Post, put its glass back after two years of being boarded up, the change lifted neighborhood morale.



IX-6 Glass and Children. If only a thin pane of glass stands between famine and feast, who can expect that glass to dam the frustrations of centuries?

Out of the broken glass of Fitzgerald's eastern edge, some concrete positive things have come. America is riddled with consumer preference studies and the idea "the customer is always right"; merchandising is as American as cherry pie. After the riots, greater efforts were made to please black consumers. The black market still remains, however, to be studied as sensitively as the intricacies of a Junior League wedding are studied by an exclusive jewelry store.

Though more needs to be done, the 1967 riot also caused a new effort on the part of the Council to involve businesses in the community. Harold Levi, a retired businessman and a volunteer worker for the Small Business Development Center of Detroit, made a survey of the efforts to organize the businessmen, and found that, paradoxically, the businessmen's bitterness and fear had facilitated involving them in community affairs. More were concerned than at any other time in the history of the neighborhood. Due to Levi's urging, Jackson's idea — gift records to the neighborhood's young people with good report cards — was launched throughout the neighborhood. Ten merchants gave 172 awards to Fitzgerald elementary school youngsters, valued at one dollar each, for high marks in November 1967, and 212 in February 1968. A luncheon for merchants was held in the Lutheran Church to discuss insurance problems, the promotion of good relations with youth, and the merit scholarship program. Still, the local business community must be further encouraged to organize and undertake a positive and progressive program.

The real estate industry is the most pernicious business in Fitzgerald, perhaps the most pernicious of all institutions here. The industry is full of block-busters who panic white homeowners, buy their homes at low prices, and then sell to blacks at high prices. Block-busters have been known to employ Negro actors and actresses who purchase a home and then play the ugliest white racist's stereotype of the Negro. They stage a barbecue in the front yard and throw the ribs on their neighbors' lawns; they open their windows and then turn their radios full blast playing "ethnic" music; they drive up and down the streets in junker cars, spewing out beer cans and watermelon rinds.

Nor does the real estate industry give whites the free choice of living in an integrated neighborhood. In spite of all the ballyhoo about race hate, the biggest reason for the maintenance of segregation in Northern cities is not social or psychological but mechanical, due to real estate practices. Surveys taken in New York City immediately after the Harlem riots established that at least twenty percent of whites are indifferent to the racial composition of the neighborhood in which they live. The number of blacks and whites who are simply looking for a home convenient to their work is overwhelming in Fitzgerald and elsewhere. Probably a majority of people in Fitzgerald have never even heard of the Community Council. If the number of believers in Brotherhood Through Pure Indifference is so high, why are the neighborhoods so segregated? The answer lies in discrimination by the real estate industry. Most realtors will not show homes to whites in areas already integrated. Perhaps they feel they are sacred guardians, keeping neighborhoods from being "desecrated," but in truth they are the desecrators themselves. They are victims of their own propaganda. The real estate industry has thousands of people teaching, teaching, teaching race hatred from early in the morning till late at night, seven days a week. If we could enlighten these people, the barbers and the taxi cab drivers, the folk teachers, a new day might dawn. Realtors might say, "Where would you like to live?" instead of "Oh, you would not want to live in *that* neighborhood."

The fight against the block-busters has been waged with some success by the Fitzgerald Community Council. The Council was the first in the state to win new anti-block-busting legislation. With the close cooperation of the legal arm of Mayor Cavanaugh's administration, petitions, signed by hundreds of residents against seventeen real estate companies, were obtained to stop scare solicitation. Once a petitioner has filed a notarized statement requesting a particular company to stop solicitation, that company is liable to a stiff fine if it persists. The test case in the neighborhood involved Margaret Staley, who on two separate occasions initiated court action against Penn Realty and won. Homeowners have felt the courts to be weak in enforcement of the new legislation, but the courts did introduce a note of caution to realtors, and the constant phoning, doorbell-ringing, and mailing have been greatly curtailed, although not without threatening rumbles. The real estate companies have brought two suits of $5,000 each against two white homeowners on the grounds that the white homeowners were harassing the realtors!

In addition to implementing the new legislation, the Community Council established a non-profit housing service, and for a time was in the real estate business itself. It is legitimate for unlicensed individuals to make real estate transactions as long as no fee is charged. The housing service handled seventeen confirmed direct house sales, thirty rentals, 397 listings, and 603 requested in its first three years. Though the housing service did not have decisive impact on the nature of the neighborhood's housing, it held the real estate block-busters at bay.

The Council's anti-block-busting tactics brought the organization into its only difficulty with civil rights groups. Because of the misrepresentations of the real estate block-busters, the NAACP felt that the Council's anti-block-busting program was just another racist trick to discourage open housing. The matter has subsequently been completely cleared up, and the cordial relations between the Council and civil rights groups restored, but it did teach one lesson: Up to recent times, block-busting, no matter how unsavory, no matter how extortionist of the black, has been the only way that the black community could expand.

The trade unions, another Fitzgerald institution, lack almost any sense of community spirit. The headquarters of the Detroit Federation of Teachers was located on Puritan in the heart of Fitzgerald, and its President, Mary Ellen Riordan, a Marygrove College graduate, kept her headquarters there for a time. She joined the Technical Advisory Committee of the Community Council. Yet when the union was asked to financially support various Council projects, it declined. The Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union is also active in the vicinity; it conducted a strike against the Top Hat Hamburger Drive-In, immediately west of the Council's boundaries. The neighborhood teenagers did not honor the picket line. A move to bring the union's case to the young people was sluffed off by its officers. The Hotel and Restaurant Workers have a fine civil rights record in Detroit, but they have no community youth program. No union does. The unions have given up seeking community support in the aggressive fashion of earlier days.

Yet, the unions did help to build the teenage restaurant, the Infernoburger. The plumbers and electricians pitched in, along with many neighborhood and city-wide businesses. Kasmer Electric took out the electricians' permit and supplied parts and tools; Ronald and James Nicoll of Electrical Union Local 58 and Isador Olshansky of the Plumbers' Union gave a free day of labor. Robert Jordan, also of the Plumbers' Union, did the entire engineering and motivated five plumbers to donate a full day's free labor. Another community effort was made by Irv Bluestone, a high official in the United Auto Workers; he attended a meeting to discuss a new approach to community housing, but the union did not follow through.

Despite this help, the unions have never provided any initiative and are not a force in the community. Perhaps they are too weak to give massive aid; perhaps their industry and trade orientation inhibits a community outlook; perhaps they are merely growing old. Whatever the reason, the unions are neither powerful nor progressive in Fitzgerald.

IX-7 The end of the school day at Post Junior High School. Rebelliousness, even among people this young, compels The Establishment to send armed men to supervise the children's departure. The policeman's motto, half seen on the rear of his car, is "Defenders of Liberty," a slogan that causes much comment, ranging from the sarcastic to much worse.

In the United States, Detroit, and Fitzgerald, the police department is an institution of force. Even the most friendly and helpful police department represents force. The more police there are, the more a nation is a police state. What better way to define a police state than by the number of policemen per capita? By this definition, the United States is one of the worst police states in the world, much worse than our supposed enemy state, the Soviet Union, to say nothing of friendly states like England. Every nation of the world needs police, but police are a confession of social failure, and their numbers an index of the intensity of that failure.

American police institutions are becoming more and more depersonalized. The neighborhood policeman is disappearing. The police do not know the people; police are faceless strangers. It is impossible to "support your local police" because there are no local police. Police no longer have strong connections in a community, even in Fitzgerald which tries to establish connections with every group. Community relations decrease as formidable equipment increases. The result has not been satisfactory. The model Los Angeles Police Department, the police department that inspired the "Dragnet" series, so lost control during the riot in Watts that it fled and had to turn to the Army to bail it out. The Detroit police also panicked in the same circumstances.

Modern equipment, such as electronic computers which rapidly dispatch squad cars, only make police equipment-happy, Dick Tracy, Junior G-Men punchy. Nor does modern equipment mean that the police provide good service. They are criticized, even by those with "Support Your Local Police" bumper stickers, for being slower to answer calls than taxi cabs on a rainy day. As they say in the streets, "They're never around when you need one." They are often rude, not only with teenagers but with adults. They are often illegal, especially when searching for weapons. They are often sadistic. During the Rebellion there were many documented cases of police sadism and savagery; the well publicized massacre at the Algiers Motel was only one. For instance, Congressman John Conyer's office has documentation of an incident in which two officers held a man to the floor while a third carved his initials in the man's back. In the tenth precinct, police gang-raped black woman prisoners. Complaints are made by the full range of black American citizenry, even those who call for more police and more protection.

Many police are also corrupt. Organized crime, particularly narcotics, is an enormously profitable industry: the fence makes some, the pusher makes some, and the white power structure makes the most. But professional crime does not happen without the knowledge of the police. If the john is never more than five minutes away by taxi from the prostitute, how come the police are years away? They are paid off, from the cop on the beat to City Hall. Police bribery scandals are so typical that exposure barely causes the public to notice. To fight crime in the streets, the big criminals, the mass producers of crime, should be imprisoned. They include corrupt policemen, corrupt politicians, corrupt businessmen. Unfortunately, the slogan "War on Crime" is but the thinnest disguise for a war on blacks, with less pressure than ever on the big-time white operators.

In Fitzgerald too, the police are an alien force. This is least true of the men regularly assigned to the neighborhood, the patrol and traffic men. Even though motorized, they stop in drugstores for cigarettes, stand at call boxes, and cruise the streets enough for them to establish some rapport with young people and with others as individual human beings. But, the special patrol cars sent to trouble spots, popularly known as "The Big Four," are detested. They are viewed by even the best behaved youngsters and adults as "The Enemy."

The solution to police problems seems to be that the police become community-oriented and personally incorruptible. Policemen should live in the neighborhood they serve and establish sympathy with the people there, particularly the young. The more community support the police have, the less physical muscle they need. The police should be as accepted as the town marshal in Western movies, and as professional as the family doctor.

In suburban Livonia the police have stenciled on the back of each patrol car, "Courtesy is our motto." This is needed in Detroit. The cost of police courtesy is practically zero, the cost of discourtesy is incalculable. To achieve a more humane and more diplomatic police department may necessitate an Association for the Improvement of the Police Department, but hopefully, the Police Department itself, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Civil Liberties Union, and similar organizations would be willing to canvass the neighborhood for past and current complaints, and to pursue them. The police should be made to understand that a reform attempt would make them a living part of the neighborhood, respected for their personal manhood rather than their guns: Project Matt Dillon.

Unfortunately, the solution to police problems does not lie entirely with the police. The task facing the police today is immense. Racism, for example, permeates the society, and presents difficult questions for the police. Consider one incident at the Clark gasoline service station in Fitzgerald, on which the militant *Inner City Voice* of December 15, 1967 reports:

On Tuesday, September 19, 1967, Walter Hodo, 11750 Broad Street, a black man, drove into a Clark Gas Station on Livernois, off Puritan, to purchase a pack of cigarettes. Hodo asked the white attendant if thirty-two cents would buy a pack. He was told to buy his cigarettes elsewhere. When he asked the reason for the attendant's hostility he was cursed, threatened with a loaded revolver, and told to get off the premises. Hodo telephoned the police and remained off the premises until the police arrived. Two officers, a white and black team, answered the call in a scout car, refused to take action against the white man, or accept a charge from the black man.

Where is the solution to this sort of problem? Who is to blame? The attendant? The national owners of Clark Stations? The two policemen? The Police Department? The two individual policemen certainly should not take full responsibility.

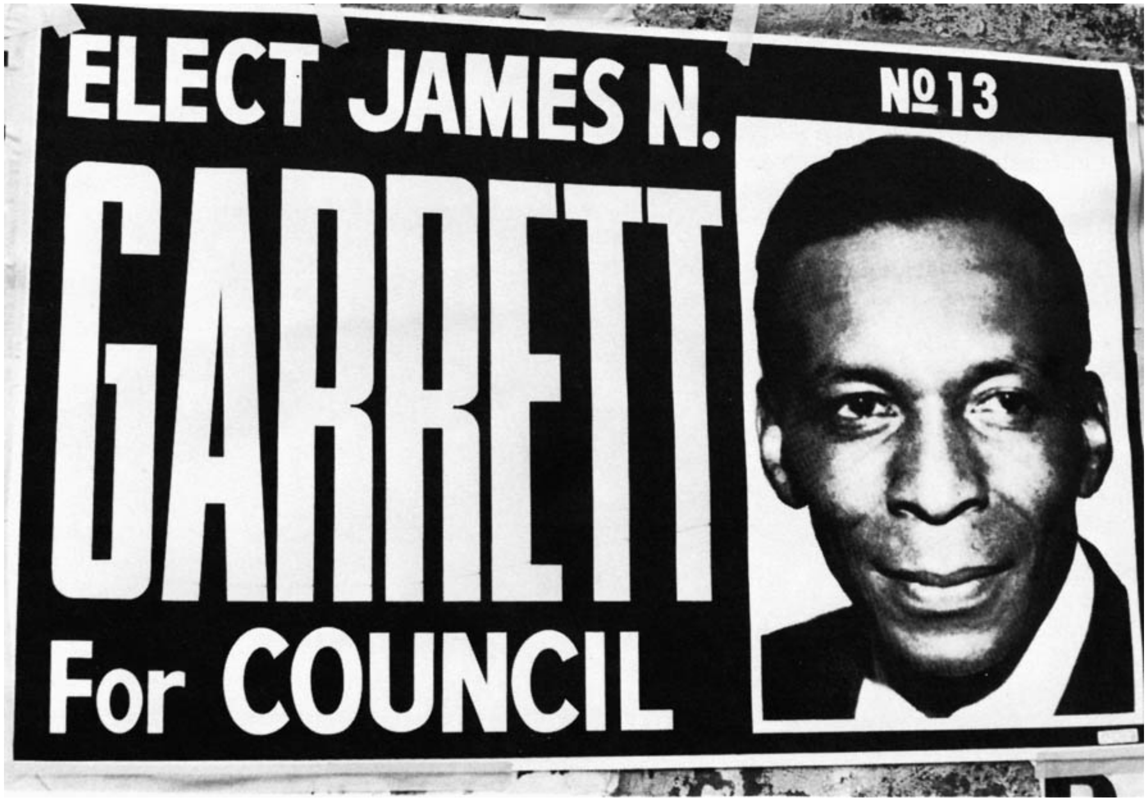
The police, for all their racism and corruption, do not deserve the impossible job of trying to contain the pressures that social injustices produce. The business power structure in Detroit sponsored a four hundred thousand dollar TV campaign that focuses the police into this pressured role. The double unemployment rate of blacks, the half income rate per family, the second class education system, the high draft and death rate in the Vietnamese War; all these produce tensions that the police cannot be expected to control. Controlling the black revolutionaries, those who are willing to die to liberate their people and who are respected by most blacks and many whites, is particularly difficult, for their activity is really social and political, not criminal. Under these pressures, the police feel inadequate; their nervous breakdown rate since the July Rebellion of 1967 has reached epidemic proportions.

Even under the best of circumstances and with the best of men, the police have a very difficult job. Every day they see incest, rape, masochism, and other varieties of degeneration. When humans are pushed or fall to the bottom, they tend to drag others down with them. A good policeman must be an extraordinary man to survive spiritually. Mackie Johnson reports on the emotional hardships of police work:

I'm a policeman and today the average policeman is expected to handle any situation he *comes in contact with. The modern city, especially the inner city, demands a lot. Understanding is ninety-five percent of police problems. The enlightened policeman of today is a philosopher. Did you know that George Orwell was a policeman for five years? It is necessary for a person to see the seamy side of life because only then do you get the full view. But you have to be a little broader than average to see the negative, and not become negative yourself. You have to fight it. If you are not exposed to a variety of things, then it is almost predictable that you will become very hard.*

The strain on black policemen is particularly enormous. Are they really "black mercenaries" hired by white racists to shoot down their own people? In addition to this terrible accusation, the black policemen face discrimination within the Police Department. At the Michigan Civil Rights Commission meeting held at James and Ethel Garrett's, it was pointed out that since the Insurrection of 1967, black police recruitment in Detroit has been heavily publicized, but not implemented. Of the hundreds of applicants, fifty percent of whom are black, only a handful of blacks are being accepted. Of the 4,100 policemen in the Detroit Police Department only between 250 and 350 are black. These black policemen are consistently passed over for promotions. They spend their lives as the buck privates of the police force: patrolmen. Members of the dominantly black city-wide professional police organization, the Guardians, are even more consistently passed over for promotions.

Mackie Johnson is a past President of the Guardians. He has been a patrolman for seventeen years. If he were promoted to the position of Inspector at the Palmer Park precinct, he would undoubtedly improve police-community relations immeasurably. Policemen like Johnson could do wonders in tense places, where today the most racist and corrupt white policemen are now located, only doubling the tension. When a lady coming home from work gets off the bus in mid-evening at Greenlawn and McNichols to be gratuitously addressed by a white officer in a passing squad car as a "black whore," that officer should be replaced. To pinch the careers of professional black policemen verges on insanity.



IX-8 Signs of the political times. The black middle class moves to politics and unity in the community.

Who should improve the police system? And who should deal with the tensions in Fitzgerald that are usually dumped in the lap of the police? The politicians. More and more Fitzgerald citizens have been turning to the political institutions for answers to the problems of the community. Black people in particular have seen that, from their majority base in Fitzgerald, they could find the power to gain political office. At the same time, many parents in the black middle class were turned to politics by their children, who join black youth organizations, down to almost every last person.

Many black families in Fitzgerald are intensely political, and successfully so. One particularly successful political family team are Ethel and James Garrett. Ethel Garrett has had a long and successful political career in the schools, and her husband, James, has held several significant positions in city government.

Ethel Garrett: The Concerned Middle Class. Another kind of response to the gulf between the black middle class and the black lower class has been made by Ethel Garrett, a political powerhouse in Fitzgerald. The wife of the Cotillion Club past-President, she is like many middle class Negroes, consciously ambivalent toward lower class black people. Her whole life story is one of divided loyalties.

After the early death of her mother, Ethel Garrett was raised in Bradock, a small suburb of Pittsburgh, by her aunt and uncle. Her aunt was fair-skinned and socially pretentious, and raised her niece to feel that she was special. She learned the international dances of the whites, particularly the Hungarian and Polish, better than she learned the blacks' swinging and jitterbugging. Her aunt felt a great social rivalry with a light-skinned family, whose father was not a laborer in the steel mill, but a janitor at the electric company. Like many other Negroes in this time and place, her aunt rated Negroes by "shades."

But her uncle was dark-skinned. As the Republican Party link to the Negro community, he held considerable power to fix minor police scrapes, obtain jobs for Negroes and so forth. His attitude toward people was down-to-earth, and as a result he constantly contradicted his wife's advice. He would tell his niece, "Now look here, girl. You can't go around here being snobbish. No matter what your aunt tells you, you've got to like everybody."

Considering the various social pressures upon Ethel Garrett, her friendship with a blond Swedish girl is not too surprising. She relates:

My friendship with a rich white girl started because of sports in school. We were both very good at sports. Martha was blond, very pale and very delicate. I was brown-skinned and my hair was long and black. We would sit in home economics class, and instead of doing dishes like everyone else, we would comb our hair. I would say something like, "Martha, you should wear a little darker powder because you are too pale and it would go beautifully with your blond hair." And she would look back at me and say, "Well, maybe you ought to wear a little lighter powder, it would go better with your black hair." And we found that we could talk to each other like this.

I would go up to her house and she would come down to mine for dinner. They had a cook and a maid. When the maid served, she would practically throw the plate at me. One time she whispered to me, "Don't you always be coming up here because I don't want to be serving you," and I had the nerve to say to her, "Well, I'm going to tell my uncle." I found out she was not even from Bradock, she was from Greater Pittsburgh, so I couldn't touch her. The funniest part of it was that she was colored.

When Martha went on to an exclusive girl's school we wrote back and forth. The last letter I got, she wrote about her boy friend and said, "You know, Ethel, if I get married I want you to be my Maid of Honor." I don't think either one of us realized until then about colored or white or anything else, but suddenly it struck us. I haven't heard from her since. My aunt didn't encourage this particular friendship. I guess she figured as long as I remained among Negroes I would keep my status, but with a wealthy white girl I was just a plain ordinary person.

Her uncle's side, her dark side, then came out. Ethel Garrett is an extremely attractive lady, and when she was young she was a knock-out. She was all dark of skin, in contradiction of her high status, extremely confident and bright; her personality, then and now, fills a room. Her aunt tried in vain to govern whom she would date, but she would sneak out with precisely the young men whom Auntie vetoed. She tells how she enjoyed the dark-skinned men from the street life:

I must have been trying to fight what my aunt taught me. Even though she brought me up to appreciate only light skin, all my boy friends were dark. I managed to meet boys from gangs. These boys looked up to me due to my status, and treated me like a princess. Other girls they treated like nothing. They were very physical and seductive, the toughest from Homewood. They were not like the gangs are now; they didn't carry chains. They would fight in droves, almost like an army, fist to fist. Some guys would carry sticks, but never guns or knives. They were tough customers, big and brawny, and a lot of them had that African look, a very mean look. I always leaned toward that look.

She hated college and, after purposely being kicked out of two or three, her aunt gave up and sent her off to her father in Detroit with a strong plea that he get her to go to school. In Detroit, she didn't have the social standing she had had in her home town. She kept house for her older sisters, who were waitresses in a restaurant where they met the man who was to become Malcolm X. At that time he was just a young man in the streets called Big Red who liked to fight. He used to mooch meals off Ethel's sisters in the

IX-9 The future Mrs. Garrett: young, very pretty, with a mind of her own.

restaurant and at home. (When Malcolm was assassinated years later, for all her social feelings, she was bitterly depressed and enraged.) She took work in a laundry. The work hit her hard, and knocked the edges off the gaiety of her girlhood days. She met her husband-to-be, James Garrett, and decided that this scholarly, quiet, hard-working man, who reminded her vividly of her uncle, was going to be her husband.

Civil rights did not enter Ethel Garrett's consciousness until her late twenties. Looking back she can recount incidents of racial discrimination that she did not recognize at the time, such as being turned down as an elevator operator at J. L. Hudson's, Detroit's big department store, because it hired only the lightest Negroes with college degrees to run their elevators. When she did become conscious of racial discrimination, her dilemma was similar to that of many other middle class Negroes. She had certain educational, psychological, and political strengths to bring to the cause, but she simply had not been through the terrible experiences of so many blacks. In the beginning of her involvement it was difficult for her to feel the fury of her black brothers and sisters. Also, it was discomforting to associate herself with people who might have dragged her down into their misery. Yet, her mind told her their rage was justified so she joined the cause.

What is the interplay between social and individual motivations? Ethel Garrett's complicated conflicts between drives for individual prestige and for social justice, founded in her childhood, are so intertwined that they may never be separated. Thus this riddle may best be put aside and a different question asked: regardless of motives, are Ethel Garrett's actions socially desirable? The answer is certainly yes. Once a middle class Negro decides to take up the fight for his people, look out!

IX-10 Ethel Garrett views the neighborhood's number one slum process, the deliberately overcrowded and aging school.

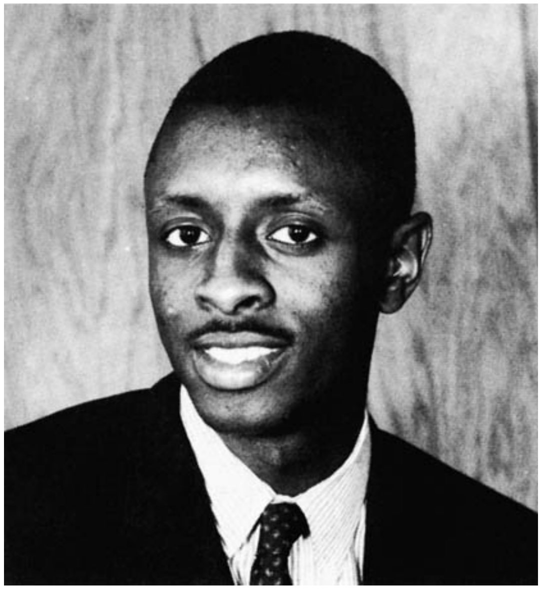
The agony of Ethel Garrett in its various forms, the agony of daughter versus family, the agony of black versus white, the agony of middle class versus "that other element," the agony of dark skin versus light skin, produced the most effective president of the largest and strongest PTA in the history of Michigan. She was the driving force behind the successful campaign to bus Fitzgerald children to predominantly white schools with quality education some miles away. She describes her feelings about her activities:

At first I took the school situation here personally. At the Board of Education, Betty, Marge, Mackie, Cecil and I were sitting talking to Dr. Wolfe. He wasn't giving us any encouragement. I wasn't thinking about the school or the children, but "How dare he turn me down?" This is the way it started, but now going over to the school, looking at these colored children, realizing they're being cheated, I don't think of myself, or my own children. A colored child has a special way of looking at you, like he's pleading with you even though he's smiling at you. His eyes are big and they are full of enthusiasm. I said to myself, "These children are coming to school to get an education and they are being cheated," and I was very angry.

When I went to the meeting at the church that Sunday I had my speech written out about what our school needs. But sitting there listening to those people, I said to myself, "Nobody cares about our children. Nobody cares." I was on the verge of crying and had to keep holding it back. When the people didn't respond, the first thing that popped in my mind was, "These children aren't going to get an education if I sit here with these people." Hurt and angry, I jumped up and told them, "You don't care anything about our children at all." And I left. I didn't think about my children, I don't think about myself; in fact, I didn't think about anything.

IX-11 Ethel Garrett feels herself resolving her middle class conflict of views:
"I'm not through changing. I'm now realizing what the Negroes are up against. I was brought up believing that other people aren't real; I thought everybody in the world was here for my purpose. Then I experienced the inferior education that Negro children are receiving. Now I'm more sympathetic. Eventually I will change more, and there will be nothing personal in my feelings at all.

It is no longer a personal thing with me. I have dreams for this school and its teachers and I want to accomplish them. If I can accomplish them by being me and having pull, good. But I want these little dark-skinned, brown-skinned children to get their education, and I will take all kinds of insults to get it. I will take anything they want to give me.



IX-12 Frank Russell, new Fitzgerald Community Council President.

The young black leadership is growing in power too. Julian Bond is "moving on up" with other young blacks, not by himself. The new president of the Fitzgerald Community Council is Frank Russell, a youngish black man quite conscious of the blackness of the neighborhood. He is alert to the feelings of black homeowners, and acutely aware of the need to nurture black block clubs. He works hard to respond to these feelings and needs of the community: he is personally conscientious and dedicated.

But there is only so much Fitzgerald can do by itself. The neighborhood lies on the extreme eastern edge of the seventeenth congressional district, a white district rapidly opening up to blacks. Politicians from Congress to the State House are particularly interested in this swing district, a district of the future. So much real estate has been opened to black people in Northwest Detroit that resegregation is mechanically impossible; therefore, integrationist type politicians must emerge. The United Auto Workers, who evidently still do not realize the fact, no longer dominate liberal politics in the area. The blacks do. In 1961 a black revolt against former Mayor Louis Miriani, who indulged in a "police crackdown" against the black community, resulted in the election of Jerome P. Cavanaugh as mayor. Mayor Cavanaugh seemed to recognize the sophistication of Detroit's black voters, perhaps the most politically astute blacks in the nation. His program emphasized the attainment of law and order through justice. By a series of maneuvers led by Cecil Erbaugh, the Fitzgerald Council made a *de facto* alliance with the Cavanaugh people. But subsequently Cavanaugh reversed himself, and shifted emphasis from justice to crime control and suppression of the black community. Perhaps he changed when he realized that the black community would elect a black mayor over a white, no matter how liberal a white mayor might be. Few politicians survive such switches, and Cavanaugh was not one. He has not won new friends among his old enemies; he has only lost many of his old friends.

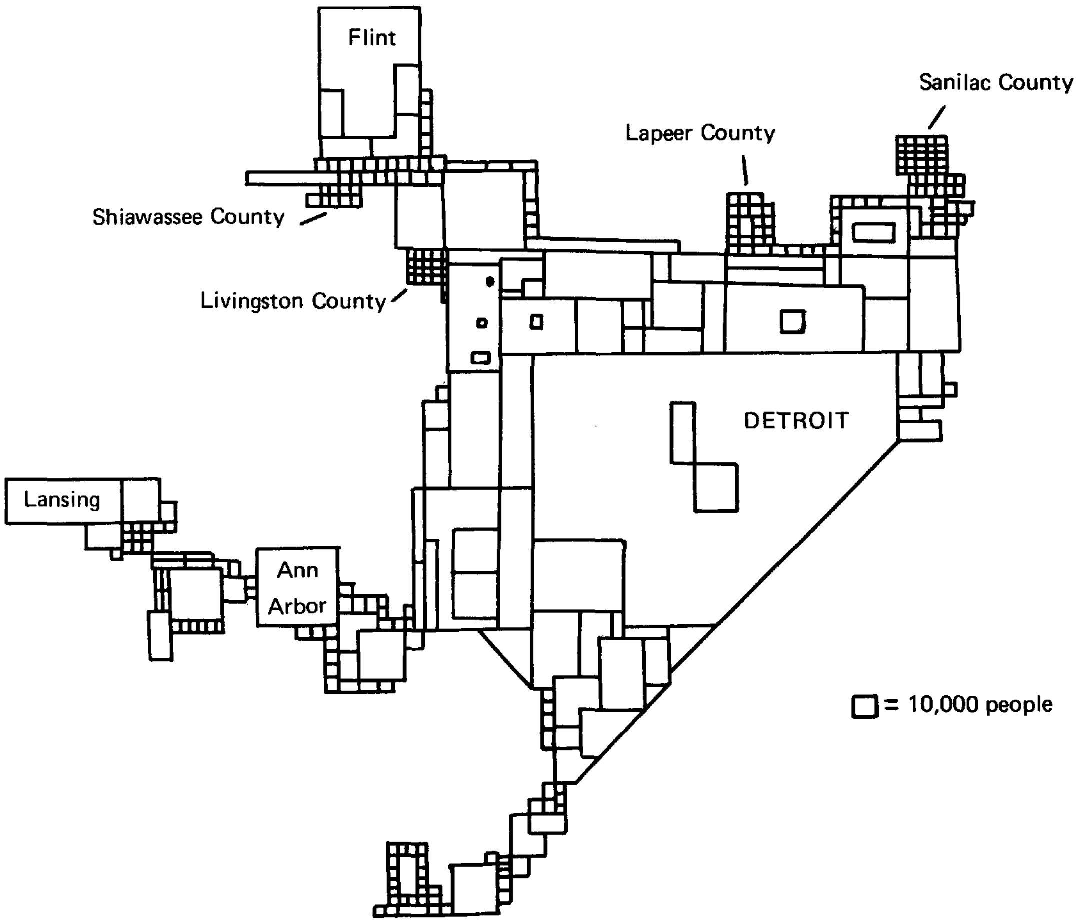
But the days when conservative whites can hold city-wide office in Detroit are almost over. In the fall of 1969, Detroit came within an inch of electing a black mayor, liberal Democrat Richard Austin. He missed being the first black mayor of Detroit by a mere seven thousand votes, but headed the most liberal ticket ever to enter the Common Council. In the northwest portion of Detroit, better than one-third of the white vote went for Austin. In the next mayoral election, there is little doubt that a black man will be chosen.

IX-13 Mayoral candidate Richard Austin compaigns at Marygrove College during the October Peace Moratorium in 1969. These liberal Catholic college students were typical of the white support that Austin attracted.

But if there is little doubt that Detroit city government will soon be dominated by black men, there is a great deal of doubt that they will have significant powers in their new offices. The reason: urban political units are constantly growing in size. Soon the traditional powers of the city may be given to a new area of city plus suburbs. Detroit rule, for example, will give way to rule by entire Southeastern Michigan. The white power structure is toying with this idea right now. The motive seems to be to deprive the black of his vote. It was only when blacks began to fill wards in World War I that Detroit shifted to a city-wide council system. It is only now when Detroit is forty percent black that Detroit may shift to a region-wide system. It is through politics and education that other ethnic groups have gotten out of American slums, but both these outlets have been systematically denied the black people.

Unfortunately, not only is this quick-get-the district-larger practice racist, it's bad government. Regardless of who is in office, urban governmental units are too large, distant, and impersonal. As a result, neighborhood efforts at self-help are constantly thwarted by governmental interference. Part of the difficulty is undoubtedly rooted in petty bureaucratic jealousies; for instance, who "owns" the local park, the tax-paying citizens of the area or the downtown agencies?

But much of the basis for frustration of citizens' initiative is geographic. When Americans left their recent rural past, they also left behind small political decision-making units. Fitzgerald is a small city of 20,000, but it has none of the traditional decision-making powers of a small city. Even if larger governmental units are less expensive, and this is by no means proven, would the "saving" be worth the alienation that the citizen feels toward "unbeatable" City Hall? Why shouldn't citizens be able to beat City Hall? Why pay the tax bill? Who is working for whom? Doesn't the citizen pay for the lighting of his streets? Then why is he never consulted, even in a city-wide referendum, on the quality and



Cartogram of Townships and Cities in Southeastern Michigan
with Areas of Government in Proportion to Population

IX-14 In this cartogram, each rectangle (or similar shape) is a local government. Two local governments (Hamtramack and Highland Park) exist within Detroit proper; they are represented by two rectangles in the larger Detroit area. Notice how huge Detroit is relative to Lapeer County or even Ann Arbor.

character of this lighting? Real questions that are significant to the citizen, such as garbage collection at his back door rather than at his front door or in the alley, are never raised with him. Urban America has destroyed the lower half of its governmental decision-making apparatus.

Political units must be reduced in size to be in proportion to the number of people in the unit. The natural hierarchy of human units seems to be approximately 300,000,000 for countries; 3,000,000 for cities; 30,000 for neighborhoods; 300 for block clubs, and 3 for families. Each step is approximately two orders of magnitude less, not in square miles, but in number of people. Rural America continues this principle: 3,000,000 for states; 30,000 for counties; 300 for townships; 3 for homesteads. But the political units of urban America do not correspond to those in rural counties, townships and homesteads. As the density of people in the cities increased, the geographic size of the political units did not decrease to correspond with the number of people in the area; in fact, they increased. For example, although its population was increasing, Fitzgerald lost home rule when Greenfield Township, with only two hundred families in 1860, but with its own School Board, police and so forth, was absorbed by the City of Detroit in 1922.

If urban governmental units could again be the size of rural governmental units, based on number of people, a great many of America's problems, particularly minority problems, could be solved. For instance, if block clubs are given governmental powers appropriate to their size (perhaps the powers of a township — powers over alleys, streets, lighting, sidewalk repairs and zoning); if the Community Council area (county) is given decision-making powers over the curriculum in the local grade school, over the local police, and perhaps over some public transportation systems; and if the larger cities are granted state status by the federal government, then the foreign quality of urban government would disappear. Self-determination in proportion to the number of people, not square miles, is the key to community strength. At the very least, the numerous city agencies — education, parks, police — should arrange their geographic sub-division boundaries to coincide with one another, so that the agencies would reinforce a sense of community rather than rip the neighborhoods to shreds.

But today, because political units are too large, governmental office may not satisfy the hopes for real power that middle class blacks in Fitzgerald have held for so long. The only adult institution with real power — the rich white power structure — seems to want to keep all the power for itself.

The white power structure is not located in Fitzgerald, but it has interests here. The city is run mostly on the Absentee Ruler principle, from the great American tax dodge called "the suburbs." Why don't representatives of the power structure involve themselves in the neighborhood? They evidently have never heard of the place. Joseph L. Hudson, Jr. took some leadership after the rebillion of 1967 in the city, but prior to this, the business community was aloof. The average man in Fitzgerald views the pattern of his life as inevitable and fixed; it is, however, greatly affected by the decisions of powerfully placed personalities.

To give an unhappy example, it is persistently rumored in Fitzgerald (and persistently denied too), that the John C. Lodge Expressway that geographically splits Fitzgerald was originally planned to be built a half-mile south of its present site and to continue due west. It would have thus paralleled an existing railroad line and disrupted very few individual homeowners and neighborhoods. But, the rumor goes, the J. L. Hudson Department Store wanted the expressway to take traffic to its new site in northwest Detroit, the Northland Shopping Center, and so the route of the expressway was changed. As a result, thousands upon thousands of Detroiters were forced out of their homes. In Fitzgerald, a one-mile-by-one-block area of citizens along what used to be Keeler Street, about a twentieth of the entire population, was plowed out by the expressway. They never knew what hit them. They blamed the bureaucrats downtown, they blamed the police who evicted them, they blamed the governmental agents with whom they dealt face to face. Those more suspicious of power blamed the J. L. Hudson Company. It is not important whether Joseph L. Hudson did or did not cause the shift in the expressway; it is important that the J. L. Hudson Company, the Ford Motor Company, the Michigan Bell Telephone Company, and so forth have so little contact with the people that they are vulnerable to charges of, at best, indifference and, at worst, grasping greed.

The power structure is also vulnerable to charges of reactionary behavior and attitudes towards the poor and the black. The business community particularly seems tempted to rely on police pressure in "punishing wrongdoers." It seems, too, to be turning the black teenage criminal into a scapegoat. This power structure, not the local police, or the local politicians, are the people ultimately responsible for America's health. They have the authority, and therefore they have the responsibility.

The Passers-Through

Does a man "live" in a place he passes through? Yes. For instance, if a man lives on a canal barge, his home must be the canal. If a commuter spends years of his life on the expressway he must, to some degree, "live" there. Do the people, then, in this photograph, just passing through, owe Fitzgerald any consideration?

Let's look at it mathematically. Collectively, on the mile-long stretch of expressway in Fitzgerald, 48,800 vehicles head north each day and 52,950 head south, for a grand total of 101,750 vehicles. With an average of two people per car and two minutes time driving through Fitzgerald has a grand total of 407,000 man-minutes per day of residence by strangers, or the equivalent of 276 "permanent" passers-through.

None of these passers-through feels any responsibility to Fitzgerald, despite the fact that numerically they represent one hundredth of its residents. They belong to no block club even though their permanent density is as high in that area as in other Fitzgerald blocks. They split the neighborhood and pollute its air with noxious fumes and noises. With their eyes on the road dead ahead, they don't see Fitzgerald at all. Indeed, Fitzgerald is a blight, a congestion, a disagreeable stretch of the road that stands between them and their destinations.

At the same time, Fitzgerald people have no control of the passers-through on the expressway. In the days of farm travel, when travel was much slower, the farm families could scrutinize strangers going through the neighborhood and perhaps even question them about their business in the neighborhood. Today, only homeowners in the powerful suburbs can control even the most blatant invasions of their privacy, such as sound trucks blaring up and down residential side streets. Localities like Fitzgerald should be able to control their streets to a much greater extent. This does not mean that each neighborhood should erect a toll road, but that each should have some legal machinery for complaints. Some means could be taken to try to decrease the pollution rising off the highway or to control noise, perhaps for example by reducing speeds on the expressway, at least on Sunday mornings.

IX-15 The Passers-Through

The churches have been the steadiest rock of all adult institutions in Fitzgerald. With a few exceptions, they have pushed to build a vigorous, integrated community. The Catholic Church sparked the formation of the Community Council, after first building alliances with the Protestant and Jewish groups. The churches have steadfastly provided meeting places for all, programs for the young, extra space for the schools, and on and on. The churches have stood up against the real estate brokers. They have dug in against racism within their own congregations, although the cost of the fight has been high, occasionally forcing them into financial bankruptcy. Courageously, individual priests, ministers, rabbis, and sisters have risked personally dangerous situations, but even more admirably, the churches as institutions have risked their very existence.

Reverend Herbert Glenn — Christian

Rev. Herbert Glenn was raised in the mountains of West Virginia in a mixed Southern and New England tradition. All three geographies shine through Glenn. His father, a tidewater Virginian, was prejudiced, but relatively quiet about his feelings. His mother, descendent from a long line of Connecticut Yankee Congregationalists, was liberal. Add the hard character of coal-mining West Virginia in the Great Depression, and much of Rev. Glenn emerges.

Both Glenn's parents supported Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his New Deal:

My dad was the Dispersing Agent of Eleanor Roosevelt's first project to re-locate people from the Scott's Run coal mines into Arthurdale Rural Community. My mother sat with Mrs. Roosevelt at a high school graduation and next time Mrs. Roosevelt came she asked if my mother would sit with her again. She was a symbol to the Glenns of kindness personified.

Yet it was not a religious family:

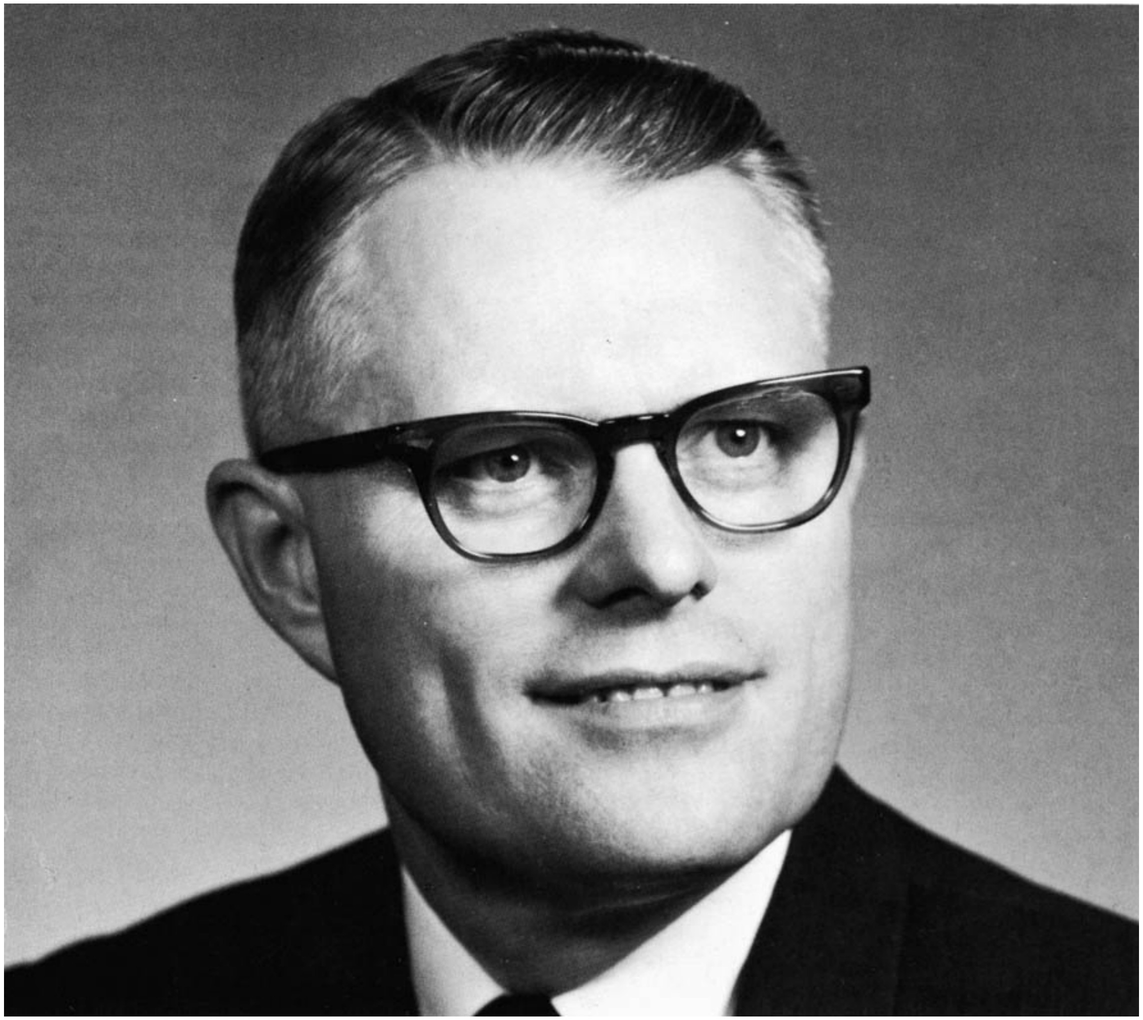
My dad claimed to be an atheist. When I told him I was going into the Methodist ministry he said, "What's the matter with your head?"

But young Glenn's attraction to the church was firm. From the beginning, too, his faith was involved in the race question. His experience with both religion and race began early:

When I was fifteen, our minister invited the Negro high school choir to sing in our church. It was the first time that any white church had any group of Negro people in it. The minister was Boston-trained, and would have been called a liberal in his day, although he had many of the older traits of emotionalism. I was very fond of him as most people were. My mother said, "Good for him because that is the way it ought to be." My dad didn't say anything.

Reverend Glenn's religion stresses love:

One of Jesus' greatest truths was His Commandment to love God with all our being. His second Commandment was love your neighbor, with the kicker, as you love yourself. It is a triangular relationship, and a triangle has God at the apex and you down here and me over here. He loves me, and because He loves me I see worth in myself and I love Him in return and it empowers me to love you. And since you were made by Him and call Him Father and I was made by Him and call Him Father, then you are my brother.



IX-16 Reverend Herbert Glenn.

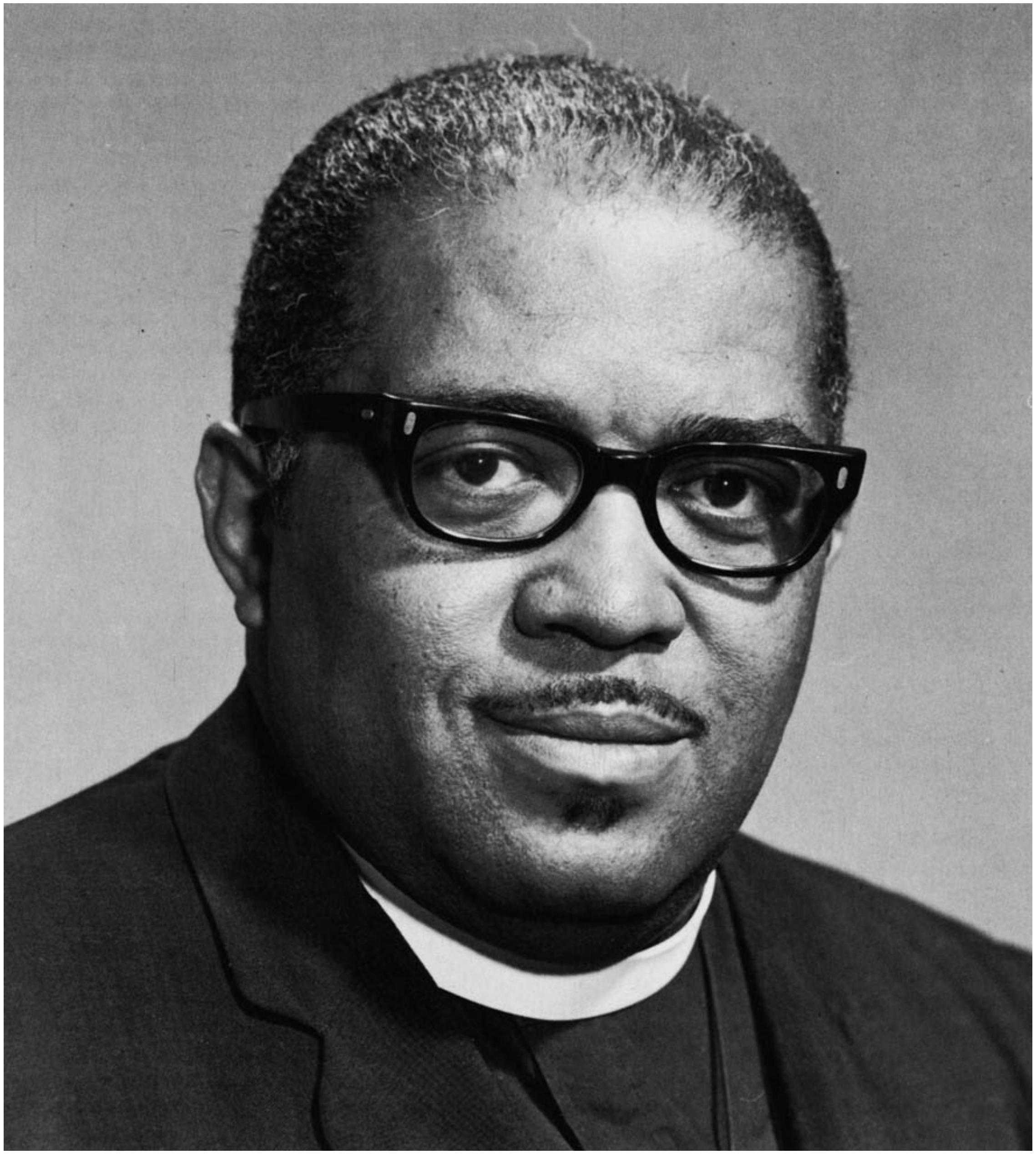
This type of religious strength and love based on God fills not only ministers, priests, rabbis, and nuns, but many laymen in Fitzgerald. In Fitzgerald, Glenn has helped to make God a living force; even the most secular and atheistic must admit to the reality of psychological effects of the belief in God on people.

Glenn has made a strong commitment to integration, a stand that has confronted him with problems. He explains these:

I run into people who sincerely disagree with my viewpoint, and I realize they were injured as young children. I call it "soul-wounding." In certain parts of the South, if a mother does not want her little two-and-a-half-year-old girl to go out on the porch at night, instead of saying to her, "If you go out on the porch I'll give you a spanking" she might say, "If you go out on the porch a 'nigger' will get you." Now this girl goes through college, gets a good education, moves into a neighborhood with her young executive husband, and then the bursting central city moves her way and a Negro moves onto her block. All of a sudden she is scared to death and she doesn't know why. I can empathize with a person who says, "I can't explain it to you. All good sense says I shouldn't feel this way, but I am scared to death." People have been fairly honest with me about this kind of thing. The other, the rigid person, just won't come and listen to the "garbage." He says, "I don't know what's happened to the church, but the last three preachers have all been out of their heads. They are all talking about racial brotherhood. I liked it better when we sang, 'The Little Brown Church in the Wild Wood' and when we talked of 'gentle Jesus meek and mild'." The rigid ones say, "Nuts to you, buddy, I am going to a church where I can hear what I want to hear." This is the perversion of religion.

Churches that have shown such strong commitment — and most all the Fitzgerald churches have — take beatings in income and attendance. Reverend Glenn's church has fallen off about one-third. But, bulldog strong, he has dug in for a Battle of Britain.

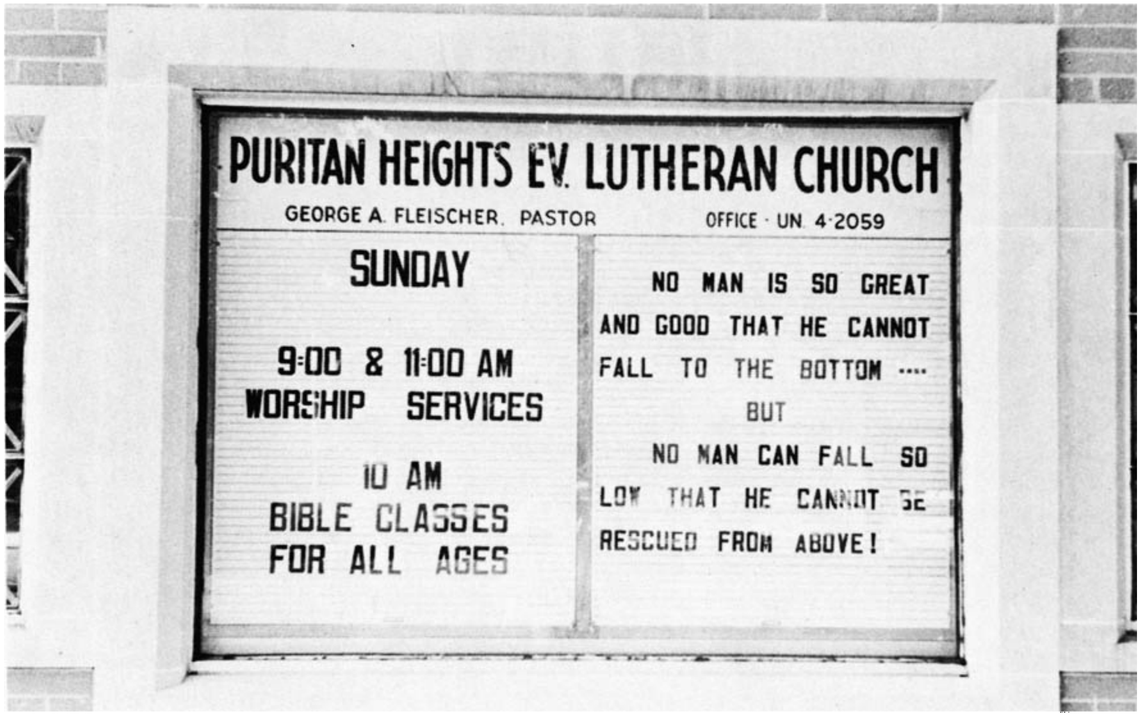
Christianity is moving into a minority position in this country. When Christianity is doing what it ought to be doing in reference to God and Mankind, it alienates great numbers of its followers who are not sensitized to God. They are participating in an institution rather than in a community.



IX-17 Pastor Harvard W. Stephens, Christian, and former associate of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

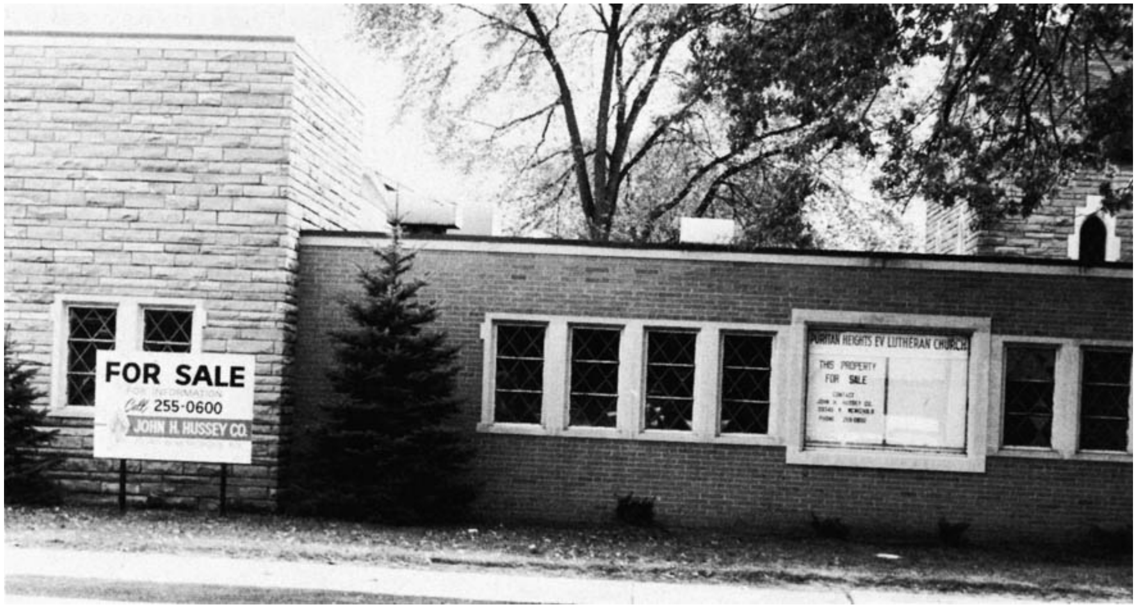
Yet, although the churches have generally been one of the strongest forces against racism in Fitzgerald, in many subtle and not-so-subtle ways they themselves are poisoned with prejudice. One of the foulest incidents in the neighborhood involves a religious institution, the Puritan Heights Lutheran Church. Originally, the pastor of the church was George Fleischer, a white man who had seemed devoted to the cause of integration, living on half-salary for months when the church was threatened by bankruptcy because it had accepted blacks into its congregation. Then, Pastor Fleischer requested a former classmate and black, Pastor Stephens, to take over the church. Pastor Stephens, in an effort to encourage community participation in the church, welcomed young people from UniCom into the church. UniCom is an organization of young black militants which, influenced by Malcolm X, tries to help black people not only through friendship but through insistence on a stiff, sometimes even puritanical, moral code. Immediately, Pastor Stephens' Christian action stirred the deep racism of the older white members of the church. Even Pastor Fleischer lashed out in the *Detroit News* against Pastor Stephens, his lifelong black friend. The white owners of the church, who lived in the lily-white suburbs anyway, decided to sell the property in order to separate themselves from the community. With the money they received from selling the church, the owners of the church ran to the racist suburb of Dearborne to build a new Christian dream. Selling a church in this way is very unusual. Normally, once a neighborhood has paid off the original mortgage on a church, the young people in the neighborhood inherit the church debt-free, generation after generation. But it seems that the norm does not apply where the neighborhood young people are not white. White institutions of all types seem absolutely unable to tolerate power in black people's hands.

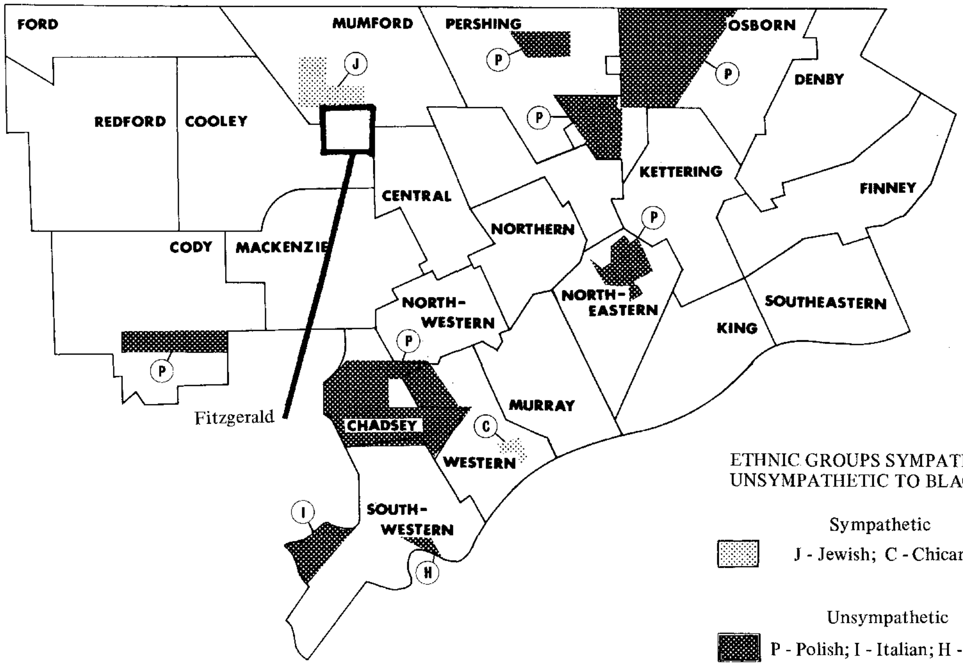
The church has been purchased by neighborhood black Baptists who are busy each week collecting hard-earned quarters, money often made cleaning the white folks' houses in the suburbs, to pay the suburban white folks for the


PURITAN HEIGHTS EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH
GEORGE A. FLEISCHER, PASTOR
OFFICE · UN 4-2059
SUNDAY
9:00 & 11:00 AM
WORSHIP SERVICES
10 AM
BIBLE CLASSES
FOR ALL AGES
NO MAN IS SO GREAT
AND GOOD THAT HE CANNOT
FALL TO THE BOTTOM ....
BUT
NO MAN CAN FALL SO
LOW THAT HE CANNOT BE
RESCUED FROM ABOVE!

IX-18 The Puritan Heights Lutheran Church in happier days. It seems that the church was happy to have blacks listening to sermons and paying collection, but not to have them giving sermons or using collection money.

IX-19


FOR SALE
Call 255-0600
JOHN H. HUSSEY CO.
PURITAN HEIGHTS EV LUTHERAN CHURCH
THIS PROPERTY
FOR SALE



ETHNIC GROUPS SYMPATHETIC AND UNSYMPATHETIC TO BLACK PEOPLE

Sympathetic

░ J - Jewish; C - Chicano

Unsympathetic

▓ P - Polish; I - Italian; H - Hungarian

(as indicated by voting patterns)

church. And to think that Christ drove the money-lenders from the temple. No one would be more welcome in the Christian churches of Fitzgerald today than the local banker.

Not surprisingly, just as white churches tend to reject militant black youth organizations, they tend to reject the militant black religion, the Muslim religion. The Muslim religion is considered by many whites to be a religious front for black racism. The lack of religious support for Muhammed Ali's position on the draft and on Vietnam is notorious. If he had been a Baptist minister, it might have been different. Ironically, in fact, the Muslims have common ground with the other church groups, particularly the Catholics. Both Catholics and Muslims believe in puritanical definitions of morality and in religion through authority. The white backlash is most severe among the ethnic groups that are dominantly Catholic — Polish, Irish, Italian, et cetera, and thus they share segregationist views with Muslims.

Traditionally, white Americans have given legitimacy only to their own white religions. The original American settlers, the Indians, are still viewed as having had a religious experience on the level of "savage heathens," under the ministry of "witch doctors" or "medicine men," who were considered cunning charlatans. The Holy War against the Indians' religions continues: Indian graves in Fitzgerald have no status in law or "Christian charity." No religious traditions founded or definitely modified by colored people are respected by white religionists, from the red man's Ghost Dances, to Indian Fakirs, to Saigon Monks, to Sudanese Whirling Dervishes, to Black Muslims, to the Amen corner of the neighborhood store front churches. The scorn for Reverend Johnson's Saint Mark's Baptist Church on Greenlawn and Midland is especially ironic as some of the other neighborhood churches, such as Saint Timothy's, started in store fronts. Is God black? Is Heaven integrated? Is Hell segregated? Were Adam and Eve both blue-eyed blonds as depicted in the recent holy epic resoundingly entitled *The Bible*? At Christmas in 1967 a white madonna on Wyoming was painted black and then immediately re-whitened by her outraged white owners.

The Jewish institutions of Detroit have often been slow to combat racism among their people, and as a result some blacks are anti-Semitic. The Jewish community of Detroit has lived in several neighborhoods later occupied by blacks — Hastings Street, Twelfth Street, Dexter-Davison, Bagley-Fitzgerald — and now suburban Southfield and Oak Park. It has left behind a string of Jewish merchants and landlords, some dishonest and unscrupulous. The pain of caricatures is that they have some basis in fact. At the dominantly Jewish Knights of Pythias, the Infernos held their only unhealthy dance; the teens could have been acting roles in a play written by George Wallace called "Saturday Night in Nigger Town," for there were two cuttings, one forking, and six windows broken. The Knights displayed a Shylockian concern for the precise financial damage done — ninety-three dollars — but no interest in the psychological damage done by the teenagers to themselves. The relatively mild anti-Semitic attitudes of the teens, however, transfixed them. They asked what could be done to combat it, and received suggestions that a Jewish organization, preferably led by a rabbi, seek public support within and without the Jewish community to castigate Jewish groups and individuals who were unjust to neighborhood blacks. The reaction to the suggestion was not enthusiastic!

This antipathy to self-analysis at the organizational level is a great weakness. Father Groppi, Roman Catholic priest, marches against solid Roman Catholic neighborhoods with an army composed mostly of black teenage Protestants. If a Detroit rabbi would only lead blacks against injustices committed to blacks by Jews, the blacks would be less anti-Semitic. The self-critical spirit of *The Pawnbroker* has not reached organizational maturity among the Jews. In order to divide and conquer the anti-Semitism of blacks, it is necessary to divide and conquer the anti-black feelings of Jews. Ultimately, though, blacks are much less anti-Semitic than any other group of Christians; but then no Jew has ever lynched a black man. Another Achilles' heel in Fitzgerald's religious institutions is that all the integrated churches have white clergymen. The churches with black ministers have segregated congregations. This raises an interesting moral and economic problem: Is it justified that white clergy should make a living off black parishioners? The question is still academic because the financial support of no integrated church is yet more than half black. Another question: Would the whites stay if the pastor were black?

But perhaps the most frequent problem today with the white pastors is that they feel themselves martyrs. Suburban ministers at conventions imply that "inner city churches" are missions in darkest Africa, and rub this idea off on the ministry in Fitzgerald. It is an unhealthy attitude, verging on "Just imagine that man sacrificing himself for all those dangerous black heathens, rapists, and looters." It is also ironic, for it is the blacks who really lose because of the white clerics. White clerics mar the image, especially to the young, of black leading black, and this is a deep psychological cost to the community.

The religious leaders, too, are still mostly preoccupied with the "racial ratio" idea and spend much psychological energy trying to persuade white families to remain in the neighborhood and fight for it. To fight for the neighborhood is certainly the correct theme, but blacks are just as valuable in this fight as whites. If the tide of the battle is to be gauged by the percent of blacks in the neighborhood, Fitzgerald is going downhill, more slowly than other changing neighborhoods, but downhill nonetheless. If the clergy would concentrate on fighting for a decent neighborhood, not for a racially mixed neighborhood, they would relieve themselves of much anxiety. Too, they would make common cause with some who must be viewed as enemies from the "racial ratio" perspective, such as the black militants. Both groups want to fight slums, but they are so intolerant of each other, they never see that their slum-fighting purpose is common.

So, in some ways, the churches are divisive. Consciously or subconsciously they want to convert people to their point of view. For instance, all the white churches want to save the young people from the "Devil of Stokely." Every religion seems to feel that if they could only convert the world to their point of view, the world's problems would be solved. But if religious institutions sometimes surrender to racism, and sometimes fail to understand the needs of the community, they still remain the most progressive institutions in Fitzgerald. Recently, they are even beginning to accept the idea of Black Power. Despite its rebuff at the hands of the Lutheran Church UniCom has now been able to enlist support from some Fitzgerald churches. The alliance between Black Power and Religious Power is growing. The Catholic churches, perhaps finally recognizing their philosophical affinities with Black Power churches, have been particularly active in the new alliance. Yet, it may still be too early to tell; the fact that the Catholic church is run from the top down results in a certain instability, in a hot and cold approach to problems. When the directive came down for integration, the Catholic girls at Marygrove composed and then sang a song at a Community Council meeting that included a chorus insisting white racists are "sick, sick, sick." The next year similar Marygrove girls were chanting "rape, rape, rape." But if the Black Power-Catholic Power alliance continues to grow, it might well draw national, even international, fire.

Perhaps the real clue to the positive nature of the religious institutions in Fitzgerald lies in the fact that they seem to have pushed many Fitzgerald citizens into the fights for neighborhood. More than half of the white, hard, tough, day-to-day reliables in the fight for Fitzgerald have been of religious-moral persuasion: Cecil and Margaret Erbaugh (Methodist), Father James Demus (Episcopalian), Father Lawrence Cross (Roman Catholic), Loretta and Andrew Vincent (Orthodox Catholic), Sister Mary Emil (Roman Catholic), Sister Jane Mary (Roman Catholic), Rabbi Jacob Segal (Conservative), Delisle and Ruth Crawford (Quaker), Betty Bunge (Episcopalian), Frank Camper (Baptist), Doris and Edward Grozner (Methodist), Del Wilkerson (Episcopalian), Father John C. Schwarz (Roman Catholic), Caroline Barclay (Episcopalian), Laurie Hyatt (Roman Catholic), Father Laurence Green (Roman Catholic).

The religionists and the secularists are often split in their motivation as Hugh McCann, a Catholic humanist and novelist, caught in his WXYZ TV special on the neighborhood, "The Winds of Change." But perhaps it makes less difference why men do good things than that they do them at all. In Fitzgerald wars over motivation have not developed. Everyone is too busy fighting the good fight. McCann wrote:

It seems fitting that the Articles of Incorporation and the Constitution of the Community Council were drawn up in the basement of a Fitzgerald church. The Fitzgerald Community is a hope of the future partly fulfilled today. Some are laboring as if everything depended upon them. *Others are praying as if everything depended on God. Somewhere in between must lie the winning combination.*

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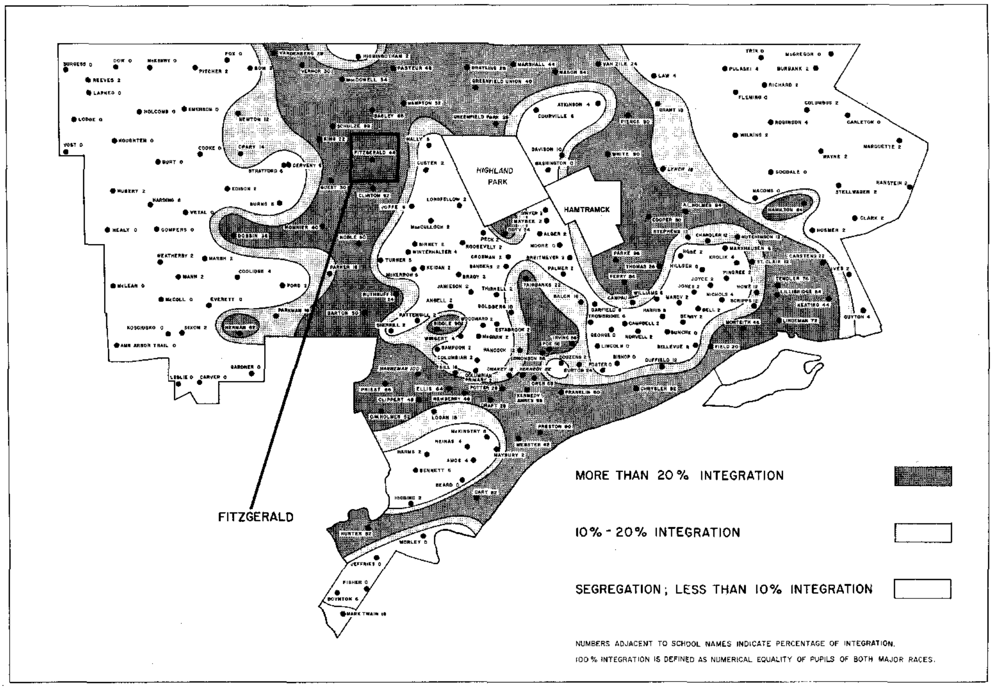
Chapter X: Education Strains

Some alienation between the schools and the community in Fitzgerald has always existed, but now it is increasing. In the past the white Protestants and Jewish upwardly mobile groups were powerful enough to keep the schools healthy. The Fitzgerald and Post schools ran especially fine academic programs, which fit in well with middle class cultural traditions. But in the 1960's, the racial composition of the neighborhood changed greatly. Fitzgerald's percent of black children in the public elementary school has increased year by year from 19.6 in 1961, 24.8 in 1962, 46.0 in 1963, 66.5 in 1964, 78.9 in 1965, 88.4 in 1966, 90.8 in 1967, 96.5 in 1968, to 97.7 in 1969. While the public schools have become increasingly black, the Catholic schools have remained heavily white. The increase in non-white children enrolled in Fitzgerald's schools has been accompanied by an increase in the total number of children enrolled. Total enrollments at the Fitzgerald School, for example, have skyrocketed from 1,060 in 1960, to 2,155 in 1967, to over 2,500 in 1969. The number of college-oriented families, conversely, has plummeted. These changes have aggravated the many latent tensions between the schools and the citizens of Fitzgerald.

At times alienation has burst into violence. Fitzgerald suffered thirteen cases of break-in and one of arson in the fall of 1966. The tensions are most extreme at the Post School. At Post, children increasingly talk back and increasingly defy their teachers, according to their former principal, Miss Irma Dayton. The children throw food in the lunchroom, a prison-type protest. Indeed, at the December, 1966 meeting of Post's PTA, a Caucasian parent, referring to all of Post's children, asserted, "Our children are being kept shut in a prison all day." Much of the tension results from overcrowding. The lunchroom, halls, and lockers were not built to accommodate the number of students now at Post. In order to run the children through lunch in twenty-minute hurry-up shifts, they must start "lunch hour" at 10:30.

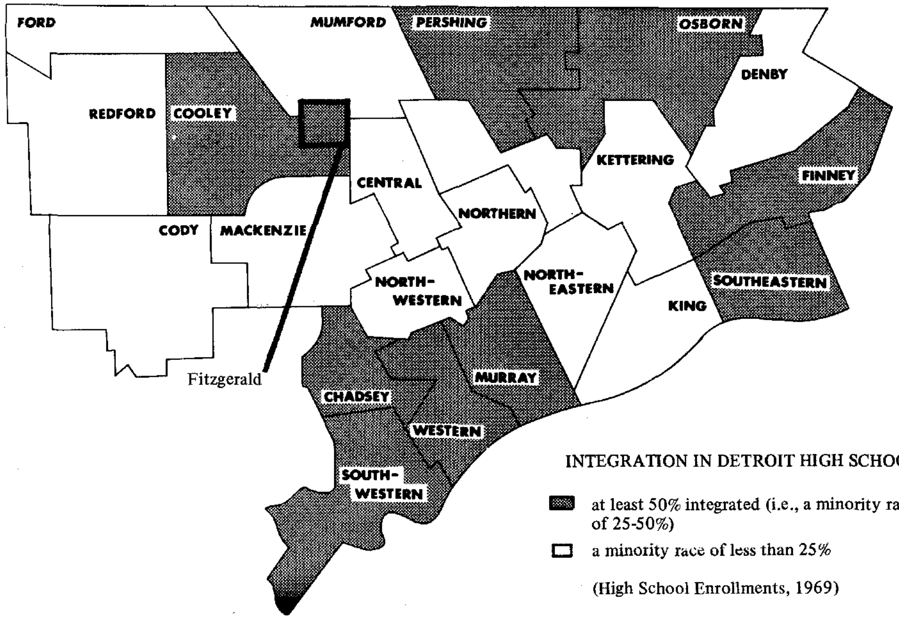
The teacher turnover in the schools is rising, in spite of pay increases. Teacher turnover

PERCENT OF INTEGRATION IN DETROIT ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS


HIGHLAND PARK
HAMTRAMCK
FITZGERALD
MORE THAN 20% INTEGRATION ▨
10% - 20% INTEGRATION ☐
SEGREGATION; LESS THAN 10% INTEGRATION ☐

NUMBERS ADJACENT TO SCHOOL NAMES INDICATE PERCENTAGE OF INTEGRATION.
100% INTEGRATION IS DEFINED AS NUMERICAL EQUALITY OF PUPILS OF BOTH MAJOR RACES.

DATA FROM DETROIT PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM: 1965 - 1966

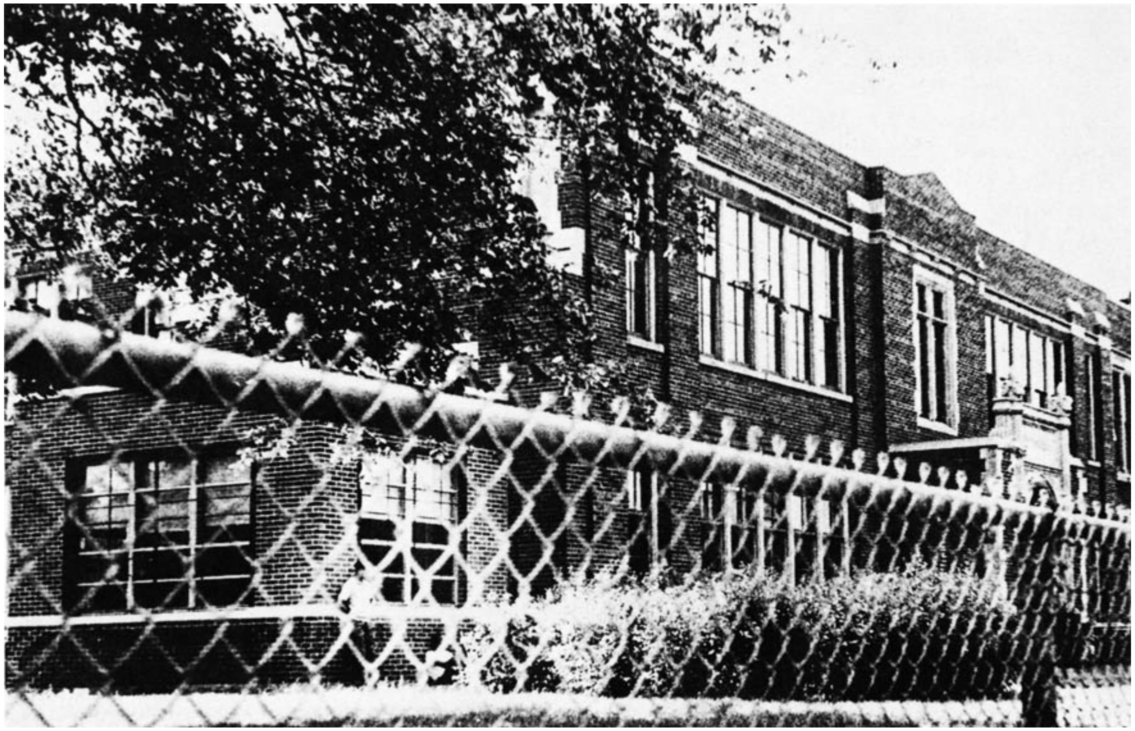

FORD
MUMFORD
PERSHING
OSBORN
DENBY
REDFORD
COOLEY
KETTERING
FINNEY
CENTRAL
NORTHERN
CODY
MACKENZIE
NORTH-WESTERN
NORTH-EASTERN
KING
SOUTHEASTERN
Fitzgerald
MURRAY
CHADSEY
WESTERN
SOUTH-WESTERN

INTEGRATION IN DETROIT HIGH SCHOOLS

▨ at least 50% integrated (i.e., a minority race of 25-50%)

☐ a minority race of less than 25%

(High School Enrollments, 1969)



X-3 Is the school a prison? Or perhaps a pre-factory assembly line, mechanically turning out factory fodder like sausages?

rates in local Catholic schools tend to be lowered because the teachers are sisters who are highly stable. The high rate of teacher turnover is, not surprisingly, accompanied by a high level of teacher disaffection. Teacher morale has lowered considerably. In 1931, Post had the following clubs and student activities: Dramatics, Woodcraft, Household Mechanics, Home Economics, Art, Stamp Collectors, Chess, Poetry, Bird, Checker, Girl Reserves, Library, Dancing, Cartoon, Inky Fingers, and Newspaper. Today it operates only the following: Newspaper, French, Latin, Drama, Model Yacht, Ushers, Y-Teens, and Future Teachers Club. This represents a drop in activities of over fifty percent, in the face of an increase of at least fifty percent in the number of students. This drop is partly caused by teachers' unwillingness to contribute time after school to these activities, an unwillingness that intensifies as the unions succeed in organizing the public school system. Also, many young teachers attend graduate school part-time or hold two jobs in order to make ends meet, and are thus exhausted by moonlighting as well as by trying to maintain discipline in overcrowded, stressful conditions. Sarah Foley, a powerful figure in the city and state PTA, understands many of the problems faced by teachers who do not keep up with the changes in a changing neighborhood.

A teacher must constantly renew herself. An in-service training program must be a regular part of the school system and every teacher must every other year go through a training period and be reimbursed for her time. Cultures change; the teacher must be able to appreciate the many variances of the pluralistic society that we live in.

Another cause of the heightened tension in Fitzgerald's schools is the new awareness of the bias of curricula. Although the question "What are the pernicious effects of a prejudicial curriculum upon minority school children?" is often asked, the question "What are its effects upon majority school children?" rarely is. It is difficult to imagine a "majority child," for the United States is truly a pluralistic nation composed of nothing but minority groups. Still, the white child is at least in a racial majority. A biased curriculum seems to produce arrogance in Caucasian children. For example, one white Gesu boy smirkingly referred to the black woman crossing guard at his school as "Aunt Jemima." This youth will provoke much hostility against himself as he grows older; his school-instructed attitude endangers him. The assumption of racial superiority is pernicious. A bias-free curriculum is as necessary for the physical and moral health of white youth as it is for any minority. What are its effects upon majority school children?

We need to establish a process whereby the school curriculum, most broadly defined, will be systematically examined to be sure that no minority group is consciously or unconsciously slighted. No American child should go to school to learn he is a foreigner. Sarah Foley comments:

The curriculum must consider the members of all ethnic groups in the nation as Americans. Today, even the Indian is made to appear a foreigner, somebody hostile to the good things in life. Our textbooks have a very peculiar point of view; could they have been developed for a special reason? Perhaps so that white elite parts of society could feel they were the mainstream of American culture, and thus keep a certain group of people as the only true representatives of America, and the only ones with power? I don't think it's a conspiracy, but I think a selfish goal is there.

Sarah Foley — P.T.A. Activist

Sarah Foley was raised in a rough neighborhood. Being Jewish, she was discriminated against by Christians, both black and white. She relates an early memory:

When I was six on my way home from school, they used to enjoy putting bees down my back. It was considered fun to torment the Jew. For a while I had an aggressive feeling toward society. I still feel aggressive about a number of things. Mostly because of my past, I feel a deep commitment to the fight against injustice no matter where it exists. My life experiences have told me that you do not get something without fighting for it.

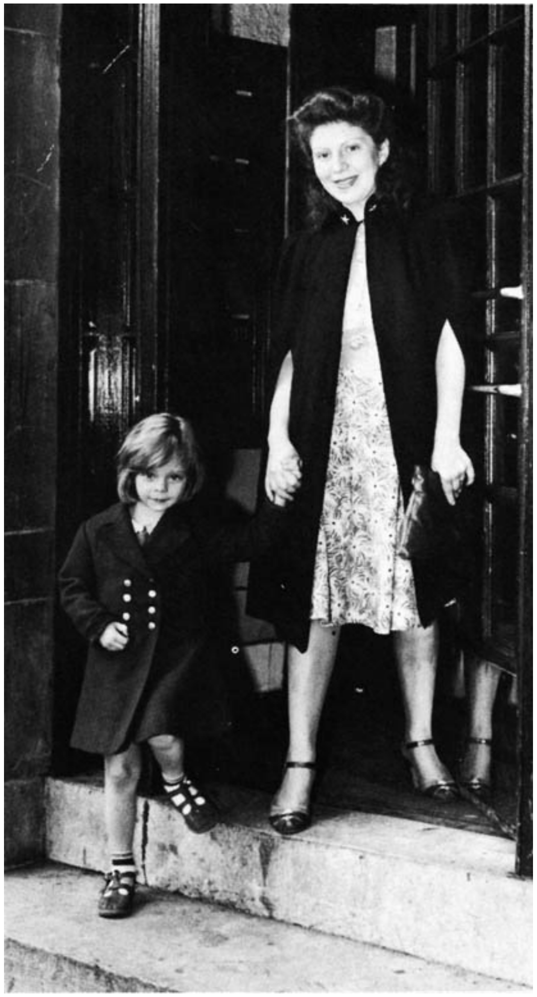
Much of current Jewish prosperity results from their intense interest in education and the professionalism it brings. Sarah Foley's plan for all human advancement, including black, is education.

Sarah Foley believes that the causes of her dedication to education lie in her roots. She explains it thus:

My fanaticism about education stems from the taproots of my culture. The greatest cultural value that a Jew has is education. For thousands of years the most respected man in the Jewish ghetto, the Pale, was the rabbi, and what rabbi means is teacher. When you have nothing else but this, it becomes inbred. Even in this modern nation it is still this value that permeates a Jewish person's life.

She is a power in the city and state PTA as well as chairman of the Community Council's Education Committee, with responsibility for many social projects in Fitzgerald's schools.

Past president of both the Fitzgerald and Post PTA's, she used her influence in the state to achieve a special Michigan grant to the local high school constellation, called Project One. The project consisted of a special appropriation which at Fitzgerald School amounted to $13.50 per child or a total of $28,000 per year.



X-4 A young Sarah Foley. The photo is from a 1942 news story about her placing her daughter in a nursery school while she went into the factories of Detroit during World War II. During the Depression she was young, pretty, smart and full of moxie. Mass picketing for the unions in Detroit, she used her hat pin to jab the horses of the mounted police; she would scream "Cossack" at the policeman who was doing his best to club her to the ground before his horse threw him. A girl who delighted in dismounting cops cannot be expected to mellow into Grandma Moses.

Local mothers were hired to work in the schools at clerical tasks, special tutoring, hall patrol, or even making bulletin boards. These mothers relieved the teachers of non-teaching duties and drew the parents into extremely intimate participation with the school. Some of the money was also spent for books ($1,232.70), equipment ($4,384.35), special teachers, and a free remedial summer school program for primary children. The value of the morale boost was incalculable.

IS FOR
KIDS
Vote YES

X-5 "Schools have to assume a responsibility for pre-school education. Children have to start school prepared. Until perceptual skills are developed in a child, a full and creative life for him, a life with a fine job, is impossible."

In developing a bias-free curriculum, imaginative approaches, rather than mere cataloguing of groups, should be sought. Perhaps the cooperation between ethnic groups throughout America's history could be studied. Take for example the Italian captain in charge of the Spanish expedition that discovered America. (How did Columbus manage to speak to his crew?) Or perhaps the origins of: foreign "accents" could be studied, leading to appreciation rather than derision of differences in pronunciation. What sounds are missing in the Japanese language so that they cannot pronounce American "r's"? And conversely, what sounds are missing in the American language that we cannot pronounce some Japanese words?

In Fitzgerald, the curriculum has never fully reflected the diversity of the community. In 1960, the neighborhood consisted of a mixture of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews; yet the public schools heavily endorsed only Protestant religious days, especially Christmas. Nonattendance at school for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception has always been treated as a simple absence; no understanding of Catholic Holy Days is built into the Protestant and Jewish children. In both the public and private school system, Christmas has been a time of loneliness for Jewish children, though Hanukkah is not entirely ignored by all teachers; Mrs. Smith, the music teacher at Fitzgerald, teaches Jewish songs. Traditionally, the Catholic schools have been particularly ineffective in combatting the "Jews killed God" feeling among children, which may be strong, especially at Easter. Anti-Semitism in Catholic children has led to several incidents; one large group of parochial school children chanted at a terrified five-year-old kindergarten child on her way to public school, "Sue, Sue, the dirty little Jew."

Income differences within the Fitzgerald community have always been sharp. Yet, the teachers and the curriculum have been oriented to the middle class and the college aspirants. Although Post Junior High School has four well equipped shops and a drafting room, factory-bound youths are still without apprenticeship training of a serious nature. Are teachers and principals with neckties, in contrast to janitors without, a subconscious part of the curriculum? The social life at Post also shows class bias; evening dances at Post require middle class neckties and refuse to accept children wearing the sport shirts that working families prefer. Lower income families earn their living with their hands rather than with their tongues. Being less verbal, they tend to demonstrate their feelings of affection, hostility, and exuberance through direct physical expression. Are verbal and physical portions of the curriculum in proper balance? Much physics and mathematics can be taught kinesthetically.

Anti-feminism in the curriculum is suffocating. An examination of the index through the "B's" of the sixth grade history text at Fitzgerald's St. Gregory's School, *The Story of America,* revealed fifty-three references to men and two to women. Certainly, America's women have contributed to our history at a better rate than 3.6 percent. To balance the anti-feminism of these texts, the history of America could be written with reference only to women; yet, no one seems able to provide even a mental outline for such a book.

Ethnic prejudice also mars Fitzgerald's textbooks. One Post text, *History of the United States,* makes twenty-seven references to England, three to Poland, one each to Ireland and Finland, and none to Latvia, Ghana, or Nigeria. The heavy Polish contribution to the building of Detroit is ignored, as are similar contributions by other groups that migrated directly to America's cities. In a "balanced" approach to immigrants, the cited text reads:

An increasing number of immigrants seemed not to adjust to the American way of life. Some had come from countries where they had little opportunity to learn the democratic ways. Many could not read or write . . . Many of the immigrants who arrived after about 1880 did not become part of American society as easily as earlier immigrants had.

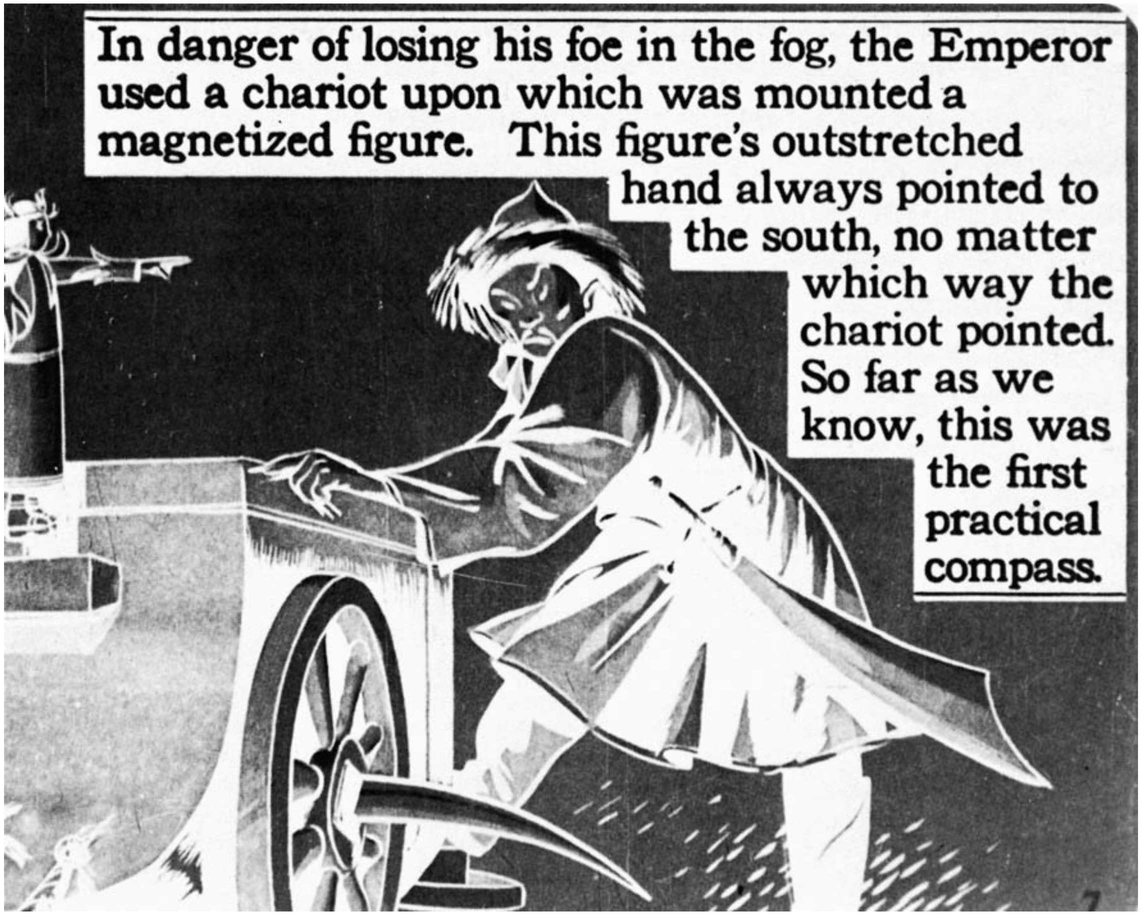
Is the student asked to forget the mountains of Appalachia, almost exclusively populated with those "earlier immigrants," white Anglo-Saxon Protestants who still speak Elizabethan dialect and are still impoverished and illiterate? What is a "hillbilly" but the Queen of England permanently down on her luck? Not one of thirty-six eighth graders at St. Francis de Sales knew that "hillbillies" are English-Americans. Is this an "easy adjustment" to America after three hundred years? Did the earlier English come from a democratic experience, say Henry VIII? Were the early indentured servants literate? The text was blatantly false.

People who descended from African forefathers are never assigned to a country in Africa. A quiz of racially mixed teenage Fitzgerald students revealed 100 percent inability to answer the question, "Name African nations from past times." Not one country, not even Egypt or Ethiopia, was identified as African, to say nothing of "obscure" Songhay or Kanem-Bornu. The control question, "Name European nations from the past" produced long lists. If whites are eager to have the blacks "go back where they came from," they should at least teach them where it is. Even the school's term "Darkest Africa" is arrogant; "Dark" to whom? Were the great empires of Western Africa in a Dark Age? In 1400, Timbuctu had a higher form of government, law, and — some claim — ethical religion than Paris. Perhaps America today could be termed "Dark." Consider our poverty and our lynchings . . . but these are not covered in Fitzgerald's textbooks. Africa was appreciated by the Kings and Queens of Europe who fought many a bloody war among themselves for its treasures and who intermarried with African nobility. Othello, the Black Prince, was no exception. If the colored people of the world are valueless, why have the whites fought so hard over them?

The curriculum tremendously overemphasizes

English history, i.e. upper class white Anglo-Saxon Protestant history. The student is taught English history as if England were the Garden of Eden and 1066 the Moment of Creation. For instance, an eighth grade class of thirty-six students at St. Francis de Sales gave 94.5% correct answers to the question, "Where did the English land in North America?" (Plymouth Rock), but zero percent correct answers to a question on the German disembarkment at Baltimore. Similarly, no student knew that the American Chinese embarked at Canton, and only 15.1 percent knew they landed in California. As Fitzgerald children become less white, the curriculum becomes more foreign, and tensions multiply.

Bias lurks in the science curriculum as well as the social studies curriculum. The total set of physics filmstrips at St. Gregory's was lily-white: only white hands held equipment. Only two frames were exceptions. In one, about magnetism, a primitive and warlike-looking "Hun" appears, and in another, a photograph of an airplane, a large group of white travelers is waiting to board while a uniformed Negro porter hustles to serve. These science filmstrips teach more than vectors and voltage. They teach subconsciously but clearly, perhaps the most damaging method, that "No black pupils are taught here. No black teachers teach here." Is not this race of Americans intelligent enough for physics? In addition, scientific facts are distorted. The white explorers of the Americas are credited with the discovery of quinine, rubber, and corn. In reality, the "culturally-deprived" white men were patiently instructed by knowledgeable American Indians in these areas. Children are not taught that a colored medical genius discovered the quinine cure for malaria, even though his contribution saved more lives than Dr. Salk's. Nor is it taught that some Indian Luther Burbank domesticated the potato, which ultimately fed the starving white masses of primitive Europe. How would Fitzgerald's children score on a test about this "Burbank" in a different sort of "Iowa test"?


In danger of losing his foe in the fog, the Emperor used a chariot upon which was mounted a magnetized figure. This figure's outstretched hand always pointed to the south, no matter which way the chariot pointed. So far as we know, this was the first practical compass.

X-6 One of three frames depicting non-whites in the entire St. Gregory physics filmstrip library. Physics is an excellent place to teach about "The Yellow Menace" precisely because the child is slipped the poison so innocently.

One of the main reasons for the prejudice in Fitzgerald's schools' curricula is national textbook publishers' policy, which seeks to capture the entire American market in a single text. Of course, no textbook is able to come anywhere near dominating its scores of competitors. Only recently have publishers begun to show marketing sense by producing special texts for Northern cities. A publisher could make a handsome profit on a textbook for a single city if it were the size of Detroit. Still, the overwhelming policy remains an attempt to please the entire national market, which means that no "controversial" material can be included. Thus, the Tennessee Bible Belt has vetoed for the nation the scientifically irrefutable concept of evolution. The prejudice against Mexicans in the southwestern United States prevents appreciation not only of Spanish Americans, but of Spain itself, which is depicted as the historic equivalent of Nazi Germany; the good pirates, the Englishmen, relieved the bad pirates, the Spanish, of their loot. Evidently, the only Englishman who stole from the rich to give to the poor is Robin Hood, and even he is vetoed for inclusion in the texts by the right wing.

But the worst distortions that result from this lowest common denominator policy of textbook publishers involve blacks. Some modern schoolbooks used in the North even treat Grant as a drunk, John Brown as a looney, and Lincoln himself as a henpecked man driven to the Presidency just to escape the house. The text portrays Robert E. Lee as a great white man on a great white horse, gallant, stoical, and gentlemanly. In truth, Lee was a white slaver. There was a special slave market in the South for women slaves who had been "bred" and "trained" in the special arts of being pleasing mistresses for Southern white gentlemen of General Robert E. Lee's class. The only tolerable version of the *Gone With the Wind* type of textbooks is the unmade version that shows Clark Gable being done in by Nina Simone. Are these texts including a little "arty" racism in the "tasteful" tradition of *The Birth of a Nation* in order to win back the embittered "South"? (Translation: "The South" means the white South only, just as a "Southern Gentleman" means a white Southern gentleman. In textbook America there is no black South, just as there are no other regions of blacks. Blacks have no regional accents. They all look, sound, and act alike.) Are the Yankee textbook publishers way up North in New York playing "good winners, generous in victory" to the Ku Klux Klanners? If so, they are generously giving away the dignity of the American black people and perhaps the destiny of America. During the next Insurrection, the merchants can send the book publishers part of the bill for the costs of their "generosity." How are the moonlight and magnolia versions of the South affecting second or third generation Italian children who know nothing of either Yankee America or the South? We must not scapegoat white minority groups for a "natural" hatred of blacks, as the hatred is being generated by the dominant white power structure itself through their educational apparatus.

The schools show their racial bias in other areas than the curriculum. On the walls of Fitzgerald School in 1966 were thirty-three pictures; only two depicted colored people, Indians. The mural in the auditorium portrayed a scene of the Founding Fathers dominated by George Washington and included ten whites and one black, the approximate national ratio. The black, evidently a slave, is shown literally crouched on his knees before the Caucasians, displaying an obsequious, fawning expression. Recently, black pictures have been added. But Dr. Greta Angus, principal, had to personally buy and frame pictures of distinguished black Americans. This enrichment is not standard School Board policy.

Teachers too may belittle their black students. One Caucasian teacher at Post screamed racial epithets at his pupils, calling them "black monkeys" and "black bastards." He is no longer at the school. Needless to say, such attitudes rub off on the pupils. In a quiz of forty black Detroit high school students, to the question "Who has more monkey-like hair, whites or blacks?" all forty answered or concurred with "black," in spite of the fact that there is no such animal as a curly-haired monkey. Blacks are more evolved in this particular racial characteristic than whites. In another quiz, a racially mixed group of community teenagers associated the Caucasian race with the continents of Europe and North America. All the students except one associated blacks exclusively with Africa. After being in North America for three hundred years, experiencing a colonial heritage, *black students still do not associate themselves with North America.* They feel like foreigners in their homeland. At St. Gregory's, one lay teacher was advised by the school supervisor to transfer, because she could not sympathize with or understand black children. Sister Verita, high school principal at St. Gregory's, says that, "To ease racial tension, the first requisite is orientation of teachers prior to their permanent assignment to a school. A course in Negro history helped me very much."

Somehow, by no seeming design, if we are white we obtain from schools and books the impression that historic geography has always shone on our personal biological ancestors. Yet, unless we are Italian, we were not at the Pope's side defending the Holy Land from the Barbarians. In fact, if we are "Aryans," we were the Barbarians who sacked and raped the civilized world. Somehow we gain this strange historic-geographic dream that "our" people were in Western Europe starting with the Renaissance. Before that "our" people were in Greece not as the dominant group of slaves, but as the intellectuals sitting around the temples calculating the shape and size of the earth. The Torch of Civilization just followed us about the map, ever westward from Greece, to Rome, to England, to New England, to Newer New Englands, and eventually across the Pacific to Hawaii and Vietnam.

The only way to rub the racism out of the smudged minds of Americans is to train sympathetic teachers and ask them to teach the true facts of America's economic and racial origins. Today, Americans are often hysterical about the "quality" of their family origins. Family truth has gone underground in the face of the Family Front. Schools must blast this front by bringing forward the "black sheep" stories. Americans attach too much importance to the length of their family's time in this country. In genealogy, as in gambling, one must know when to quit in order to stay ahead. For instance, the MDAR (The Mothers of the Daughters of the American Revolution) were the street-walkers of London, who were rounded up periodically and shipped to the semi-penal colonies of America. The blood types from Europe to Africa shade off imperceptibly. Why indeed are Italians, Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Spanish, and Portuguese swarthy? If all the ancestors of "white" families came to life, would all of them be white? If an admitted eighty-five percent of Americans of African ancestry have white blood, what percentage of whites have African blood? Why have our schools not produced a map of race-mixing in this country? Good Melting Pot stuff.

Some efforts to end racism in the schools and to adapt the curriculum to the community have been made in Fitzgerald. A black history supplement to the American history text is used at Post Junior High and indeed throughout the Detroit Public School system. However, there is something innately embarrassing about a "separate, but equal" supplement for blacks. Also, there is suspicion at the Detroit Schools Center that many teachers, especially in white schools, are not using the supplement effectively or even at all. Still some black history has been taught. A white Fitzgerald school girl came home excited about "Harriet" who had freed "millions" of slaves by "following the North Star." Her mother had never heard of "Harriet," which caused a burst of exasperation from the youngster: "Oh, mother, everyone knows who Harriet is. She's more important than George Washington!" The Catholic system has no black history supplement. But Gesu is using a set of fine religious instruction books which teaches appreciation for others' beliefs.

Does curriculum revision do any good? Sarah Foley witnessed the value of an unbiased curriculum:

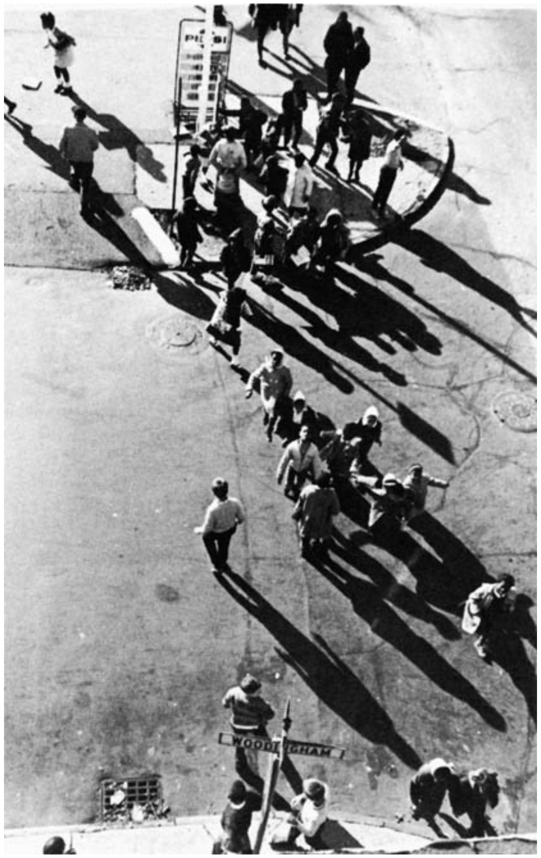
A revealing thing happened when some of the children at Post Junior High were first exposed to Negro history. When they learned that a navigator on Columbus' ship was a Negro, that when Balboa discovered the Pacific a Negro was in the exploring party, and that many independent, free Negroes were a part of developing America as we know it today, they reacted as if to a great revelation. I observed the first couple of classes of Negro history, and the children exclaimed out loud.

But no matter how acutely anxious the community is over the tensions produced by the community's school curriculum, it simply does not have the resources or the authority to revise it thoroughly. Father Schwarz, pastor of Gesu Parish, says of his school materials, "We have made a good beginning, but only a beginning, toward proper interracial understanding. There is a great need for further materials along this line." The Americanization of the curriculum will not by itself end rioting in the schools or the alienation of teenagers; Blackboard Jungles will not turn into Good Ship Lollipops overnight. But won't any other course incite an already bad situation?

Another shortcoming of the schools has been mentioned briefly: overcrowding. Every week new children flood into Fitzgerald. Some years back at the Fitzgerald School, the faculty lounge was converted into a library and the janitor's supply closet into a violin lesson and nurses' room. Dr. Greta Angus commands her beleaguered school like a brave captain on an overloaded, ruptured ship. Just a casual visit to her office reveals the heroism of her minute-by-minute struggle in this bursting structure. Three administrators' desks are crammed into Dr. Angus' "private" office. Parents, secretaries, deliverymen, and sick and naughty children all crowd into the outer office. Mothers who volunteered to tutor had to find a momentarily empty room, such as the violin-nurses'-janitor's room. Failing this, they tried to get their students' attention in the bustling, echoing halls or in the hot, supply-filled basement. At one session a fourth grade boy disappeared beneath the desk tops in a basement storage room filled with desks. He would pop up and playfully wave through various holes in the sea of desks, then disappear again. But the occasional humor could not balance the daily disasters and, tragically, the voluntary tutorial program was literally squeezed out of school.

In fact, the school is so overcrowded that it is illegal. The congestion violates fire ordinances. In order to allow the schools to operate, the Fire Department employs "special" rules, not based on the usual criterion of number of square feet per person. The school violates the law in other ways as well. The school cafeterias are way below the sanitary standards required by the Health Department of a private restaurant. The "playgrounds" are littered with glass to a point that no private enterprise would ever be allowed to keep them open. "Law and order" is highly selective: Only certain laws and orders are to be enforced. The most illegal property in the neighborhood, the school, is to be winked at.

As classroom size tipped over forty, emergency relief measures were sought. Pastor Fleischer invited the Fitzgerald School to give instrumental lessons in his church. The School Board



X-7 School children flood the streets.

rented classroom space at St. Timothy's Church for 175 children in kindergarten through second grade. St. Timothy's is an attractive new facility. The children were selected from the immediate area of the church, to reduce their distance to the school, a real gain for the little ones. The special classes for the blind and for academically handicapped boys were gradually removed from the school, releasing more classrooms.

Gesu, a largely white parochial school, has also experienced increased enrollment with totals rising from 1,249 in 1960 to 1,585 in 1966, but has constructed eleven new classrooms to accommodate the added children. Some of the increased enrollment at Gesu is caused by white Catholic families removing their children from the public schools, though Gesu is fifteen percent black.

Bussing was started in the fall of 1966; in the first semester two entire Fitzgerald School classrooms were transported with their teachers. At the beginning of the 1967 semester, a better plan was initiated. Fitzgerald children living the farthest from school, beginning with Dexter Street and later including all five streets east of Livernois, were bussed to uncrowded schools. The bus picks up the children near their homes and takes these mostly black children to all-white schools, some six miles to the northwest. Contrasted with other cities, this event passed without incident, and is perhaps the best single index of northwest Detroit's sophistication. The children are placed throughout the schools in desegregated fashion. The schools are beautiful, only seven years old, compared to the forty plus years of Fitzgerald's schools. One Petoskey Street mother, whose fifth grade daughter, Marissa Ivey, is being bussed to Pitcher School, describes the impact on her child. She says that Marissa is "working very hard, doing so much homework, but loving every minute of it. Even her speech has improved."

In addition, the School Board promised another school would be built in the immediate future for all the primary children east of Livernois. One reason for the promise was that the construction of the John Lodge Expressway in 1959 eliminated the Edgewood School. The arguments against the destruction of this school fell on seemingly deaf School Board ears; they merely pointed out that the expressway eliminated a block-wide swath of houses and removed more children than the Edgewood School served.

But these solutions — bussing, redistricting, utilizing churches and rented space, even portable classrooms — are emergency ones. Educators need to prepare ahead of time to arrive at more imaginative and less panicky measures. If the influx of children is heavily Protestant, as in Fitzgerald, the Catholic schools may be less crowded. Would it be possible, considering tricky Constitutional questions, for the public schools to rent space at the Catholic facility? Perhaps portable gymnasiums would be more flexible than portable classrooms; the present gyms could then be converted into classrooms. Air-locked tents on the playgrounds might make good gymnasiums. A team of lawyers, coaches, and educators could do much to solve this permanent "emergency" faced by urban America.

Active and aggressive organizations are also crucial to the improvement of the schools. The Fitzgerald PTA, the largest PTA in the history of Detroit, with over one thousand members three years in a row, is just such an organization. It is a vast army of neighborhood bees swarming over the hive of schools, nurturing, prodding, and generally buzzing about. God knows what would have happened to the schools without this tender loving care.

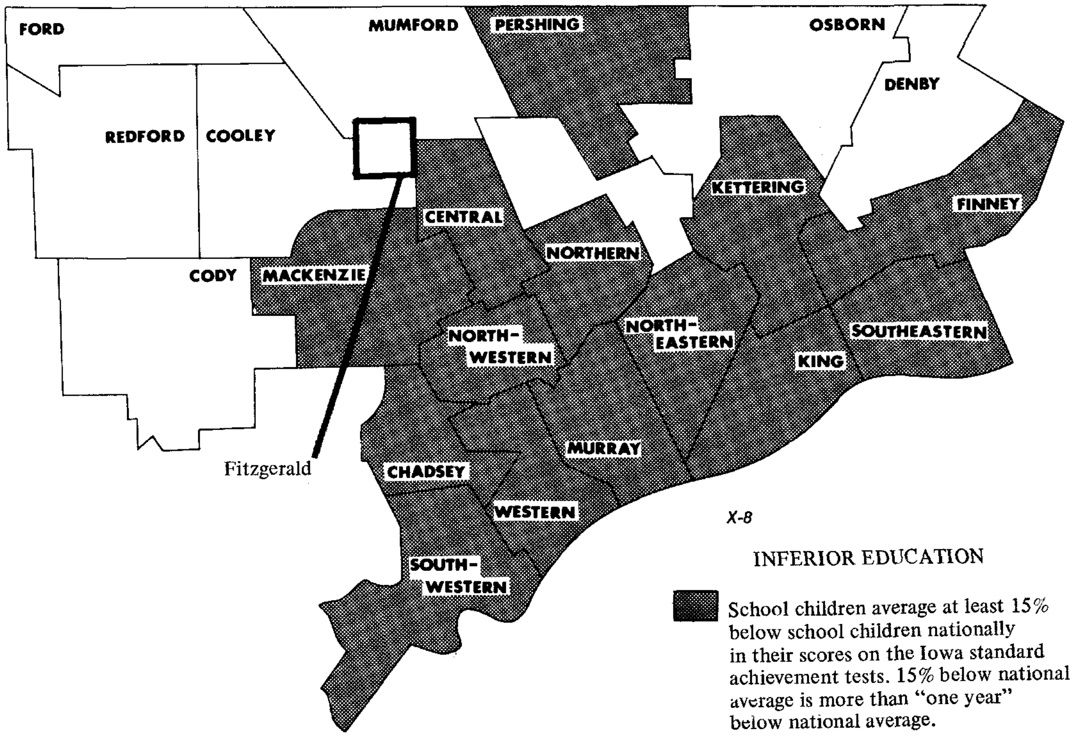
Much of the PTA's activity has involved the Detroit School Board. The Board's record is blotchy. When the first black families moved into Fitzgerald, the parents in the Bagley area, the elementary school district immediately adjacent to Fitzgerald, north of McNichols, secretly and successfully petitioned to be redistricted from Fitzgerald's Post Junior High School to Hampton Junior High, an overwhelmingly affluent white school. This left Fitzgerald the only integrated school feeding into Post. This "drawing the line" at McNichols betrayed Fitzgerald at a crucial psychological moment. The Board of Education subsequently should have been unfailingly helpful out of guilty conscience, but it has not been so.

Often the School Board has tried to avoid justified attacks launched by the PTA by hustling. When the PTA wanted to revise curricula in 1966, the Board asked, "Why don't you write a project proposal for federal money?" What community has the resources and energies for such a technical undertaking? Yet "Fighting Fitzgerald" did in fact rise to this challenge, submitting a curriculum proposal in the beginning of 1967. Useful experts were found for the project on the staffs of both Marygrove College and the University of Detroit. In addition, Astrid Anderson, currently project director of Tufts University's investigation into ethnic bias in the schools for the United States Department of Education, indicated an interest in heading the project. Arthur Reese, formerly a teacher at Post and Director of the Civil Rights Department of the American Federation of Teachers, was available as consultant. Dr. Gilbert White, Professor of Geography at the University of Chicago and President of the American Friends Service Commitee, was available for help in rooting out the surprising amount of prejudiced material that enters the curriculum through the unguarded portal of geography. The community was told that the project was certain to be accepted by the federal government. "What we submit, we get," a highly placed official said.

Not only was the Fitzgerald project proposal turned down by the feds, it was not even given its promised first priority submission status. The promise that it would be resubmitted in the summer of 1967 was also broken. The reaction of the School Board officials to attacks by the PTA at a subsequent meeting was blasé. The PTA was even more enraged. The setback was serious because the curriculum revision project was to be a stepping stone toward general experimental education; Fitzgerald had a strategy to achieve goals beyond those of the first project. A single school in a large urban system has difficulty establishing excellence, because the other schools protest against one school's receiving special favors out of the general tax fund.

For its projects, Fitzgerald intended to earn national money, both public and private, on the basis of the value of its innovations for the entire nation. In evaluating a plan, thorough consideration must be given each one, particularly its political implications. For instance, the curriculum revision plan, involving both the Catholic and public schools, raised touchy questions of separation of church and state, and the American Civil Liberties Union was consulted. Another type of political consideration affected Fitzgerald's proposal. Certain schools around the nation, such as New Trier in Evanston, Illinois, become favored by the initiators of curriculum improvement, who are looking for cooperative school systems. It is possible to earn a permanent place in the national curriculum improvement picture. Success reinforces itself. It is hoped that a pride in excellence will capture the teachers and eventually the students themselves — the ultimate concern of all educational efforts.

Another incident that pitted the PTA and the School Board against each other occurred in January, 1968. At this time the Fitzgerald School suffered a terrible blow. Its mid-year graduates, 110 students, three whole classrooms strong, had to stay at Fitzgerald because Post Junior High School was too crowded to accept them. The injustice again galvanized the PTA, whose leaders sent individual telegrams to the School Board saying, "We cannot accept your decision." Torrid meetings were held with the School Board. The School Board argued that Fitzgerald was no worse off than similar schools, and the only relief possible was long-range money raising. Hostile questions flew at their heads. Why could the affluent Hampton Junior High School in the Palmer Park silk-stocking district solve the same problem by sending its 9-A's to Mumford High School rather than cramming their 7-B's back into their grade school? Why do the rich parents at Hampton get the space for their children first? The only grounds the School Board would consider for moving Post's 9-A's to high school would have destroyed the honors program at Post. What ever happened to that primary school whose construction was to be completed between January and June of 1968? The questions remain unanswered.



X-8

INFERIOR EDUCATION

▨ School children average at least 15% below school children nationally in their scores on the Iowa standard achievement tests. 15% below national average is more than "one year" below national average.

The accumulated insults led Maurice Lamar, president of Post's PTA and executive vice-president of the Fitzgerald Community Council, to propose that these two bodies ally and that the Fitzgerald PTA support the actions of the alliance, including picketing the School Board and pulling all the children from the schools. Ethel Garrett curtly adjourned the meeting when the School Board representatives did not respond. But at the end of the week they did find two portable classroom units, which they promised to install by April.

Fitzgerald then escalated its fight. Sarah Foley was chairman of the Golden Anniversary Founders' Day Banquet of the Detroit Council of Parent-Teacher Associations, and arranged the event to persuade delegates of Fitzgerald's views. Speaker after speaker, from Dr. Norman Drachler, the superintendent of schools, to the Honorable Coleman A. Young, state senator, made sharp references to the pivotal struggles of Fitzgerald's schools. The thirteen hundred $6.50-a-plate delegates, including twenty-five state legislators and federal school officials, got the message.

The School Board must become more sympathetic to the problems of urban education. First, the schools of the poor must give a sense of dignity back to their students. The inner dignity of a child is a precious resource. This dignity is never assaulted in the schools of the rich. However, the root of even this problem lies in the lack of money. State school aid is not based on equal education for all the state's children, because the state legislature is clogged by representatives from rural areas who equate urban areas with black areas and consider black areas automatically criminal. No recognition is given by the legislature to the special high costs of urban occupations, including teaching. The violation of the right of equal education has become so glaring that the Detroit Board of Education, with six families as plaintiffs, has initiated a suit against the state of Michigan. The author's family has the honor of being one of the six.

But the most serious villain is not the backward farmer legislators, but the white power structure of Detroit itself. During the recession of the early 1960's, the auto industry cried that high taxes on industrial plants were so raising production costs that the industry might have to move to lower tax areas in the South or in Canada. "Don't kill the goose that laid the golden egg," was the shout. In response, the school tax base on industrial property was reduced and the burden left exclusively on the homeowners. The public reluctantly accepted this because high unemployment was so hurting the little man that he could not face the thought of runaway plants. The foreclosure rates in Detroit were at the same level as during the Depression of the thirties. But, later in the decade when auto industry profits rocketed to all-time highs, the suggestion that school taxes might now be safely restored to industrial property was met by hoots of derision and even Red-baiting: "That would be against the free enterprise system." The result of the financial starvation of Detroit's schools is that the average achievement score of Detroit's army draftees, its pupil-teacher ratio, and its dropout rate are not much better than the corresponding statistics for Mississippi.

The dropout is a tragic person in today's America. It is correctly assumed by most American parents and widely told to most American children that to increase one's productiveness and to contribute to society, the young person should learn a skill, either through education or an apprenticeship. Sarah Foley states the case:

Up to 1939 education was not important because a person could do constructive, creative things with his hands and be a respected member of society. There were still small farms. But industry changed. I worked in a factory during the war years and for five years after, and I learned quickly that unless you had new skills, the respect that you held as a human being in the thirties, in the twenties, you could no longer hold. Your usefulness was over unless you had education.

To a degree the gap is widening between the people with and the people without technological skills, because our schools have not prepared our people for making this change. They are still preparing the child for the work of the thirties and the forties rather than the work of the sixties and the seventies.

Why then the epidemic of dropouts? For a sophisticated change of pace, the case for the dropout will be made, for even if he is injuring himself, he must be understood before his attitude can be changed. Some highly talented children drop out of school to preserve their souls, not only in the sense of personal integrity, but in the sense of black culture. When a school system becomes riddled with anti-Negritude and rejects black culture, the proud black student often subconsciously drops out, whether he stays in school physically or not. It is the high school, not the student, which has dropped out, which aggressively rejected the child. Once a strong intelligent child reacts to this racism and drops out, society mitigates against his return. The truant officer system challenges the youngster to remain out by a series of threats against both the young person and his parents. The young person is stimulated to deepening resistance. He is branded a delinquent by both the school and the police. Ultimately he seeks alternative companionship: a society of other dropouts.

The society of dropouts has certain genuine advantages over the society of students. Howard Robertson explains:

You find people with education who think that education is the only thing. If they know all about school and college, then they know it all. I know people with a seventh or eighth grade education who could take a college graduate and make him look like a fool. Although the graduate might have a better job and better pay and this and that, if he does not know how to game, how to carry himself and speak and act and react, it is no good. He can go out on the streets and get talked out of his money, robbed any time. He can come into a restaurant, and people will watch him. They will see how thick his pocket is, whether he has any money or not. They see what kind of bill he pulls out, how he moves, how smart he is. Nine times out of ten they will try and beat the man. They will try and rob him, if not physically, mentally. A lot of people here on the streets do not have education, but they are just as smart.

To a young man, to be a chump, a set-up, a popcorn man, a sucker john, a mark, a plain stone fool, is a humiliation. To be unable to handle himself on the streets, or in life, is unmanly. He knows there is only some difference between a high-grade knifing in academic, professional, or business life, and the more open knifing in the streets. The street lessons are an asset in all walks of life. The non-dropout pays the price of education in infantilism, and it is a high one. As long as a youngster is in school he must do what mommy and daddy say. Kids in the streets are freer and thus more adult. It might be useful to introduce a course called "Life Education," in which the kids in school learn the street ways, from "slicking up the sucker" to "the pigeon drop."

The young dropout also perceives sharply all the paradoxes of American society. He realizes that in some cases crime does pay. The only men with any money in a slum, the ones with the silk suits and Cadillacs, are the politicians, procurers, and preachers. He knows that the clean-cut young man from the slums with the A's in grade school citizenship and the high school achievement award does not usually go to college. True, fifty percent or so of this year's high school graduates in greater Detroit will attend college: ninety-five percent of Bloomfield Hills, fifty percent of Dearborn, and five percent of Black Bottom. Thus, the clean-cut young man from the slums will not receive a college deferment and is likely to get drafted, shipped to Vietnam, and returned on a stretcher or in a black box. But the dropout knows that if the clean-cut high school graduate had committed enough felonies, even had just one on his record, he would have been deferred.

But what the schools really hustle the black kids about is employment. Even if a student graduates from high school he is going to enter the labor force, and in Detroit that usually means production work in the automobile industry. What counts in his "career" is seniority, because it is the best protection against periodic layoffs. Therefore, why not enter the factory at sixteen, a year or two early, and gain the seniority? Further, in America, daddy's position has much more to do with individual success than does talent or training. It is not what you know, but how much pull your old man has, that matters. Father and son unions and father and son businesses are the backbone of the employment system. The not-so-hidden signs of class are also crucial: accent, mannerisms, clothes, address. If there really were equal employment opportunity, then the Ford family would have some members hustling on 12th Street, on ADC, or on production at the Highland Park automobile plant. Equal employment opportunity cuts both ways, and this is the reason it is so resisted. The average black high school dropout is no worse off than the average black graduate. If apprenticeship programs from the unions were tied to classroom performances in shop, attendance and achievement would shoot up. The schools may only condemn the dropout because he is a threat to the employed worker.

It is not just the school's rejection of the youngster's culture, or the romance of street life, or the school's evasion of the paradoxes of American life, that produces dropouts; it is also the holier-than-thou attitudes of those who stay in school. Gwendolyn Warren pokes neat holes through education phonies:

I know people who went to high school, went to college, studied all their lives to be better than the next guy, and are still making ten thousand dollars a year. You can go to a factory and make the same amount. They did no bigger, no better. A guy likes to say he is a teacher instead of a factory worker just because it sounds better. He wastes all this time and all this energy just to be able to tell somebody, "Well, I have this profession."

Much of the contempt of the middle class, including teachers, for dropouts is pure class snobbery toward non-college-oriented people. They feel as much contempt toward the parents of dropouts, many of whom are solid working class citizens, as they do toward the children themselves. Sarah Foley analyses perceptively the tendency of middle class teachers towards class cruelty:

As somebody who has worked in tutorial programs with junior high school students who are on the brink of dropping out, who are doing third grade work when they are in ninth grade, I can report that I have not found any of these boys stupid. They have been damaged, and the damage lies with the middle class teacher who did not understand them.

Some of the most serious problems in the schools today are in inner city schools, whether the students are white or Negro. I think that the middle class Negro teacher is the hardest on these students, because of the very fact that it took her so long to pull up to where she is. She does not want to be patronized by the white middle class teacher so she tries to prove again and again that she is much better than the kids in the school. She does not want to be identified with poor people.

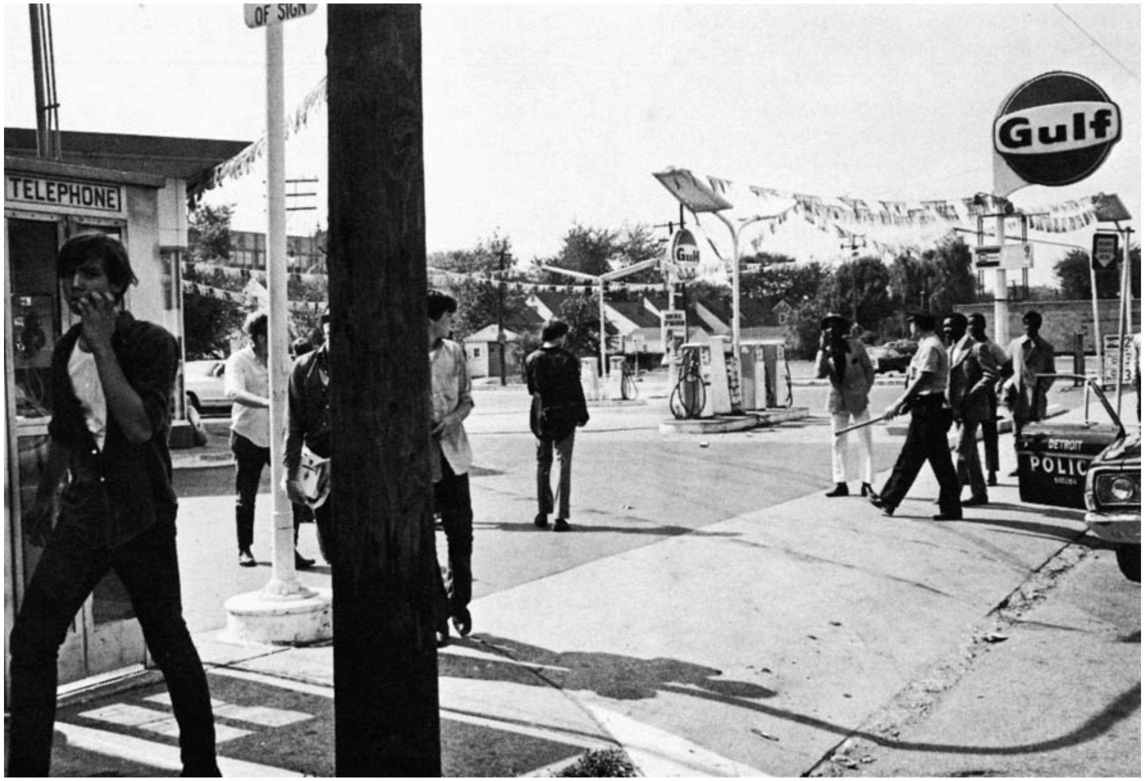
It has taken her too long to get out of poverty and to be accepted, at least to a degree, in the mainstream of American life. She is upward bound and wants to forget the crushing experiences of lower class Negroes. Others cannot understand how somebody who a generation or two ago had as hard a road to go as the lower class child could be so cruel to one who is so young, and in very bad circumstances. The cruelty is crushing. Middle class Negroes consider these children niggers, a people apart. Middle class whites do too, but to a degree it is easier to re-educate middle class white teachers than middle class Negro teachers.

So, the teacher has a need to alienate the child, to establish an emotional rift between herself and her students. What would it mean if the teacher were friendly with "niggers"? A woman is judged by the company she keeps. She would be a "nigger" herself. Middle class teachers need "nigger children" in order to be better than somebody. If they did not exist, they would have to be invented. If all the "nigger children" were shipped back to Africa, who would be the new "nigger children": the "Wop children," the "Slopehead children," the "Kraut children," the "Shiney children," the "Bohunk children," the "Chink children," the "Pollack children," the "Gook children," the "Spick children," the "Greeser children," the "Kike children," or the "Dago children?" What is America doing to itself when even the schools, the special place for children, hurt the children in this fashion?

Schools may also really want students to drop out. Part of the reason is simple: racism. The whites in Detroit do not want blacks in "their" schools. Thus, they have openly harassed black school children — recently, more and more frequently. Cooley, a high school west of the neighborhood but serving it, was taken over by a group of white KKK members, white teachers, and white police in the fall of 1969. Loudly proclaiming their racist affiliations, the group pulled the school fire alarm. After the black kids poured out of the building, the doors were locked so that the kids couldn't re-enter. Then, a white teacher led the police to some pickaxe handles kept in the school; the police took up the sticks, went outside again, and with "hammer and anvil" Green Beret tactics drove the black kids into the chains and clubs of the Klansmen waiting along the street.

Schools may also want students to drop out for practical reasons. They know that some students must end up doing society's dirty dull work. Society cannot afford to educate its young past the level of the labor that they must perform. What would happen if all the factory workers in Detroit were "developed to their fullest potential as human beings?" Would they put up with the monkey work of the assembly line? The school trains the child to accept the assembly line. How much of the school's training in punctuality, in good citizenship, in lining up, is directed toward punching the clock in later life? Who will be the garbageman and the prostitute in the next generation unless society provides education suitable for a garbageman and prostitute?

Which schools are selected for the production of these professions? Lies to the contrary, the public education system, even within single political units such as Detroit, is designed to produce children with the same social standing as their parents. In Detroit the new schoolbooks are introduced in its more affluent outer rings and the tattered hand-me-downs are passed to the inner city schools on their slow journey to the incinerators. Since the Jews have left Fitzgerald and Post, the high Jewish academic standards have followed them to the suburbs. Kindergartens in doctors' neighborhoods educate for professional futures. Miller Junior High School in the heart of downtown Detroit, which thirty-five Fitzgerald graduates attended, is in its second cycle. It was at one time an excellent school, then it gradually degenerated. Suddenly its standards were shot back up with a high caliber honors program, a wide variety of electives, and such "frills" as the teachers taking the children to Mexico for spring vacation. Was this sudden change a compensatory gesture to descendants of the slaves? No. The change was caused by the enrollment of the sons and daughters of the affluent living intown at the new Lafayette Plaisance. With their pull and connections, they prepared this educational nest for their children.



X-9 Outside Cooley High School on the day of black persecution. These white students were sucked into supporting the white "outside agitators." With the white students on one side, and the black students on the other, guess to whose aid the white policeman armed with the club is going?

One suspects that, beneath it all, society does not mind that a child drops out. Society prefers that certain children learn either to respect poor textbooks, or to hate books altogether. If they hate books, they do not read, and they remain docile. If the vast army of unemployed dropouts in Detroit started reading, think how much more dangerous they would become! Consider that many of the leaders of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, such as Stokely Carmichael, are extremely well educated. The unemployed dropout who liked to read would find the joys of black literature, so much of it radical literature of protest. To teach a slave to read in the South brought the death penalty. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing and a lot of knowledge is absolutely uncontrollable power. Keeping people ignorant and keeping them powerless are related.

The library is the collective mind of man. Mysteriously, the dead speak to us there and tell us how to do everything from saving the cities to destroying them with bombs. But to add new knowledge to the libraries, work must be done outside of them, in life itself. Therefore, social scholars should come out of their libraries into the streets. The streets are life, but they miss life's scale. The street does not teach that the street is all the streets of the world: Mother Courage is peddling on 12th and The Wife of Bath is the Amazing Amanda Ambrose. Therefore, those who are in the streets should go to a library like Malcolm X did. The prison library changed him from Detroit Red, cheap hustler, to Malcolm X, giant. At those moments in history when the scholars take to the streets and the street people take to the library, people and books, fact and theory, come together, and the result is an explosion of knowledge. Whichever group can combine the street and the library will prevail.

Chapter XI: Youth Fights Back

Children come in all sizes, shapes and colors. There are big, lanky boys and leggy young misses . . . tough little guys in baseball caps and demure little dolls in ruffles . . . and an assembly line of babies — take your pick in daintiness or devilment.

Children have this in common: they are as vulnerable to joy as they are to sadness and to hope.

Children fingerpaint in the dust on your car . . . They run your lawn sprinkler in a summer downpour . . . They park their wagons in your driveway overnight.

You can chase children out of your backyard, but you can't chase them out of your heart or out of your future. The future is their *dream. We grown-ups merely weave the fabric of their dream and place it in safe deposit for them.*

Thus wrote Hugh McCann, with truth, for his TV special on Fitzgerald, "The Winds of Change." Children must have absolute primacy, for they are helpless. The innocence of children is nowhere more evident than in their racial attitudes, or rather racial non-attitudes, for hard as adults try to teach them, the youngest children do not view the world racially. Young mixed children think and play naturally. The children are innocent; their later attitudes are given them by adults.

Friends

The Wisconsin-Marygrove Block Club extends from Puritan to Marygrove, two blocks. It has affiliated with the Fitzgerald Community Council. It has a junior affiliate appropriately called "The Junior Block Club." Occasionally both block clubs cooperate; for instance, they held a street shower for the young one afternoon during the hot summer. But the fabric of the block is not nearly so organized as a block club might indicate. It is made up of an extremely complicated interconnection of personal friendships and antagonisms that form, rupture, reheal, shift: it's a growing thing.

At the personal level, the stupidities of social injustices show up most clearly. What if two young kids are friends? Billy Foster and Tommy Vincent are friends and they live on Wisconsin down the block from each other. If they want to play together, why is that any of the world's business?

The quotes below are typical "in depth" comments to questions such as "What do you hate?" "Whom do you hate?" The "survey" group called The Sweeteaters Club is located on Wisconsin between Florence and Marygrove. Terry and Carter Jones are brothers; they go to Fritzgerald School along with Tommy Vincent. Billy Foster goes to Gesu School. Can any reader find hints of racism among these five, six and seven-year-olds?

Carter — The thing I hate the worst is the Devil.
Billy — I hate sauerkraut.
Carter — I hate licorice. I faint sometimes when I see it. I fall down on the floor sometimes. I can't stand the taste.
Tommy: I like my sister a little bit.
Carter: I don't even have a sister. I've just got him.
Terry: I don't want a sister
Billy: I don't like girls but I like my sister.

XI-1 The Sweeteaters Club. From left to right: Carter Jones, Tommy Vincent, Terry Jones and Billy Foster.

Younger children are often more fortunate than older ones in terms of the quality of their lives. Very young urban children are at least welcome in the neighborhood. No adult calls the cops if five or six tots are swishing along the sidewalk on tricycles. Tiny kids find the driveways, backyards, and sidewalks safe from adult harassment. But the urban teenager feels the full hostility of the adult American society. Unlike most college kids' fraternity pranks, urban teenagers' revolts are not considered highjinks. For example, when University of Detroit students blocked the John Lodge Expressway at its Livernois interchange to protest the loss of the University's football team, the event was laughed off; not so when teenagers from Chicago's west side ghetto rioted one summer to protest the discontinuation of fire hydrant street showers.

April Hairston is a young Fitzgerald wife and mother and the former treasurer of the Council's Recreation Committee. She remembers her youth and its unfulfilled needs, particularly unfulfilled needs for recreation:

I did not have a happy youth myself. There was no place to go because naturally, I was brought up in the slums and could not be out after dark. I was raised near Brigg's Stadium and the only time I could go out at night was when they had a night ball game, because the lights lit up the whole neighborhood, and even then I could go out only right in front of the house. I went to a recreation center, but in the winter it is dark at six so my mother would not let me stay out, and I had to stop attending after only two weeks.

The only thing I do not like about this neighborhood is that we do not have enough facilities for our teenagers. Things have focused on preschoolers and seven-year-olds. We need something for the fourteen-year-olds and older. We need recreational facilities. We have a lot of people in various capacities from plant workers to doctors and I believe we can get some of these people to help the teenagers.

XI-2 April Hairston, housewife and sympathizer with teenagers.

Teenagers, who unlike adults do not work outside the area and do not have transportation, are trapped in the neighborhood. Hostility toward them is so severe that they are given absolutely no geographic space. The adults provide plenty of places for their own amusement, numerous taverns, supper clubs, and even go-go houses, but the teenagers have none. They are the neighborhood nomads. As long as they keep moving down the street or stay in their homes they are not harassed. What is "their place," to which they must keep? The teenager population has literally gone underground, in the basements of some of their friends whose parents are not too hostile toward them, or are not at home or are simply indifferent.

The teenagers have a whole secret geography of their own, of little places they have found, a garage here, an abandoned car there. The teenagers' lack of territory means a lack of freedom and a suffocation of dignity. Every teenager in the community is a foreigner. The two University of Detroit architects, Owen Klugel and Vincent Lyons, have placed their finger on the problem:

The environment has been structured by the adult world — by the middle-aged decision-makers. Therefore, it is reflective of a value system that is operative for only a small portion of the society. And the young adult is probably the most seriously neglected. It is ironical that the community is functioning least for those who depend upon it the most.

Klugel feels that the adult tyranny is almost organic: "Adults tend to supress natural things." He also believes the oppression is worsening: "The more sophisticated we become, the more sophisticated our punishment of children becomes."

The deep psychological depression of black teenagers began with the assassination of President Kennedy. They widely believe that the same behind-the-scenes people who arranged to shoot Malcolm X shot Kennedy. Since Kennedy's death, black young people discuss the possibility of genocide against them. The disproportionate deaths they sustain in Vietnam ("Vietnam is bleeding America white"); plus automation, which has left many of them permanently unemployed and therefore useless and therefore expendable; plus the American history of genocide against the Indians; plus constant pledges by sections of the white community to "Kill Niggers"; all this has convinced them that they are to America what the Jews were to Germany, scapegoats to be sacrificed. These are desperately sad attitudes. The gaiety of teenage black life masks misery. "Soul" is an act of deep and conscious courage.

One potential teenage outlet, perhaps a particularly creative one, is politics. The young people almost to a man, regardless of economic background, are H. Rap Brown fans. "Black Power" is their slogan. We have seen that the program of Gwendolyn Warren, president of the Infernos, is not one of integration, but separation. Blacks are to keep their own money inside the community and build themselves up in this fashion. It is not a new idea, but that a sixteen-year-old girl would have thought the whole thing through with consistency and purpose is important. She thinks of herself as a politician, and she acts like one:

The first thing I ever ran, the largest thing I ever ran, was a boycott at the McKenzie School in support of another boycott at the Northern High School. In about a day we got six or seven hundred kids behind us, just by talking to them. They would say, "Well, why should we do this?" and I explained it to them: "Schools in Detroit are like a chain. You can break the whole thing just by having one weak school. Why should one school have more than other schools? Because they are in a white neighborhood? Because they are right on the outskirts of Southfield or Dearborn, should these schools be treated any better?" And they felt the same way that I did.

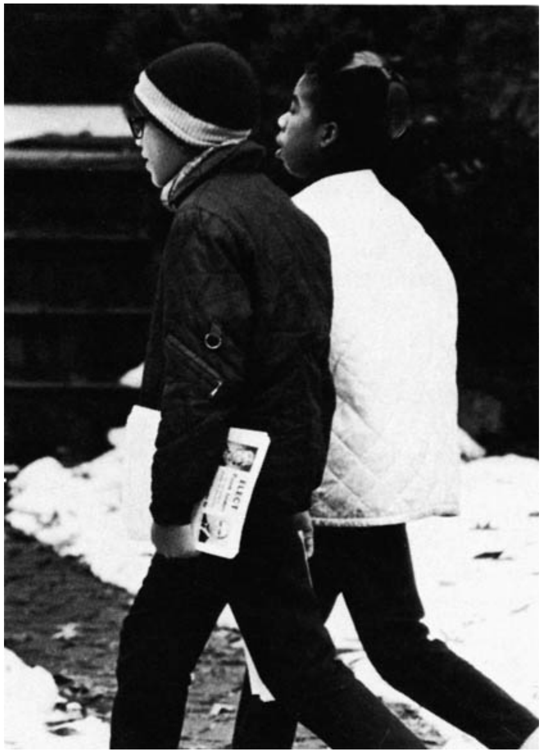
XI-3 Gwen Warren.

Gwendolyn Warren has used her political acumen to fight for a better life for the teenagers of Fitzgerald. One of her opponents was a go-go house on Livernois and Globe. With the help of a few adults, Gwendolyn Warren's group picketed the house, which had advertised "topless" waitresses. Later the house claimed that it was not topless and never had been, but their "Bust Out" advertising struck at just the wrong moment. The dances for teenagers at St. Timothy's had just been cancelled — even worse, the teenagers had just lost their "night club." The night club was to have been a tactfully supervised teen hangout. The rent had been paid on the club and Vincent Lyons had drawn architectural plans for remodeling, after a long period of consultation with the young people. Then, a white merchant with a racist history started a series of false rumors and illegally involved the police in the affair; the police frightened the landlady into renouncing her agreement. At this point the picketing was conducted against the topless go-go. Gwendolyn Warren's impassioned editorial in the first edition of *The Inferno Soul News,* May 4, 1967, gave the reasons behind the picket:

Do your little brothers and sisters play on the streets because it is cleaner than the playground? Just because you are poor does not mean you are no good. Do your parents argue more than they help? How come adults spend more money on liquor than they do on teenagers? If adults love us how come they build so many taverns for themselves and not one youth center for us? Think! You talk about higher morals for the teenager and yet and still you build a burlesque club where we could have a teenage center. Instead of attending to your adult passions you could be attending to your teenage fears . . .

Boycotts, newspapers, pickets: these are the stuff of politics.

But many teens in Fitzgerald do not go into politics, in fact do not go into anything much at all. They become street teens, block people. Their life on the streets is tough, rowdy, and



XI-4 Positive teenage outlet: distributing campaign material in Fitzgerald. This type of activity has increased. These black teenagers were canvassing for black and white candidates simultaneously; their leaflets had photographs of candidates of both races. When will white teenagers distribute integrated campaign literature in white neighborhoods? Indeed, when will it be physically safe for them to do so?

highly physical. Frequently too, the street teens make signals of violence (such as obscene language), which often terrorize as efficiently as violence itself. Yet, despite the dangers of street life, society has been unable to stamp it out, after literally hundreds of years of trying and despite massive armies of police. Can anything as enduring as street life be all bad? Howard Robertson, a street teen, says, "What I try to do is not to have any kind of weaknesses. All I do is think positive." How could the streets lead someone to self-discipline and the power of positive thinking? Can the streets ever help someone? Again, Robertson feels that the streets have given him a real sense of his own power and thus a real sense of security.

Howard Robertson — Street Fighter

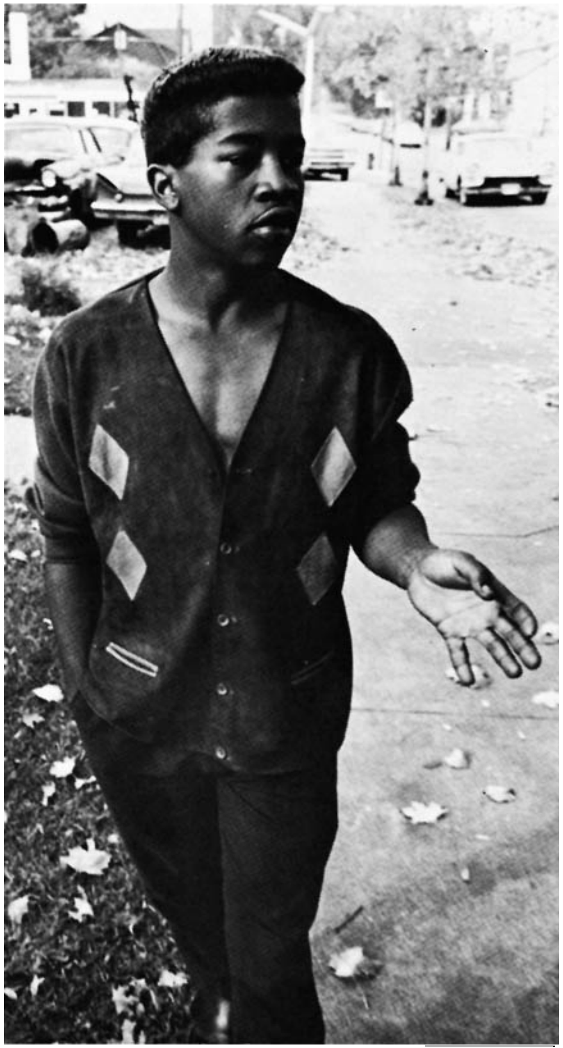
Sixteen-year-old Howard Robertson, Fitzgerald's Huck Finn, is the streets. He was raised in a relatively rugged urban area near Joy Road and Grand River and moved to Fitzgerald a few years ago. His old neighborhood was divided between the tough kids and the others: he was a tough kid. A good boxer, he has licked kids several times his size. His view of life is highly physical.

Like other street people, Robertson holds a point of view toward America so sharp it is a dagger; and it has two edges. One edge is his contempt for the obvious hypocrisy of straight society. If the sucker johns have no use for the streets why do they hang around them? They must be looking for something, something their "superior" respectable life lacks. Howard Robertson expresses what he considers the differences between street people and straight people, the "elites" (pronounced ē-lights):

Some people go into the streets looking for something. They are not content with what they have, so they go out in the streets and try to mix. But they can't. We call ourselves the "In Crowd." Either you are in the crowd or you are not.

We get a new guy who wants to go out and party with us, so we take him out. Half the time he doesn't even know what's going on. He's an elite. Elites are the people who do not fit in. They think they are better than other people. They had a dance at the Fort Shelby Hotel and you had to wear a tuxedo. We go down there; I wear a process and right off they think I am a hoodlum, but to myself I am not. I take my crowd in there and the elites take their crowd in there, but they don't want anything to do with us. They think they are better. The way I feel, no man is better than the next man.

The other edge of Robertson's sword-like point of view is his sympathy for the creativity of street life. It is in the streets that the language, music and dances which dominate America are created. To someone living in the streets the music of the day is a vivid reality *(Have You Ever Seen the Blues?)* that those in straight life sense in only a muffled, muted way. The real power of "soul" is felt scuffling. The self-destructiveness of the streets is obvious, but if street life fills no needs, offers no humanly felt rewards, how can it exist? What sustains it? Robertson describes the life:



XI-5 *"The streets make you feel, maybe not superior, but sure of yourself."*

I don't think older people really understand what we mean by the streets. They were never on the streets themselves. I can leave this house right now and go way over on French Road and have fun with those girls and boys over there, then I can come way back over in another part of the city. I can party this whole weekend, come home, get up and go to work Monday morning, or go straight to work from where I am.

When you make it on the streets, you know you can make it anywhere. On the streets, you learn how to stand up to people. And when you can do that, you have peace of mind.

The young people on the streets have another moral advantage: they are not living off their parents. No young man wants to be tied to his parents' apron strings, and street people can really chide straight youth about this.

My father would buy me things if I asked him, but I don't. Anything I have upstairs in that closet, I bought myself. An elite person is a parasite. He has to live off somebody. Put one out on the streets at an early age, he would just wither away and die, or go insane.

Elites think that life should be just wine and roses, no arguments, no setbacks, no tight squeezes. But to me, something has got to be wrong somewhere.

The situation in teenage America is beginning to parallel that in Vietnam: obvious injustices are being met with military hardware rather than social reform. Robertson does not yet view himself as a member of the National Liberation Front, he is not yet even politicized, but he is moving in that direction, just like most young people in Detroit. For example, Robertson has now replaced his processed hair, mentioned in the interview and shown in the picture, with a mildly nationalistic Afro.

Yet, street life does hold many dangers. Even Robertson admits to these, although he tends to perceive sparks of excitement within danger that most straight people probably would not see:

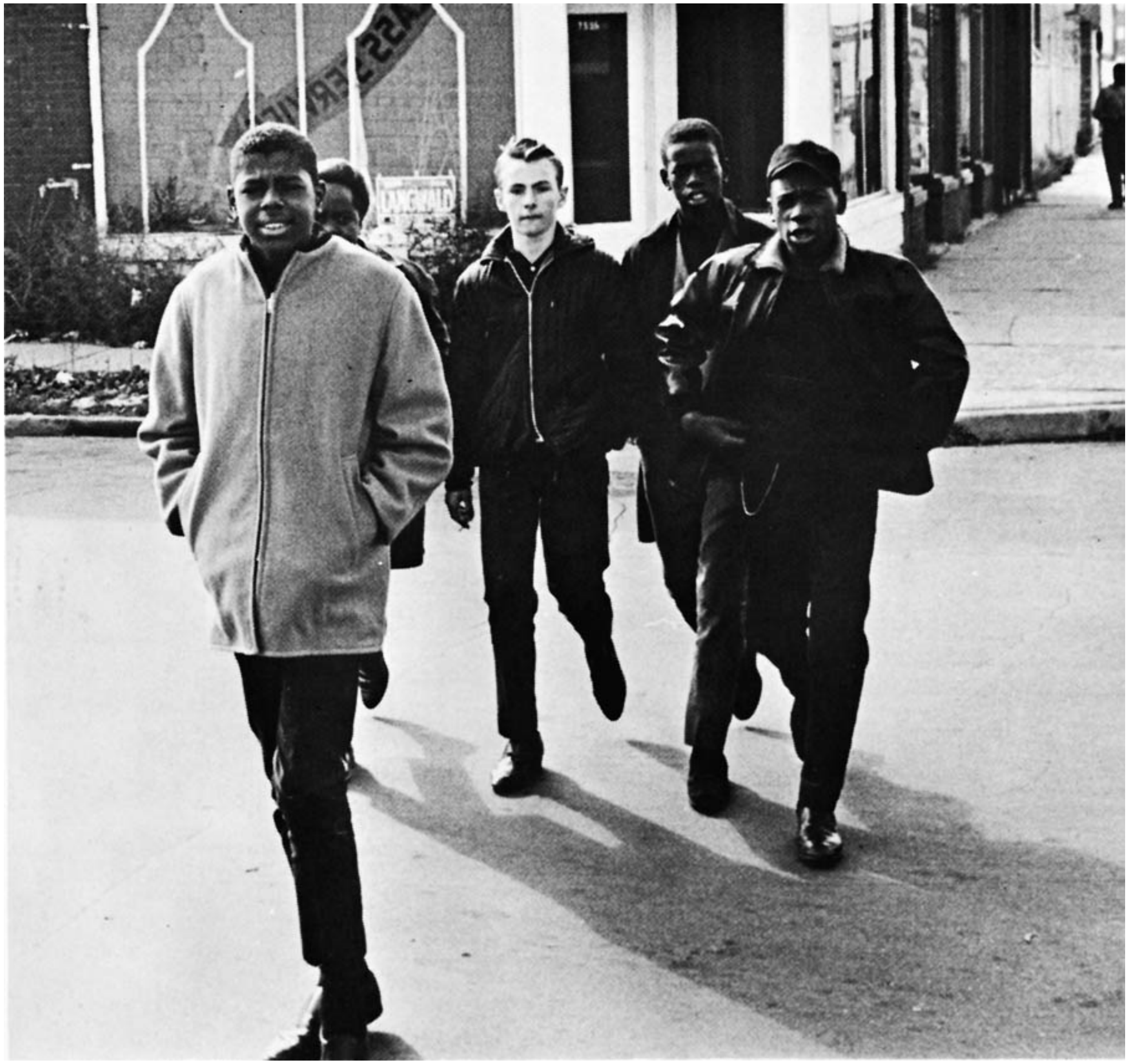
You can go to any rowdy place, and if you look like one of the crowd, people will stare at you. If you come in like you own the place, and somebody says something smart to you and you look down on him like he is a fool and don't crack a smile, nobody is going to say anything to you. But they'll watch to see how your eyes move, to see if you look frightened. One guy might come over to you and say, "My name is such and such. How are you doing? Meet the crowd." They are going to hang you.

Generally, too, the street teens are prone to anti-social behavior. Sometimes they are violent merely because they have nothing else to do, but more often the violence is provoked by racism or simply personal revenge; at any rate, it is not nearly as organized or "case-hardened" as the police would have people believe. But youngsters on the streets do send out many signals of violence; indeed with the "generation gap" and the outrage at the Vietnam War, the number of signals of violence is increasing. So may be real violence.

Mayme Mitcham, Reverend Mitcham's daughter, worked for a year in Atkin's Drug Store on Puritan at Woodingham, before she went on to college. She is very far from being a street teen herself, but while she worked at the drug store, she gained many insights into their life and became sympathetic to their problems:

When I worked at Atkins I had the feeling that the block boys and girls were really out of it. They had no place to go. Everybody came to the drug store five or ten times a night. If somebody could not find the gang that night, he would go sit in the phone booth with a Pepsi and hope to see a friendly face so that he did not have to be by himself. A lot of them thought there was nothing in life for them.

As for the white youth, I'm sure they felt that if they were motivated they could go on and become whatever they wished to be. But for the black youth there was something lacking. It was the motivation to be something other than what they were, to move on from their situation to a better one. It just seemed like they were dead, dormant, stagnant. Like the Dead Sea. Things came in but nothing went out.



XI-6 "You can find people through this whole city, right now, any hoodlum or street fighter, anyone who is in the streets all the time, and you could ask him, 'What's the deal? What is it?' and he would tell you, 'Kill or be killed.' Everyone is crazy now, everybody's a killer. It used to be you thought that Jesse James and Al Capone were bad. Today everyone is bad. You can be killed by a baby. You used to find that only certain people would stand up to you. Now you have to be on the look out for anyone to rob you." Robertson is not among the group of young men pictured here, but he is suggesting their feelings.

Mayme Mitcham — Young and Compassionate

Mayme Mitcham grew up in a stable home with love and security. A student at Livingston College, she looks forward to a life with middle class comforts. In fact, she is shocked by the idea of dating anyone from the streets. Yet, like many other middle class black teenagers, she is becoming more conscious of her black heritage and more concerned with black politics. She proudly escorted Julian Bond on his tour of her campus at Livingston. She seethes at the mere thought of the Klan headquarters not far from her campus and bemoans, in today's black America yet, the lack of black militancy!

Yet, if to Howard Robertson, the street fighter, the streets are free, a life line, to Mayme Mitcham, the middle class young woman, the streets are sad, a one-way ticket to nowhere. Working in Atkin's Drug Store, she came to know the young street people. She feels that the young street people really liked her and never tried to con her, but there is a degree of illusion here because some of the young people did resent her middle class ways. On their part, a good hustler always seeks to gain the sympathy of his pigeon. She describes the street people's downward spiral to oblivion:

XI-7 "I'm very idealistic. My idealism may not be practical, but it is to me."

The greatest thing in the neighborhood is being one of the boys, getting a process, having a leather coat, sun glasses, a walking suit from Louis the Hatter's and being able to fight and use profanity quite proficiently. The whole thing is a vicious circle and if they want out they still can't get out. If they stay in high school until graduation, they go working in one of the plants, Ford's or Dodge Truck. There is nothing wrong with it, but they work in the factory whether or not they have the intelligence of an Einstein, because it is just the way life is.

They feel like they are nobodies unless they are with a gang: in unity there is strength. The loneliest person on the block is the person who does not belong to a gang. It is a status symbol to be put in jail, to fight, or to get cut because it makes everyone think you are tough. If you can scare the people who scare you, you've got it. These people are basically scared. They are insecure. They are lost. It is just like sitting in a chair with your feet not touching the floor. Your feet are just dangling there. They're in life, but they're not a part of it. They are sad because they are being persecuted. They are always pushed into the ground and it is not their fault.

There is no love, no stability, no security at home so they turn to the world for these needs. But they do not find them because they try to express love the way they have seen it in their father, and he beats their mother. So they give up on love and settle for attention. They steal an apple from a man's store. He comes out and curses. Good, because he is paying attention to them. Someone knows they're alive. Then they move on to bigger things and it might range from stealing more apples to killing someone.

Mayme Mitcham also recognizes that the street people have abilities she lacks.

The block boys and girls are more perceptive. They can see through people, because they have come in contact with all different types in the little things that they do. The street offers you an education that you can never get from a book. Adults put on a front for me because I am supposedly somebody, but for the block people adults show their real selves. The reason the block boys and girls cannot move out of their loneliness, their sadness, their fright, is that they constantly see the worst side of people who are "better" than they are, so why would they want to be like them?

There is more to the streets than the freedom and man-to-man quality that Robertson finds there, and more than downward suicidal spiral and vicious instability that Mayme Mitcham sees there. There are also the drugs and the procuring. Robertson describes how these activities permeate the street society:

If I ask a guy in the streets what are his aims in life, nine times out of ten he will tell me he wants to be a pimp or a player. A player is the next best thing to a pimp. He has ten or twelve girl friends, all of them giving him money, and he doesn't do anything but talk to them and love them when they want it. A jody is a guy that messes around with married women. He gets those paychecks when the husband comes home. The women are for prostitution. That's just it. That's the way it goes.

The vast majority of crime in the streets is organized crime. In other words, the crime is run by the Syndicate or the Mafia, or a similar organization. In Detroit, there are 10,000 hard drug addicts, not all of them black by any matter of means, but still largely springing from the despair of the slums, which in this generation happen to be largely black.

The confusion between marijuana and heroin and other hard drugs seems self-serving on the white adult society. Marijuana grows so easily and abundantly that the apparatus of provision is uncomplicated. It is almost like air, a free resource. Further, unlike alcohol, marijuana seems to produce no aggressive outburst, judging from the teenage dances where the odor in the men's room indicates its use. It has been argued that marijuana leads to heroin and other hard drugs, but cause and effect in this case is murky since baby's milk also leads to heroin in the sense that it always precedes it.

Heroin, on the other hand, is unquestionably destructive; it is an adult-provided drug. To concentrate on persecution of teenage marijuana users looks again like a most convenient scapegoating devised by The System itself.

The 10,000 hard drug addicts in Detroit are not supplied by teenagers, but rather by an adult pushing organization. There are few addicts in Fitzgerald, but there are some. The addict lives *in a world apart, a landscape apart.* He has nothing to do with the PTA or the Fitzgerald Community Council; he has everything to do with getting a fix for that day. A heroin fix costs thirty dollars at deliberately inflated prices. That is, much of the thirty dollars is profit that flows to the "nice" white neighborhoods of "The Pointes" which house, among others, the Fords and the Bommaritos, the automobile family and the Syndicate family fortunes; both the Fords and the Bommaritos had some contact with North Greenfield Township before they became "good enough" to pass the point system of the Pointes. To support a thirty-dollar-a-day habit a young man must turn to theft and/or pushing. Breaking and entering, strong arming, purse snatching — all the "crime on the streets" — must bring in one hundred dollars of stolen merchandise a day in order for the addict to get the necessary thirty from the fence. The young men are sooner or later caught and then begin their repetitious journeys to the homosexual pest holes that pass as penal institutions, such as the one in Jackson, Michigan. For a young woman the only way to make hard drug money is through prostitution. The combination of drugs and constant degrading fornication turns these young women into hags by twenty-five. It is death in the ditch, often by a deliberately self-administered overdose. Depending on the set-up, the prostitute, a "real professional" as opposed to the mother desperately providing food for her children, must have one to six customers a day to support her habit. As the rapid aging sets in, the prostitute increases both her intake of customers and her intake of drugs. Yet it is these pathetic human wrecks, these hooked souls, not the Syndicate, which the entire society propagandizes against.

Who is the loser in the game of street life, the real victim of crime? Whose life is Hell? Is the drugged prostitute really the criminal as the law books say, and her "victim" the white john in from the suburbs? The most victimized person, America's human doormat, is the teenage prostitute. She is a comet fiercely burning out, screaming from her every cell. The great terrible beauty of Billie Holiday, who had been a teenage prostitute, climaxed in her death. She died of soul cancer. It came out of her soul, her terrible beautiful death scream. On the South Side of Chicago Billie Holiday records have been played continuously for over thirty years. They are hymns! What virtue must be in a teenage prostitute! How hideous for her. Not even the comfort of a gang that the procurers enjoy. All instincts of love turned to hate. Black-Blue. "All men are pimps or fools." Whom do they hold in their sleep for comfort? They are totally rejected but always sought after; always despised, yet always paid. They are the "enemy of society" to whom "society" including the "Best Society," so reveals its true self. She is the hidden person who sees into the most exclusive places. Only mistresses and princesses are admitted to palaces. Often deliberately hooked on heroin, seduced, and betrayed, the prostitute is helpless, though she holds a strange gigantic short-range power that tempts her to believe she is able to break her chains. So wildly imprisoned. Circus Island turns all to donkeys under Pinocchio's calliope of the wild life — Duwad.

Over half of all street crime is related to hard drugs. Then why is it so protected? Why is "the media" constantly diverting attention away from hard drugs, the real guts of the process of street crime? Because it is a fantastically profitable Big Business. The industry of Organized Crime rivals the industry of General Motors in Detroit. Overwhelmingly it is the poor who are taken. A black working man buys a TV on his automobile production worker pay check. The hooked kid next door steals it for a fix. The heroin money and the fence money flow out to the suburbs, with everyone, certainly including the local police, taking a cut along the way. The black worker is angry at the kid next door, not at the Grand Drug Industry. In Detroit, the habits of 10,000 addicts create a business of one hundred dollars of crime a day per person, or a million dollars total each day. For the year, the business does better than one-third of a billion dollars each year for Detroit alone. There is not a nation in the world that has a heroin problem that does not want it. It is run from the top, paid off at the top, protected by the top. Heroin is indeed listed on the Stock Exchange, not openly, not even on the curb, but definitely offered buried in all the holding companies holding the holding companies. The hoax that the Mafia is infiltrating "legitimate business" is another horse laugh. Money flows to profit. Fitzgerald was founded on profit from the genocide of Indians, from the swindle of "respectable" sub-dividers, from the racism of Henry Ford the First. What's new? The opium trade in China had the most "respectable" Royal British Money behind it.

If the moral Catholic powers that support Marygrove College and the University of Detroit want to stop the crime on their campuses that spills over from the drugs available on the streets, they can get off their pompous, pontificating posteriors and go after the good Roman Catholic families in the Mafia. Would the Syndicate consider assassinating a Catholic Cardinal? They can ecumenically wage war on the Episcopalian English "captains of industry," the direct descendents of the New England captains who so profited from the slave trade in our glorious pioneering days, who also get their share. Ole White Massa is still slaving today in Fitzgerald, but he uses the golden chains of heroin, thinking people cannot understand what is invisible.

And although the drug-filled streets are dangerous, they are not as dangerous as today's "War on Crime" hysteria gripping the nation would suggest. The overwhelming ingredient in this panic is racism. The only crime seems to be black crime. Part of the hysteria is the love of "law and order" of lawless elements such as the slum lords, who want to continue the slum order. It is also the old story of pointing a finger at others in order to draw the fire from oneself. A recent survey by the federal government reveals that ninety-nine percent of men selected at random from all walks of life admitted to crime. Eighty-nine percent confessed larceny, seventy-seven indecency, fifty-seven tax evasion, forty assault, thirty-five carrying concealed weapons, seventeen burglary and thirty grand larceny. None of this rather extensive sample had been caught. In a separate survey of college students, all 337 sampled admitted to crimes, including one murder and one negligent homicide, and all went scot-free. There is every reason to suspect that the "good Catholic boys and girls" attending colleges in the neighborhood can approximate this crime record. Fitzgerald's college officials act as if the neighborhood might contaminate the campuses, but it seems equally likely that the campuses might infect the neighborhood with boo or acid.

Considering the corruption constantly exposed among bankers, policemen, and politicians, why shouldn't the poor steal? Everyone else does. In the neighborhood, Louis Marini, the former mayor of the city of Detroit, has been convicted of stealing half a million dollars through income tax evasion. This convicted felon is continued on the City Council and its payroll, and the press even seemed to feel sorry for the man. Yet a teenager living next door to him might be shot for stealing a radio. How many radios must be stolen to total one-half million dollars? "You loot, I shoot," applies to black people, not to white mayors. Only the poor are penalized if caught. The basic reason that American police departments are gigantic, particularly compared to those in Europe, is that America's poor are so tempted to steal, for the nation's great wealth is constantly displayed before them. What does the affluence depicted on television do to a family living on beans? The walk from the banking district of any American city to the slum, the rat-bites-the-babies-slum, is a five minute trip to the other side of the world.

Another problem with crime is its definition. "Upstanding citizens of the silent majority" continue to support institutions that starve millions of children and then, with the gall of a czar, deplore "violence." The infant mortality rate is as high in whole sections of East Detroit as in San Salvador. And America is the home of millions of children suffering from malnutrition. Why all the publicity to starvation overseas? Could this be a calculated attempt to distract America from the fact that it starves its own children, to make America content through the illusion that "we" are so much better off than "the starving masses" overseas that we should "fall on our knees and thank our lucky stars" that "we" do not have such problems? Detroit needs CARE packages from Europe. Remote control freedom fighting is comforting, disarming, and useful in convincing Americans to worry about hunger in other regions of the world, where they can do nothing about it, so they will forget this problem of mass criminal neglect at home, where they can do something about it.

The racist ingredient in the "War on Crime" is so extreme that Fitzgerald's parents are worried about the physical and moral safety of their children. Some of the white merchants in the area hate and fear all blacks, especially teenagers. The merchants openly display pistols, strut about aggressively, and loudly claim they are part of a "war on crime," but in reality they are extremely racially prejudiced and refuse to cooperate in any positive program the community offers. In two cases of black teenagers' beating white merchants in which the author is familiar with the facts, the incidents were definitely provoked by the white merchants. Black adults fear these racists, always armed to the teeth; parents are particularly fearful that their children will be too "uppity" and get themselves killed by one of these bigots. Thus, out of fear for the very lives of their children, they do not want their children to display too much spirit. High-spirited blacks have a history of short life in Land-of-the-Free America. But youngsters are naturally high-spirited and do not want their prides crushed. Yet their parents see no alternatives, and thus a struggle between the generations begins.

Add to the parents' fears their ambitions for their children, and the tension between black generations becomes nearly unbearable. This frenzied ambition of parents is often highly selfish. They are much more worried, for example, what the effect of their children's associations with the "wrong kind" would be on their own social standing rather than its effect upon the children themselves. These tensions between the generations often lead to violence, particularly in urban America.

Adults, particularly in the cities, seem to be constantly attacking the dignity and self-respect of teenage youth. And what other group can adults safely kick around? On who else can they safely rid their frustrations, imposed on them by other aggressive adults? Fitzgerald's portion of Detroit "produces" children, not automobiles. A child cannot be recalled for repair if he turns out defective. Fitzgerald gets out of its children approximately what it puts into them. If a child or dog is consistently chained and beaten, it will probably turn vicious. The adult is responsible, yet he attacks the child for the vicious behavior his own maliciousness engendered. The price of persecution of the children is the children's retaliation. Yet, adults are horrified by teenage violence. Further, their horror is unjustified. Did they ever hear of a teenagers' hydrogen bomb? Just how many young people in the world kill how many adults, and how many adults kill how many young people? Several thousand young people must be killed to every one adult. Adults fear the teenagers more than the tots because the teenagers are older. They are becoming like adults, and the adults are afraid that they will see their own ugliness in their children. After all, who teaches and molds young America? Old America!

To dismayed adults, Mayme Mitcham offers some advice:

XI-8 *Some advice to adults from Mayme Mitcham.*

Adults do not take the time. They look at only the bad in people and "boom," that is the way it is, black or white. They never stop to examine people, the motives or the thoughts behind them. They take everything for what they read, what they see, and what they hear.

Adults should not take an attitude of high and mighty self-righteousness toward young people. There should be an attitude of caring, not for glory or fame, but for the sake of the person in need of help. I think the best way to deal with others is to show them that they are somebody. Adults have a condescending attitude, even one of disgust, and it really is not necessary. Some people sympathize, but not enough because they are not aware of what young people are going through. They are helping youngsters because it is their Christian duty, but that does not make the other person feel good. To do one's Christian duty is not enough. You want someone to help you, not because it is their duty, but because they care and because they genuinely feel that you are worth helping.

Another word of advice to adults: they should temper their arguments with the young, which often sound, word for word, like I'm-the-boss arguments made by Southern white plantation owners to their "loyal Negro house slaves."

How can a community improve the life of its teenagers? One possibility is a youth center. The center would put decision-making powers in the hands of the teenagers, giving them a meaningful student government rather than the Quisling type regime that reduces everyone to Teen Toms. It would also be a place where teenagers can find out who they are and make some within-limits mistakes. A center with these functions is deeply needed by teenagers in most American communities. Do Americans believe in their young people, or not?

After two years of study and ferocious debate about a youth center in Fitzgerald, the Council's Recreation Committee decided to hold a series of dances, and to consider these a first step toward a youth center. A meeting was held for the teens, and they elected their officers; Gwendolyn Warren was chosen president. Later they named themselves "The Infernos," much to the dismay of the adults. They used the profits from their dances to give parties, have a day's picnic in Canada, and buy Inferno sweaters, but their major activities remained the dances and the fight for a youth center. The dances were an increasing success with hundreds participating and tensions consistently dropping through the spring and summer of 1967. The reasons for the success were several. By picketing the go-go, the Infernos gained status and leadership among the teens. Also, they obtained, after prolonged and heated arguments involving the whole community, the right to administer their own dances. At the first dance, adults were wandering around the floor snatching off hats, turning lights on brighter, selecting the records to be played, dancing with the teenagers and coming within an inch of provoking real trouble. The teenagers vigorously objected. The response of the Community Council was divided; the argument over the

XI-9 A positive outlet for teenagers: an Inferno dance at Immaculata High School in the summer of 1967. In the top photo, Gwen Warren can be spotted, dancing. The dances were discontinued.

XI-10

course to take was severe, and, some members felt, even threatened the Council's very existence. The compromise between the adults and teenagers was that at the teenagers' own activities they could do anything legal but nothing illegal. After this victory the teenagers said, "We feel free." But the fight was not over. The spring series of dances, in spite of the increasingly good behavior of the young people, was cancelled by St. Timothy's Episcopal Church because of objections by prejudiced contributors to the Church. The promised fall series of dances was also cancelled because of opposition led by a vestryman who so deeply admired white culture that he announced that blacks should stop dancing altogether and join the white community. The Lutheran Church imposed a list of conditions, including an insulting demand for liability insurance, that enabled it to say "no" while pretending "yes." Considering the liberal reputation of Protestantism and the conservative reputation of Catholicism, it might come as a surprise that the Catholic Church demonstrated the most tolerance. Immaculata High School held a series of beautiful dances during the summer. St. Gregory's and Gesu both demonstrated steadfast commitment, flexibility and generosity toward the teenagers. The best chaperones, tactful, patient, effective, and well liked, have been the nuns from these schools.

The Infernos were on the move in other areas. By the winter of 1967 they were close to opening a restaurant, the Infernoburger on Puritan and Cherrylawn, which they had been patiently remodeling for over six months. Soon thereafter, acting as the Board of Directors for all the teenagers in the neighborhood, the Infernos began to attract city-wide attention. A massive integrated youth conference for all Northwest Detroit, held at Mercy College and arranged by Fitzgerald's Sarah Foley, attracted considerable political attention and projected the Infernos onto television and into direct contact with the city's power structure. Even some of the previously embittered adults showed signs that their pride in the neighborhood's youth was overcoming their fears.

In December of 1967, the police-community relations in the neighborhood came to a head. The Infernoburger had become the teenage hangout. The teenagers had bought and hung their own curtains, rigged temporary lights, laid and cleaned the tile floor, purchased a ping-pong table, and moved in a juke box. The police at first were friendly. During the fall of the year they would drop in and talk with the kids.

Patrolman Mackie Johnson, who lives not two blocks down the street, regularly won ping-pong games with the young people; Johnson would chuckle, "Police brutality! Officer beats teenager!" But Johnson was not assigned to the neighborhood, and a set of especially unfriendly officers moved in. In December, the police began to harass the youngsters at the Infernoburger. One young man, deliberately not identified, tells of one of the earlier incursions by the police:

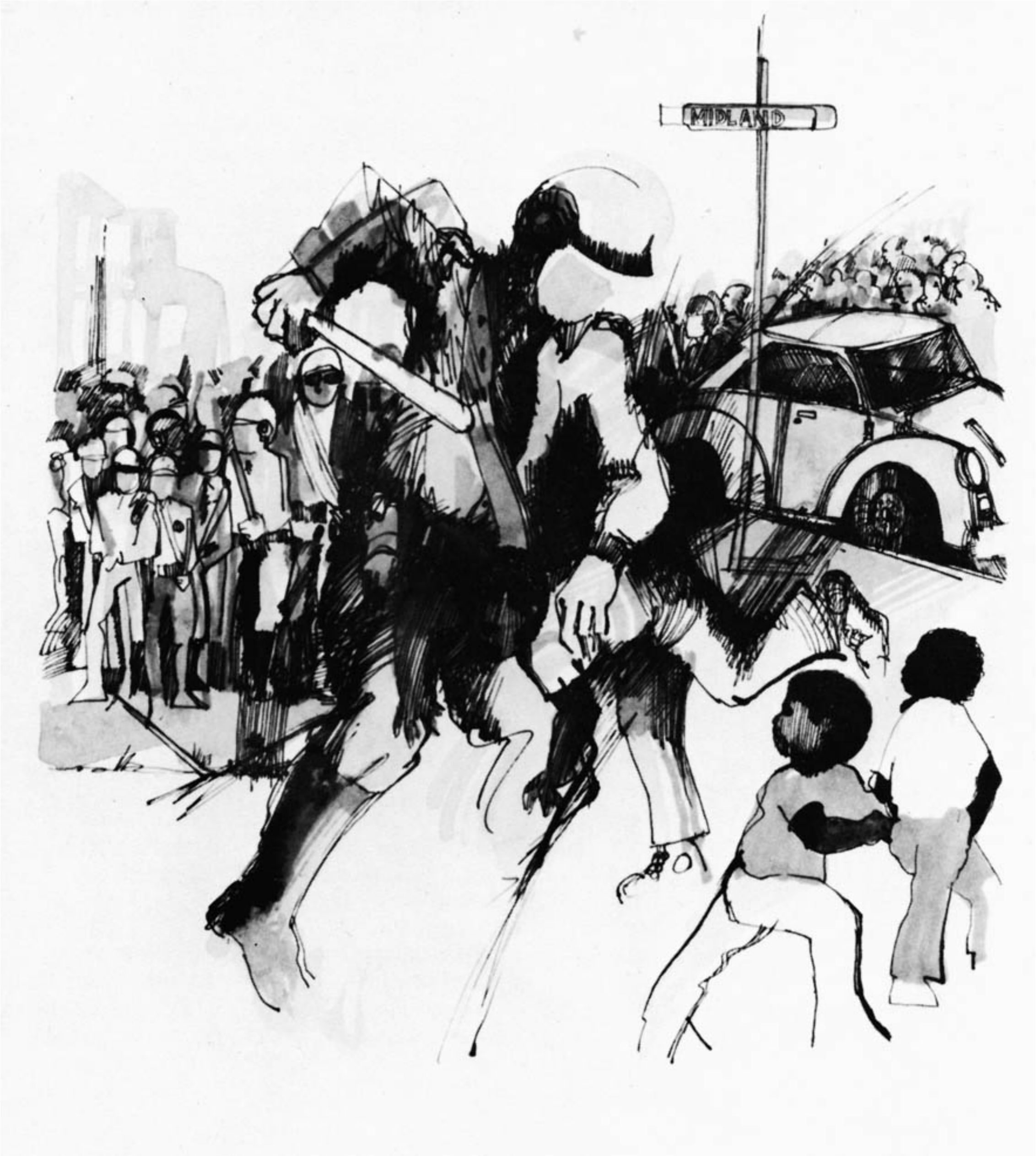
The first time this happened to me, my buddy and I were up at the Infernoburger. I belong to the club which owns this restaurant. We were sitting and discussing what we were going to do the next day, making no movements or wild actions or anything. A policeman walked up to the window where we were sitting and told us to get out. We told him we could not go out the front door, so to keep his eyes on us while we went out the back. We did not want him to use his firearms. As we approached the back door, a police officer hit the door and knocked it in right fast. He came in gun first. And then he grabbed us by the arm and helped pull us out as if we couldn't make it. There were several other cars out back. They had us surrounded. They took us, grabbed us up against the wall, frisked us, and then took us in a patrol car.

A neighbor of mine came down the street and told them that the restaurant belongs to us. She told him about our organization and what we were trying to do. But instead of taking her word, he went down to see Mackie Johnson to take Mackie's word. He went up to his house and he barely knocked on the door so Mr. Johnson couldn't hear. I'm quite sure he barely touched the door. And then he took us to Palmer Park Police Station and told us to sit down and say nothing. Every time a policeman walked by, they looked at us like we were dogs. And they just stood around questioning us, trying to make us give them a wrong answer or something. And then the chief came out and said he had heard of the restaurant. "It's all right. Let them go."

The Infernoburger was hit again and again, sometimes by massive numbers of police. The police seemed out of their minds, once insisting that the Infernos were planning to "overthrow" the white policemen the next summer. Besides entering illegally, the police manhandled, illegally frisked, and intimidated the youngsters. The Infernoburger had been most carefully organized as a legal enterprise with the cooperation of several city agencies. The work with the Police Department had also been most careful. Yet the police unilaterally threatened to close the place. The harassment became so bad that on December 26, 1967 Sarah Foley and several of the teenagers went to the Palmer Park Precinct and filed a citizen's complaint. But the police harassment not only continued, but intensified. Ralph Rosenfeld, Gloria and Stuart House, Samuel Sak (the electrical contractor across the street who contributed lights to the Infernoburger), Gwendolyn Warren, several young male Infernos and the author were at the restaurant, talking about possible physical improvements, when the police again burst in!

Every crime in the area was projected onto the Infernos. Every young man in the neighborhood was picked up and picked up and picked up. A middle class college-oriented youngster describes what happened to him:

The first time it happened to me, the officer from the juvenile court came to my house. He handed us a slip of paper saying they wanted us to show up at a precinct because we may have been raping some people. And we went down there the next day and he looked at us and told us we were not the ones they wanted. The second time they called us up on a Saturday morning. I wasn't home at the time. They asked us to



XI-11 Police beat up on Post and Midland.

come down to Schaefer Precinct for a showdown. We had to go down there so they could see if we were the ones they were looking for. And again we were not the ones; one of the boys didn't look like the suspect at all. So then they kept stopping me; everywhere I would go they would stop me. After school they would follow me home. Coming home from work with my groceries, they would open the bag, look at them, open my coat, despite the cold weather, and shake me down.

One time I was going to Driver's Training and I was at Wyoming and Grove when this Tactical Mobile Unit stopped me, took off my coat, shook me down, put me in the car and said that they were charging me with armed robbery and suspicion of rape. So they took me down to the Schaefer Precinct Station where they took my picture and asked me a lot of questions. Then four of the Tactical Mobile Unit guys got around me and started calling me names such as "Kinky-haired bastard," and "black nigger". I started to get mad but I kind of calmed down because there were more of them than there were of me. When they took me home from the police station they told me to get my "black ass out and walk." That was at the corner of Ohio and Puritan.

One reason the middle class Negro often fails to sympathize with the "lower" class black is that the middle class is not usually subjected to this type of abuse. But if their son is stopped on the way home from the store with a loaf of bread under his arm and asked his age, and he replies fourteen and the police respond that in another three years they will knock his head in, even middle class Negroes become upset. When police accuse kids of rape, haul them into the station, proclaim them innocent without apology, and then the same officers do the same thing again the same day to the same youngster, the middle class Negro sees the other side of the "War on Crime" story. When a young man is told by a police officer his hair is a "pile of shit," that young man is forced either to crawl or fight. If his school administrators are informed that he is a "rape suspect," if a record, both official and social, is unjustly built against him, where can the young man turn? The middle class parents sense helplessness: in spite of the fact they have been totally loyal to the American Dream, that they have "paid their dues" over and over, they still have no connections, no social credit powerful enough to save the life of their innocent son. They become so desperate that they are driven to the thought of personal armed defense. After all their years of painstaking investment, it comes to this. They are panicked that their son might strike back, knowing that his blow is all the haters need to maim him for life or to kill him outright. He is being given, free of charge, a "criminal record" that can follow him until he dies. The parents find that other middle class adults turn on them with arguments that they should have kept their sons "out of trouble," thus using the very arguments the middle class parents had been using on "lower" class parents until it happened to them.

The entire Fitzgerald community united behind their threatened youths, from black to white, from moderate to militant, from old to young, from political to spiritual. At a meeting with the Inspector from the Palmer Park Station, held most appropriately at the Infernoburger, every power was on hand: Congressional Power, Union Power, Catholic Power, CANN Power, Black Power, White Power, Sarah Foley Power, Ethel Garrett Power, The American Civil Liberties Union Power, PTA Power, Jewish Power, Democratic Seventeenth and First District Power, and the "of courses" — The Fitzgerald Community Council, the Fitzgerald Neighborhood Improvements Office, the Mayor's Office, The Commission on Community Relations and the Infernos, with Gwendolyn Warren surrounded by an army of very angry young black men whom she periodically consulted as she generaled the battle. Concessions were made. The well-liked patrolman, Mackie Johnson, would be placed on the beat; the police would write out a statement for any innocent person, indicating he was picked up by mistake, so that he could show the statement to school officials and others and at least partly undo the damage to his reputation.

But after all this the police brutality escalated still further! The capping outrage was handed a young lady officer of the Infernos. She says:

It was about ten-thirty at night and I was coming home from a friend's house. The boys offered to walk me home, but I live only a short distance away and it was cold outside and I suggested that since they had farther to walk (my house was straight down the street) they should go on about their business. I knew all the kids in the neighborhood and they wouldn't bother me. I was never expecting a police officer to stop me, but I got to Marygrove and Indiana and a police car pulled up and they said, "Where are you going, black bitch?" Then they got out of the car and I said, "I'm not your mother." That's when one of them hit me with his billy club. When I was on my knees, he said that he didn't want any teenagers in this area telling him how to do his job, and if they don't get us this winter, they would sure take care of us this summer. Then he pulled off and I went home.

This incident produced a meeting of several hundred, by far the largest in the Council's history. The temper was strong and many parents told of terrible injustices, previously unknown, that had happened to their children and themselves. This new testimony, decisive and massive, included police theft, breaking the agreement to return the illegal mug shots, mendacity and on and on. Ernest Mazey, Director of the Michigan Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, had been intimately involved in day-by-day developments. His brilliant and blistering defense of the rights of Fitzgerald's citizens set the tone of the meeting.

A mayor's representative from downtown tried to explain it all away. He produced the note of "apology" the police and city agencies agreed to release to parents. It read like "we did not catch him this time." When asked about the lack of an apologetic tone, he admitted that this would make the city liable to a charge of false arrest. He and the police representative made a big point of the accosted young lady's refusal to talk with city officials and produced two scraps of paper provided by the police "proving" that the police cars were at other addresses at the moment of her attack, thus implying that she was lying. This so outraged the young lady that she identified herself to the room. It was Gwendolyn Warren. She pointed out that the two times she had come forward to complain about the police, harassment had increased. It was true that all the young people who had signed the citizen's complaint on the night of December 26 had been repeatedly accused of rape, armed robbery, conspiracy to kill policemen and so forth. One young man was so badly harassed that his parents feared for his life and sent him away to an out of town boarding school for safety.

At the meeting one policeman indicated that the citizens should not aggravate the situation by offending the policemen further. The police representative stated that it was up to the citizens to catch the police, who are hired and trained for the job of catching criminals, including police criminals. This stirred deep anger. The community felt challenged to beat the police gun to gun on the streets, which, considering the number of guns in the neighborhood and the extensive past military training of the men by the U. S. Government, it could do.

The leaders of the Infernoburger are not the only Fitzgerald teenagers who received police harassment. All the young leaders of the community have been harassed at one time or another. In the summer of 1968, a market on the south side of the corner of Fenkell and Greenlawn was visited by John Hunt of the church-sponsored teenage drop-in center on Fenkell. Accompanied by four young men, Hunt complained to the owner about the filth in the store. The merchant was a Christian Arab, who as a group are notorious for slum merchant dealings in Detroit, and he promptly drew out his pistol and fired into the ceiling. It developed

XI-12 Black armed guard in Rotherburg's Market.

that the merchant had no gun permit and therefore had committed a felony. But, when John Hunt called the police, they insulted him, saying "we wouldn't have wasted a bullet on a nigger"; that is, the police would have shot him. The police then conspired with the merchant to accuse the young men of attempted "armed robbery."

Trying to alleviate the tension, five whites, including the author, interviewed the merchant. The place was an armed camp, with the merchant's son holding a carbine, a private guard swaggering about with a pearl-handled pistol and the merchant himself armed. In response to a sharp question by one of the whites, the merchant, quite excited, shouted, "In here I'm 'The Law'." It kept going through the author's mind: this is what is meant by "law and order," their law, white law, the four hundred years of white racist law, not Constitutional law. And in the author's mind's ear a ditty out of his white affluent suburban youth repeated, "The customer's always right." The black guard broke in, "It's war! No compromise! No compromise!" He was so menacing toward these white folks who might prove trouble that the white merchant sent him home on the spot; black mercenaries still cannot shoot unarmed white citizens, even in the name of law and order.

The "armed robbery" frame-up charges would not be dropped. So the white delegation quietly left. They could not find any attorneys because Ernie Mazey of the A.C.L.U. and Phil Colista of the University of Detroit Law School were both on vacation. Two of the young men were under sixteen. The author hid a refugee in his house till the author could find an attorney, thirty-six hours later (shades of the Underground Railroad). But the difficulties were not over. A black friend tried to transfer the youngsters to other places. The author was in the Largo Lounge drinking beer when in popped this friend to tell the author that his vehicle out front was being trailed by police cars and that he could not get the youngsters home. The author told him to bring the youngsters into the tavern. The kids came in, excited and big-eyed, and were put in the washrooms while the author, as a white man, drove his car into the alley in back of the lounge. Then the youngsters snuck into the car, and were driven, slipping and sliding, down alleys trying to get his friend home and the young men hidden. In the alley, at the corner of Santa Rosa just north of Fenkell, a siren car happened to go by and no one knew who they were after, so the author swung the car to the curb on Santa Rosa going north ("right opposite an old Yelinek homestead," it flashed through his mind), and made everyone duck down on the seats. He said to himself, "I don't believe it." Then he said out loud, "I don't believe it and since I don't believe it I'm going to act like I don't believe it," and he drove boldly on Fenkell Street. "Sneaking up and down alleys in my own neighborhood, like Nazi Germany," he thought indignantly. He learned later that as the young people had not been personally notified of the warrants out for their arrest, the people who had harbored the "criminals" were not liable. At the moment he could not have cared less. He would have gone to prison forever before handing the young people over to the police without legal protection. Are the Blue Coats of the 1970's going to play the role of the Red Coats of the 1770's? It would be vastly less expensive for the police to learn to apologize when wrong. They must break their code of sticking together no matter how outrageous the behavior of a fellow officer. It is easier to obtain the testimony of one doctor against another in a malpractice suit than of one officer against another. The Chicago police rid themselves of several KKK members, but the Detroit police cry "protect police morale" to the power structure and avoid a similar purge.

The arrogance and injustice of the police contribute significantly to the riot-provoking conditions of American cities. Several stable, moderate, middle-aged citizens voiced the opinion that the racists in the Detroit Police Department were taking orders from people other than their own supervisors, people out to crush Fighting Fitzgerald, despite the fact that *in a non-police state, after all, police are public* servants who work for the ultimate Police Chief: the Citizen.

Perhaps, perhaps: the Fitzgerald police are beginning to realize that they are public servants, for at the moment they are allowing a new youth organization, the sturdiest and most militant ever, to flourish and grow. This youth organization is UniCom; the name stands for "United Community." The organization is run by Lawrence Nevels, a young black militant from Petoskey Street. The group has held democratic dances (with no "secret" class-oriented dress code), which they themselves have policed. They encourage education, holding their own classes as well as urging their members to go to college and graduate. UniCom also advocates physical conditioning, and simultaneously condemns narcotics use. The group maintains office turf that actually welcomes the neighborhood teens. The influence of Malcolm X, of course, has been strong.

These new black militants will go a long way to solving the problem of black teenaged crime in Fitzgerald. The black militants are the most effective fighters against the "Cloud Nine" heroin-suicide way of life. There are two alternative ways for men and women to help their people out of the gutter: they can be friendly, selling some sort of debauched degradation, or they can be "unfriendly," insisting on stiff, even puritanical demands of their own. The black militants have chosen the second alternative, and it is the better of the two: historically, there seems to be only one way for a group to pull themselves up by their bootstraps, and that is puritanically.

XI-13 Lawrence Nevels, black youth leader.

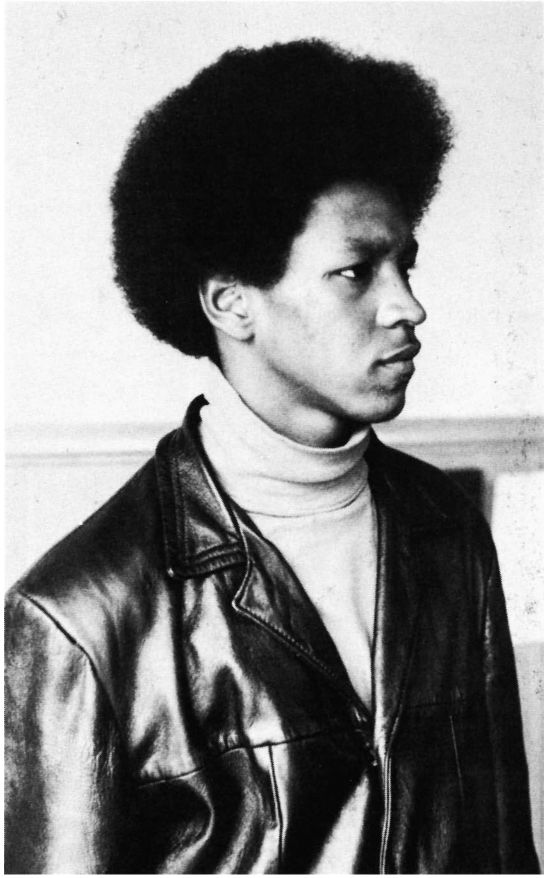
Despite the strongly positive nature of UniCom, the organization has not met with complete support from older generations. Early in its history, it suffered a stiff rebuff from the Puritan Heights Lutheran Church, discussed earlier. More recently, it has gained some acceptance from religious groups as well as the older generation generally; but somehow the acceptance seems tenuous and the relationship between the two generations fragile.

The tension between the generations in Fitzgerald is the tension of progress; considering man's creative nature, the tension is likely to be permanent. It is also true that teenagers, like all other human beings, do "dumb things." They become mixed-up between their social rebellion against injustices and their personal rebellion against their parents. Sometimes the adults respond with hostility, sometimes with sympathy. Often it is almost as if the adults do not know what to do, and their concern for their children is panicking them in the face of their ignorance.

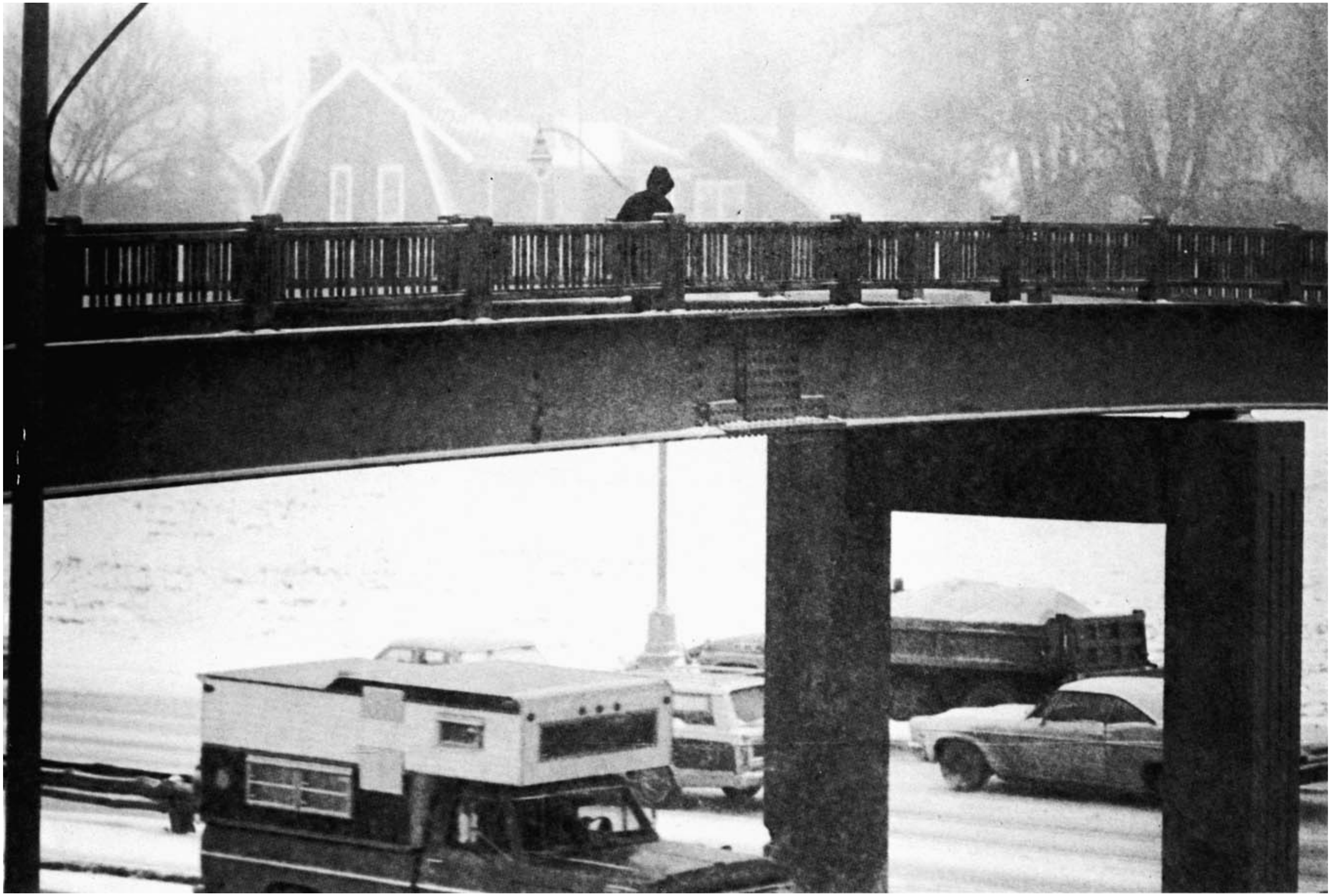
The anxiety is very hard on mothers and fathers, many of whom hold two jobs, stick with bad marriages, and project all their lost dreams in a noble and simple attempt to do right by their children. The parents know they have weaknesses and ignorance and, when their teenagers point these out, it only increases their fears of inadequacy. For every father who imposes an incestuous relationship on a daughter, there are many many more who with quiet courage die of silicosis in the Ford Foundry so their daughters may have decent clothing and not be ashamed to go to school. For every mother who abandons her children in order to have a good time with men about town, there are many more who adopt, nurture, and love their children, grandchildren, nephews, nieces, and just plain strays. The older generation is overwhelmingly good, but increasingly bewildered.

Young people do know more about the world as it is than do their parents and grandparents. Hydrogen bombs, Martin Luther King, television, Malcolm X, birth control, the Peace Corps, Huey Newton, Vietnam and moon shots are in their bones, whereas these happenings are all an unbelievable science fiction movie come true to the older generation. Depressions, Walter Reuther, radio, World Wars I and II, Korea, Henry Ford, and air craft carriers are the marrow inside adults. In the New America we are simply going to have to trust the wisdom of our children. The question of where America is going is the question of where its youth are going. Over fifty percent of our nation is under twenty-five years of age. The young may not be better than the old, but they are at least better adjusted to the realities of the times.

XI-14 The UniCom office on Puritan



XI-15 "That look" — proud and determined — has come over the face of Fitzgerald's young people.

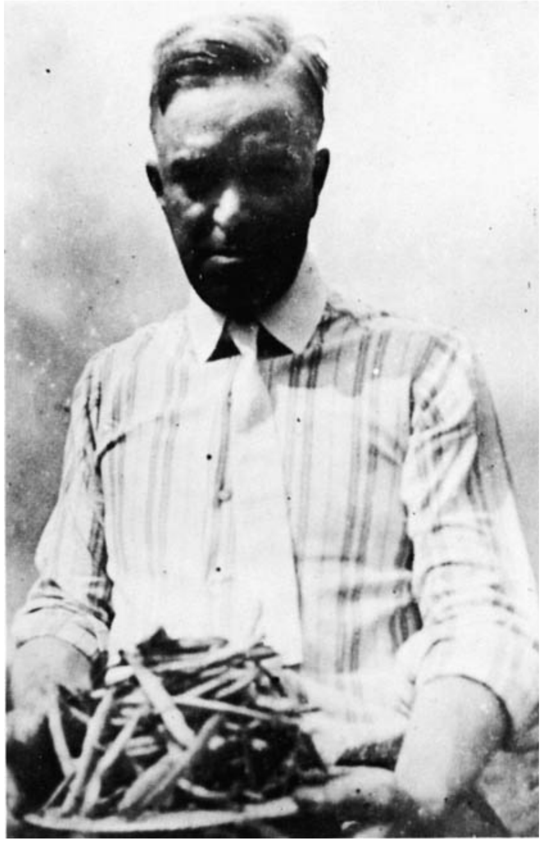


XI-16

The United States of Americas.

These four pictures of Fitzgerald people obviously come from foreign ways of life; they are from four different nations all called America. There have been many other nations in America : the Indians, for one, now mostly gone. America I is from the nation called "Rural." America II is from the nation called "Booster-Urban." America III is from the nation called "Electronic-Hip." America IV is from the nation called "Radioactive-Peace." What will America V, the next country, be, assuming the Americas make it to V? Americas from nations I to IV all still exist side by side in the space that is Fitzgerald. It is not so much a wonder that America is coming apart, but that it is together at all.

XII-1 Rural America. Iva Fuerst feeds chickens on her Livernois farm around 1917. This method of making a living is so ancient that the picture has a colonial or medieval look to it.



XIII-2 Booster-Urban America. Mr. Fitzgerald, the real estate subdivision man on the Fuersts' farm around 1920.

XII-3 Electronic-Hip America. April Hairston is movin' on up. Who can, or would want to, stop her?

XII-4 Radioactive-Peace America. This beautiful child, with her Hindu caste mark pasted smak dab in the middle of her forehead, is bursting with Life itself.

The story of Fitzgerald, its rise from primitive starvation economies to its possible fall under slum processes, is essentially the story of America itself. One hope in establishing excellence in Fitzgerald's education system, in its recreational facilities, in its police-community relations, in its merchant-resident relations, and in the entire quality of its life, is that the precedents established here might abolish the entire slum system of Detroit. Hopefully other neighborhoods in Detroit will be outraged by the "special coddling" of Fitzgerald and will insist upon similar standards for themselves. In fact, many of these neighborhoods are now outraged, and this is why so much lightning strikes Fitzgerald, not only from the "ins" but also from the "outs." As both the negative and positive forces in Detroit polarize, the Battle of Fitzgerald takes on larger and larger significance. Perhaps coincidentally, or perhaps not, the country and Fitzgerald seem simultaneously to be hanging breathlessly between a Great Society and a Great Slum. Which way will they go? It is easier to get some idea of the problem by breaking it into two geographic scales: local and national.

Locally there is always the possibility of slum processes gaining a commanding position. One threat comes from the gay seduction of street life, its man-to-man quality which attracts youth in need of identity and in hope of adventure. With much of 12th Street burned out, its street "enterprise" might well shift to Livernois. The taverns on the eastern boundary of Fitzgerald are already changing their nature. Some used-to-be neighborhood bars are becoming city-wide bars. To whites the area is not posh, but to blacks it is, and thus it attracts establishments which draw their customers from the whole city. Livernois and perhaps Fenkell and Puritan have the potential for a real street life. The shrimp houses, record shops and bars could reinforce summertime bar-hopping and then create a climate in which street industries would flourish. These close-at-hand temptations might make it impossible for Fitzgerald to hold the area's teenagers, who already travel to 12th Street and beyond for excitement.

XII-5 Maurice Lamar

Another threat comes from the power of home-grown fascism in Fitzgerald. Breakthrough, a white fascist organization, operates in the white portion of local high schools. Some people in the neighborhood truly killer-hate "Niggers, Commies, and Kikes." Racism, religious intolerance, bad rent structures, middle class snobbery, institutional greed, merchant indifference, police antagonism, political corruption, uglification, church vacillation, educational inadequacies, limited recreational facilities, hostility toward teenagers, unemployment, and the drain of war on the neighborhood — the slum processes (that is, "life") — defeat some personalities. But others have responded differently.

Maurice Lamar is one person challenged by the threat of slum. He describes how he became involved in the community:

I had an interest in the neighborhood, but I thought I did not want anything to do with the Community Council because I was bitter at a lot of people. I felt that I had been through enough, that all I wanted was a measure of tranquillity, making a living for my family and contributing what I could to its happiness.

The thing that changed my mind was noticing that many of the things I had gone through an ordeal to achieve were being wiped away. We have children in school, and the school was going downhill, for instance. I have always felt that anyone who so demeans himself by not adding to the common stock of knowledge and understanding is more or less a parasite and a useless member of society. I found myself slipping into this "useless member of society" existence and I did not like it.

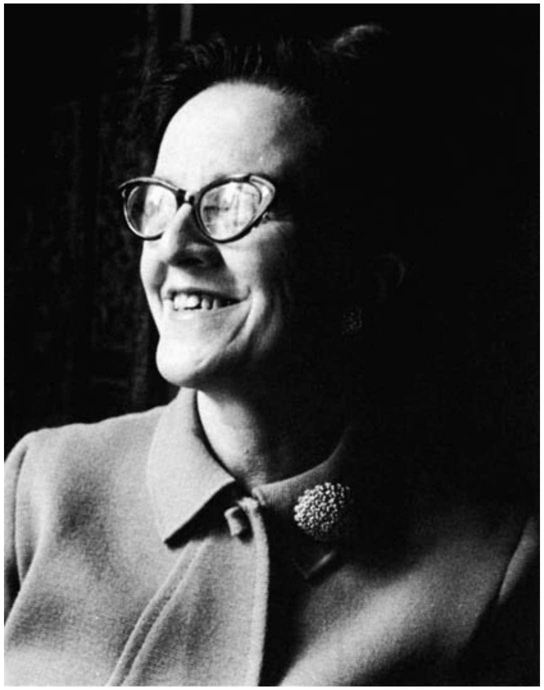
Mavis Biesanz has also responded positively to the threat of slum. Like others, she has shown amazing tenacity, especially considering where she and America were just a few short years ago. She believes in Fitzgerald, and she lives her belief:

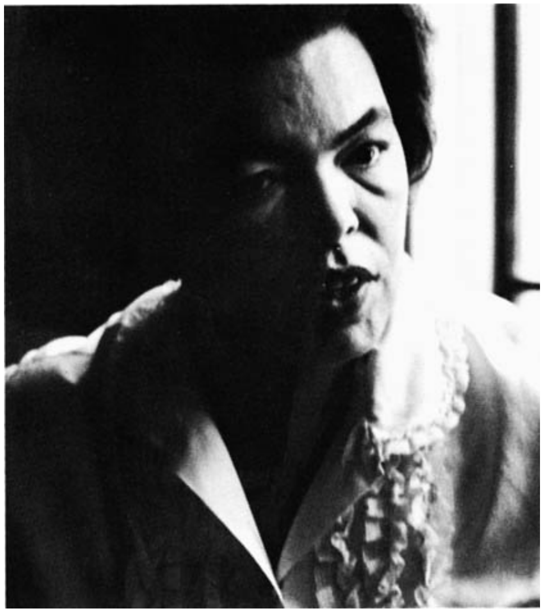
What is going to happen to this neighborhood? We can only project from what has been happening. It certainly has not run down. People talk about petty crime and pilfering, but I doubt if there is any more than before. We have never had things stolen from our garage or garden or house. I think it is quieter than it used to be. The neighbors on the back and across used to play ball in the street all summer, yelling a lot. They'd lose their ball on our roof or ledges and come right through my bedroom to get it. That has not happened now for six years. It really is quieter. The white residents were afraid their own status would drop if they had Negro neighbors. But a neighborhood change is a little like the pains of childbirth. After it is over you forget it.

Jo Sexton is less optimistic. She is a strong person, the wife of a retired Army colonel and a former board member of the Council. She has since moved out of the neighborhood.

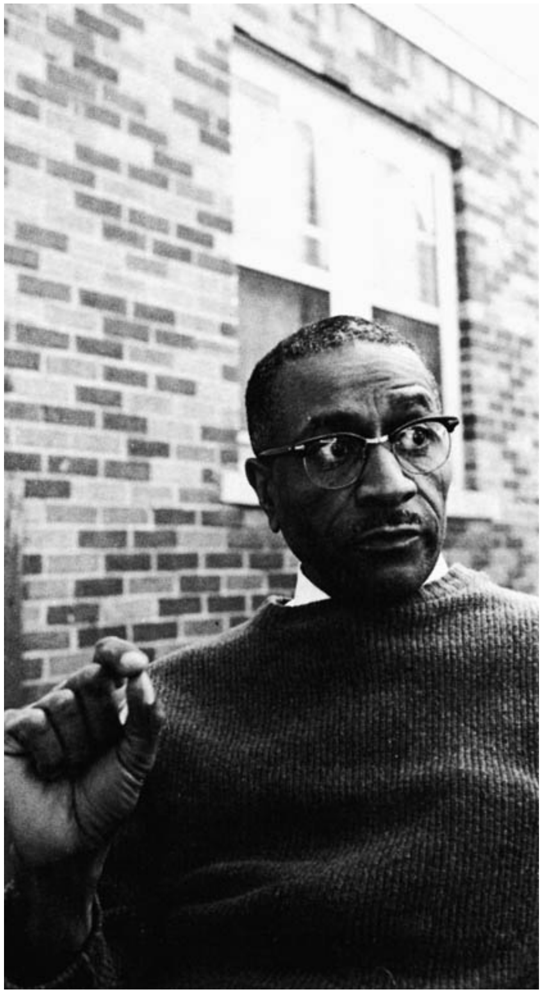
I feel that there are only a few people working to make this a good neighborhood. Without Cecil Erbaugh there would not have been any Community Council. So I feel nothing for the neighborhood per se. *The neighborhood has not taken on the character of Cecil Erbaugh because there are too few working in this thing. The Community Council is not truly a community council. If it were, we could not even meet in the basement of the Church. It is the effort of a handful of people, no more than twenty families. What I would like to see is those nineteen, twenty, or twenty-five families all in this one little block. We could have the best block going, not only in Detroit but in the whole United States.*

Reverend David Mitcham sees the neighborhood in more general and conceptual terms than the others:


XII-6 Mavis Biesanz


XII-7 Jo Sexton

The Community Council started in desperation, trying to meet a crisis. Then it moved beyond crisis, because we are not thinking about civil rights now, we are just thinking about the best interests of the community, and this is "community" with no adjectives. There have been mutations since then: the status quo philosophy of the old Marygrove Civic Association was overcome and a philosophy of change developed. And now a lot of very dramatic and exciting things are happening that concern the dynamics of a community. A whole lot of hidden


XII-8 Rev. David Mitcham

desires, a sense of "oughtness," are now coming into focus.

This is my own private thesis, the "de-sacrilization of authority." In order to get change, the existing authority must be de-sacrilized. There was a time when whatever the Marygrove Civic Association said, that was what the whole area said because it was the only voice. The civil rights struggle has de-sacrilized authority and re-established another authority, which has meant changing laws, initiating new laws, and changing ways of doing things.

The big problem is always the same: to get the people alive, to get them awake. They are awake in Fitzgerald and I have never seen this before. This type of human momentum starts to grow on itself. It expresses itself and then it looks back and it is better and then it expresses that betterness again. It keeps going and growing and it never stops.

Mackie Johnson's view of the community is broad, conservative, and constructive — consistent with his outlook on life. He pinpoints the importance of two specific community problems:

Concerned citizens are realizing that if America is to live up its dream where people of many backgrounds live together, it has to face up to the problems of housing and schooling. You can only run for so long and the country is only so big. If we cannot meet as mature Americans and solve these two problems, then I think we are on our way to being a nation in trouble.

XII-9 Mackie Johnson

Perhaps the most severe problem for adults in Fitzgerald is one that the neighborhood alone is least able to solve: unemployment for the working members of the family, especially through periodic business slumps. During the farm days, market collapses would bring hunger to families. The deepest crisis was the Great Depression of the late twenties and thirties. Many a homeowner lost his new house in Fitzgerald to insurance companies who in turn rented the foreclosed homes. Dr. Baldwin purchased his home from such an insurance company. Cecil Erbaugh lost his home and temporarily returned to the country in order for his family to survive. Today, periodic waves of unemployment and strikes, dominantly in the automobile industry, continue to wrack the neighborhood. Unemployment among teenage blacks, especially those whose parents do not have special positions, is acute. This is true of those who graduate from high school as well as those who do not.

Since major employment is outside the Fitzgerald area, the community, no matter how magnificently organized, cannot touch the problem of unemployment. But it is possible to understand the problem from the history of commerce inside Fitzgerald. The entire history of Fitzgerald is the history of bigger and better tools. The tools drive all. Take the arrowheads of the Indians. Could anyone in Fitzgerald today possibly make a living with those arrows? Even if he developed skills, what would his standard of living be? Primitive tools mean primitive life styles. The replacement of oxen by horses and horses by tractors gave impetus to the rise of pioneer Fitzgerald. What chance would the small ten, twenty, and sometimes forty acre farms of Fitzgerald have against a modern producer who uses a six bottom plow and owns one thousand acres? When the city was urbanized, the tendency towards bigness continued. Many small corner grocery stores in the area have given way to the chain stores.

To fully understand the process, look at the operation from the business point of view. Almost all expenses are tightly fixed, except the payroll. It is elastic. The unions make it difficult to lower wages directly, but an alternative way to lighten the payroll burden exists: automating jobs out of existence, which thus lowers wages for these jobs to zero. Imagine the neighborhood in 1938 with many small grocery stores. One store is slightly more efficient. The extra capital accrued enables the proprietor to set up a check-out counter. The extra productivity of the check-out counter enables him to fire three or four clerks. This allows him to increase profits while he drops prices. The lower prices lure customers away from smaller competitors. This cycle repeats and repeats with shopping carts, parking lots, and automated accounting systems, until the small businessmen are driven to the wall. This is why Harry Rothenburg of the Puritan Community Market hates supermarkets while at the same time he imitates them. Any employer who will not fire his "extra" men will not long survive. In this way productivity rises for each employee, which is all to the good, but drops to near zero for the unemployed men and women, which is very bad. Paradoxically, during economic dips the productivity per employee is highest, and during peaks the lowest. It is happy for Fitzgerald that some of the businesses in the neighborhood are prospering. It is unhappy for Fitzgerald that individuals are dismissed. This is the unfortunate interplay between corporate progress and personal tragedy that raises the question, "Does the introduction of more modern tools necessarily mean personal disaster?"

The character degeneration, the self-contempt that people develop when out of work for long periods, is inconceivable to economically sheltered Americans. The men cannot stand to remain in their homes because they can only helplessly witness the sinking condition of their children. This is the emasculation of prolonged unemployment. Deeply depressed people tend to live gaudily. It means, "Hey, world, I am not dead. I'm still here. This is me and I'm finger-popping to prove it, mostly to myself." During recessions and periods of large unemployment, it becomes particularly obvious that the profit system of America prefers machines to children. When a periodic recession hits Detroit because it is not profitable to make cars, the idle machinery in the plants is loved. It is greased, oiled, repaired, kept warm and dry; but the children of the unemployed are left to rust out on the street. During the next recession why not put the machinery out on the street and take the children into the factories to be repaired, loved, and sheltered? Or better, why not discard a system of recessions? A system that makes men destroy their children in the name of machines is a biological perversion of nature.

The alternation of boom and depression leads to tremendous psychological strain: the people oscillate crazily between overheated expectation and blackest despair. Necessary greed and an equally necessary gay life develop side by side in a collective schizophrenia. A booster will jack roll a chump at a bar, and throw the money away on the numbers. Where is the sense? But where is the sense in the chaos of the society? People sing not only for joy, but to keep up morale. For the world to tell some young person that he or she is valueless, useless, written off, causes an enormous explosion in that young person. The best ones, the strongest, struggle to survive. Often survival means criminality, but criminals are not the most pathetic people, desperate as their plight is. The most pathetic are those walking dead who have simply given up and sit on the front step sucking wine out of a bottle in a paper bag or shooting up on a filling station toilet seat. In 1960 Fitzgerald had fifty percent to sixty percent blue collar employment, which is very unstable work; the percentage of blue collar workers in the neighborhood is higher today. There are some ADC mothers and rising numbers of unemployed in Fitzgerald. In 1965 ten to fifteen percent of the households in Fitzgerald had less than $2,000 in family income. But if depression shimmers over the neighborhood, it does not grip it. In Fitzgerald, much of the lack of total resistance to wars is the belief that wars will bring full employment to the people. It takes something pretty terrible to make men look forward to wars.

The specter of unemployment seriously divides the middle class from the poor. The middle class is in a marginal position, holding down two or three jobs, scooping in pay checks week by week, with claw-like motions of their arms, and stomping the ones "below" with vicious kicks with their legs while they in turn are kicked by those "above". Upward bound, indebted up to their ears, with no financial reserves for even a mild recession, these people feel they cannot afford to share the unemployment with poor blacks. In response to a call to help the black poor, honest members of the middle class blurt out, "Wait till they get your job." This sense of job insecurity is the mass base for fascism, as Nazi Germany proved.

For terrifyingly rational reasons, the middle class is frightened. The middle class is made up of families just out of the slum — Italians, Poles, Jews, Irish, Bohemians, Swedes, Germans, Japanese, Greeks, and others. They have been so scorched by the fire of the slum, and they have been running from it so hard for so long, that they don't want to look back. Their fear of the fire is so great that anyone who says, "Look, there are people still being burned alive back there, we must help them," will be trampled by the shout, "There is no fire, only firebrands." The smoke, the ashes, and the red glow rising in the night sky from the slums merely intensify their psychosis. The fear becomes so great that the middle class becomes convinced that the entire slum is engaged in a conspiracy to burn their homes and rape their women, even if they live miles away. And, their fear becomes so great that they deny the real problems of the slums: "What do the Negroes want? They're better off than we are. We're just paying for all those immoral ADC mothers. Why don't they get a job?"

Yet unemployment is not merely an issue of the rich versus the poor. It is also an issue of the whites versus the black people and the brown people. Fitzgerald has always been threatened by racism. Strong, independent, smart Perry Seymour sold hamburgers and cheese sandwiches to the Sisters and construction crew when Marygrove College was being built. In 1968 was not the teenage restaurant going to sell hamburgers and cheese sandwiches to Marygrove College? Half a century later blacks are still trying to cook for Marygrove: black capitalism in a nickle and dime dead end. Every time the black man looks as if he might get on his feet — Kanada with his two thousand dollars and his land, Seymour and Turner with their enterprises, the teenagers with the restaurant, just every darn time — "someone" shoots a Lincoln or a Kennedy or a King, some war breaks out, or some racist reaction sets in "somehow" among the whites. Seeing the poor whites being turned against the blacks is like witnessing the Russian peasants being turned against the Jews. Will the poor whites ever see the monotony of the pattern? Such a hustle to scapegoat the black man rather than cure the slums, wars or depressions! So the country runs its terrible treadmill of a rat race, and stagnates in an increasingly deadly cesspool. At Marygrove College black men raised white Mary onto her pedestal. It all has the taste of ashes.

Interviewing Perry Seymour in his neat and immaculate apartment in a Detroit public housing project, the author was met with a terrible sense of familiarity: "Yes, I knew all the farm families along Six Mile. No, they never mentioned Mr. Kanada to me, but they had cheated the man, is that not so? Yes, I had been threatened by the Klan in the neighborhood. No, I was not scared. Yes, for a while it looked as if I were going to make some money, but..."

In his tiny living room, Perry Seymour displays a photograph showing the athletic glory won by his son, Robert, champion golfer. Joe Louis was in the picture with him, poor Joe Louis who lost

XII-10 Perry Seymour's son (the man on the right) eventually became Joe Louis' golf pro in Louis' balmier days. To compare the two most famous men in Detroit's history, Louis and Ford, is instructive. Ford ended up with expressways, villages, museums, whole cities honoring him. A new statue to "King Henry," the old white racist, is being erected in Jim Crow Dearborn at this writing. Louis, on the other hand, has been bilked, abused, patronized. In tribute to his world fame, the Brewester Recreation Center in "the projects" retains precisely two fly-specked trophy cases with faded pictures and tattered ribbons. A retired second-rate white TV fighter is State Boxing Commissioner. Universities like the University of Detroit are filled with old white jocks put out to honorable pasture as athletic directors, none of whom compares in the least to Louis. Liberal white colleges don't hire black athletic directors, whether or not their beliefs are straight-American.

it all to the white income tax people. Even ex-Nazi Max Schmelling is better off. The picture was taken in Palmer Park. Oh, yes, Senator Palmer, Judge Witherell's grand-nephew: Judge Witherell, the swindler whose "wicked partner" salted the land just east of the University of Detroit with iron ore imported from Ohio to fool the chumps. Nice white looter Michigan Supreme Court Justice Judge Witherell, with a downtown street named after his father. When Perry Seymour was told the story, he laughed and said the Palmers must have given Palmer Park to the city to cover the family's tracks.

The source of much unemployment in Fitzgerald, then, is racism. Ever since whites began to settle in Fitzgerald, racism has threatened the neighborhood, and it will probably remain a threat unless the neighborhood becomes all black. Once Indians and three times blacks have lived in this community, and three out of four times the white community has completely forgotten about "them." When the author was doing research on Fitzgerald for this book, he had fantastic difficulty in finding the "people of color" from the past. James J. Kanada was found only as a result of the most painstaking familiarity with every discoverable fact of the historic landscape, although once he was discovered, all the old families *then* admitted to knowing about him. The very last substantive material added to this book was the story of the four black families of the 1920's.

This material was discovered almost a year after the rest of the book had been written, only by accidentally running into two of their descendants, Richard Arnold, a grandson of Roy Turner, and Frank Seymour, the oldest son of Perry Seymour.

How can the talk of the community, the source of lynch excitement, just disappear? What witchcraft in the white mind! Is it some monster from the Collective Id? People don't know because they don't want to know. They don't see because they feel it is to their advantage not to see. They are wrong! It is to their advantage to cast off the narcotic of white racism. It must be cast off to survive. The need is to think! The rationality of the brain is more powerful than the gut reaction of the spinal column and it is time that its crunching power be unleashed in the name of human survival.

XII-11 Doris Grozner.

Perhaps despite the hysterical mass forgettings, Fitzgerald has made a start in casting off racism. Or, at least many people in Fitzgerald feel that it has. Doris Grozner was raised just south of the boundaries of Fitzgerald; she is one of the people who link the sub-division days with the present. After the neighborhood was integrated, she moved back to her old home grounds. Comparing her experience in different regions of the city with her experience in Fitzgerald, she feels that Fitzgerald is more open to people from all minority groups:

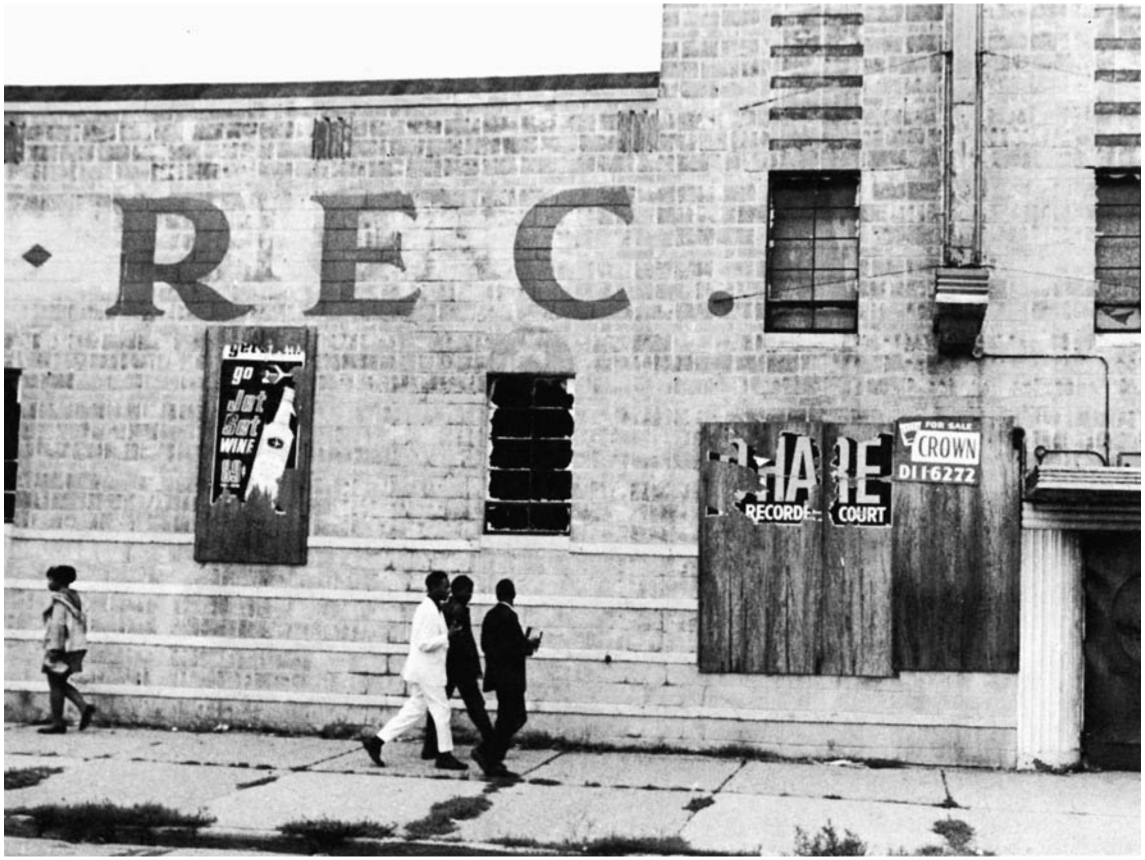
> *The people in this neighborhood seem more civilized than people in other neighborhoods because people here are less conscious of differences in religion, race, and national background. They accept each other as human beings more than those in most places I have been. For example, at Community Council board meetings people of every imaginable kind of background gather and discuss the problems of the community. Every idea that is forwarded is discussed; it does not matter who forwards the idea, all are equally considered. Ideas that come from people are the most important things, not where people come from. I think this is different from most places where we look at the person and make up our mind whether we are going to accept him before he says something.*

A big bottleneck in Fitzgerald is the need for tender loving money from the federal government. The problem of overcrowded schools is nakedly one of cash to hire needed teachers and to rent or build needed classrooms. Higher taxes are not the answer; they merely push more fathers and mothers into second and third jobs and degenerate home life for the children. The neighborhood and America are already taxed silly. The greatest difficulties for Fitzgerald come from great geographic distance from the federal government in Washington, D. C. The federal government is not Fitzgerald's friend. Fitzgerald does not go to Washington with empty pockets and return with full ones; it is the other way around. Nationally, only three percent of federal tax money finds its way back home. The "public servants" such as the senators and the presidents are sucking Fitzgerald dry. They give citizens millions of dollars with gigantic publicity — Medicare is a good example — but they take billions in closed sessions. The difference between a billion taken quietly and a million given back noisely is 999 million.

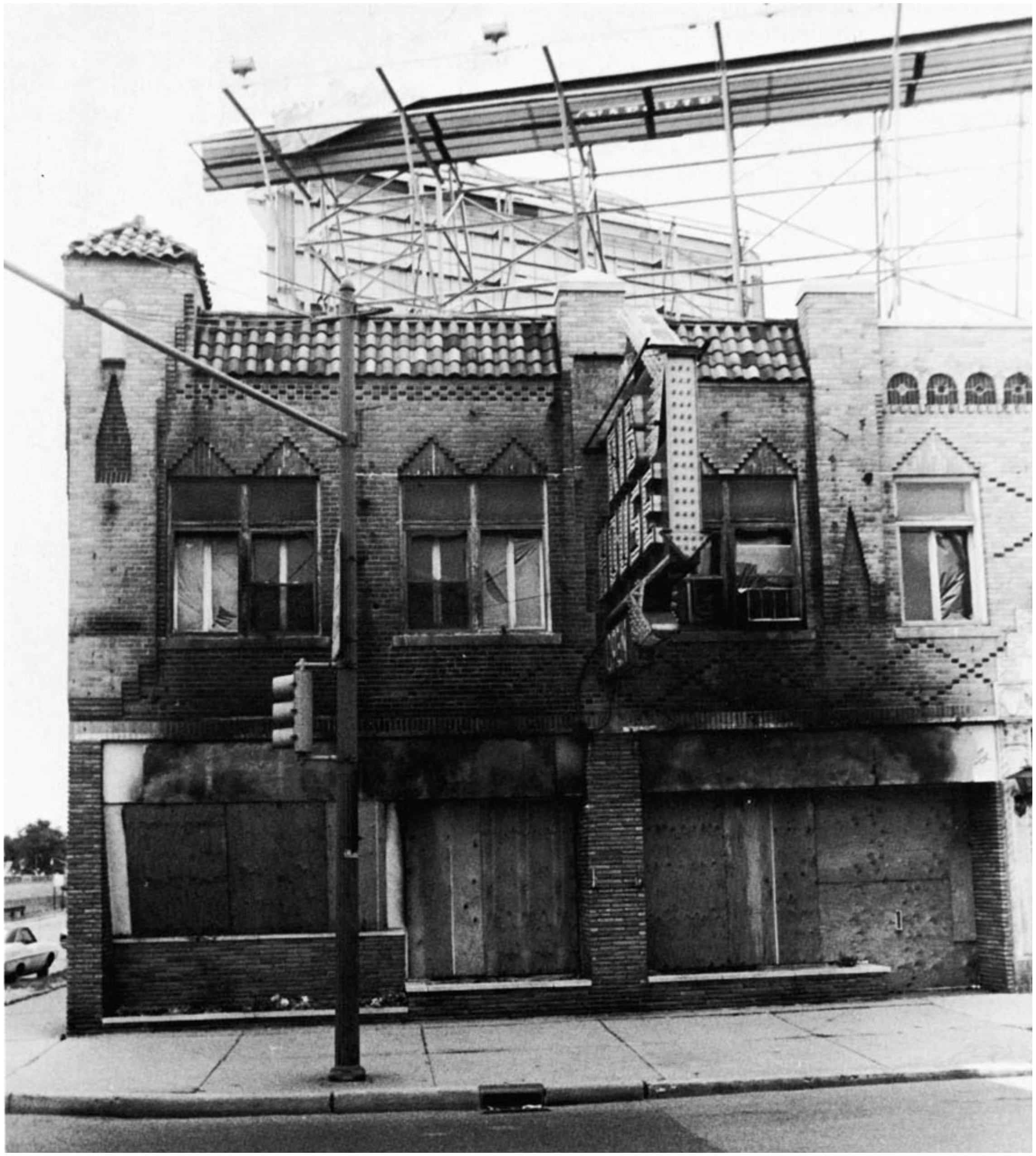
Name the Cause

Slum processes go in all neighborhoods, including the most affluent suburbs. Slums are a matter of degree. They are also, in part, a matter of perception. Which of these four pictures shows riot damage? The answers: Picture number one is urban renewal damage near Wayne State University. Very few homes were burned, almost all of these losses were accidents, caused by flames spreading from deliberately fired stores. "Urban renewal," in the year 1967 alone, destroyed many times more homes than black arsonists. Picture number two is a fire at Puritan and Santa Rosa in Fitzgerald, deliberately lit to profit from insurance. White motorists passing by almost universally cluck-cluck about this scene of arson and blame the black teenagers on the streets, like the ones in the picture: "I bet they did it." These teenagers were in fact victims of this fire since this building had housed a bowling alley which the teenagers enjoyed when the neighborhood was white. Picture number three, taken on the east corner of Livernois and the John C. Lodge Expressway, must be due to the black arsonists of 1967. Wrong again. Still another fire to get insurance money, still another tax-base-shrinking-crime, still another white suburbanite trying to wiggle through the courts with the money. Picture number four is the real thing: Gorman's Furniture burned, on Livernois and Midland immediately across the street from Fitzgerald, in the rebellion of 1967.

XII-12 Picture number one



XII-13 Picture number two



XII-14 *Picture number three*

XII-15 *Picture number four*

The total federal income tax paid by the families of Fitzgerald is approximately $3,320,000 per year. Of this, $2,500,000 goes for past, present, and future wars. The extra annual assessment for the Vietnamese War alone is around $600,000. Starting with World War II the people of Fitzgerald in their tiny one square mile have contributed over $50,000,000 toward war. This lost money would have provided Fitzgerald with thirteen brand new elementary schools the size of Fitzgerald School. The function of any military enterprise, no matter how prettied up, is destruction — the destruction of people and their property. But what is not directly apparent is that the military enterprise can also destroy its own country. America is being bled by staggering military costs that have been sustained for over a quarter of a century. If the military drain on Fitzgerald of the Vietnam War alone were eliminated, and the money reappropriated to schools, in one year twelve classrooms with the most modern equipment could be built and class size dropped from forty-one to thirty-five. The second year of such a tax switch would produce one fully equipped park; the third year, thirty-eight tot lots. Once the neighborhood was made liveable for the children, all sorts of imagination could be used to employ the money. For instance, the money could provide 200 full college merit scholarships yearly to the nation's best schools. All this from the cost to the neighborhood of the Vietnamese War alone.

Military men and most Americans thinking on military problems seem to forget that the stupendous sums of money for wars coming out of the neighborhoods of America can pass the point where diminishing returns begin. If the cities of American which, contrary to propaganda, constitute the strength of America and any other civilization, are allowed to rot out; if whole armies of police are necessary to keep some lid on crime; if pollution starts to literally choke the life out of city dwellers; the military will have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. By sucking Fitzgerald dry, to the point of keeping its children from developing to anything vaguely resembling their full potential, the military is cutting into the basic strength of the nation. Even the most military-minded must see this.

Americans hold a conviction, largely and validly based on the military experience of so many of its citizens, that military waste is vast, that the military system really throws the money around. How can the citizens of Fitzgerald cut into the problem of military waste? Here the citizens are most helpless. Fitzgerald keeps a bulldog grip on the tax money spent on schools. But the military is so remote, off in some jungle somewhere, and its tax money is collected so automatically, how can Fitzgerald watch it? When America had a local militia or even a National Guard system, some eye could be kept on the money. But today it is too easy to intimidate citizens with charges of being unpatriotic if they question military outlay. Even if Fitzgerald could persuade the Army to open itself to direct inspection by citizen taxpayers, the inspection would turn into brainwashing junkets which rubber stamp expenditures from fear of accusations of violating military security or of lacking patriotism. Ultimately the inspections would simply add to the expense. The Achilles' heel of America seems to be military expenditures that tax us into slums and perhaps into a Roman decline.

There is an old American tradition of skepticism toward military pomposity. Have the generals lost the American characteristic of being able to laugh at themselves? Fred Siterlet speaks of the Civil War "draft card burners" with the high humor of a Will Rogers:

During the Civil War when they were recruiting for troops, each township was given a quota to supply men for the draft. Naturally, the supervisor of the township would try to conserve all the able-bodied men he could in his community. He would send as many sick people down there as he could and when they reported to the Draft Board, they would be rejected and that would end the quota for that month. And of course my grandfather, being crippled, was one of those told to report. He went down there to the physical and naturally they rejected him.

But the absurdity of military Lord Haw Haws, of Dr. Strangeloves, or even of General Custers does not hide the basic horror of war. The wars, wars, wars do not take just money from the neighborhood, but also the young men, who never dance at the youth center, never vote, never marry; and the wars kill, kill, kill them. Sidney Baker tells of his friend Bumpy:

He lived on Ohio between Puritan and Florence. They called him Bumpy, but his original name was James Stover. He was a quiet sort of person. He knew everybody but he wasn't as active as most of us. He was working at Cadillac and bought a car. He was eighteen. He liked to do the same things as most teenagers, run around, associate with girls, sports.

One cold winter morning he drove his little sister to school. His sister went to Fitzgerald and my sister went to Post. When he got up to Cherrylawn and Puritan he ran into my sister so he turned around and took my sister back up to Post and dropped her off in front of school. He saw me. I called him and he pulled over to the side. The police were there and told him to park the car. They gave him a ticket for being on the school grounds and a date to appear in court. His mother had to go down to Palmer Park Police Station to get him out. He was getting a lot of trouble from the police in the neighborhood. He was one of the people they liked to get.

He stopped by my house one day after he was in the Army and my mother asked him what possessed him to join the Army and he said, "The police were picking on me and I got tired of it so I just went on and joined the Army." They sent him to Vietnam.

His last visit was in November. He gave a party. He told me and a few friends of mine that he wasn't coming back. He figured he was going to die. He planned on marrying this girl friend if he got out.

The girl across the street told my mother, *"Bumpy was killed." They had called Bumpy's older sister, Carol, off her job to come home. And what they told me, Carol was sitting up in a chair with his picture, crying, and Bumpy's mother came in. And Carol did not have to say anything. Her mother just knew right away that Bumpy had been killed. She just broke out in tears and said, "All I want is my son back."*

The war caused an immediate and disastrous drop in morale in the neighborhood's teenagers. The war is what finally pushed the blacks of Detroit, who were overwhelmingly young, into rebellion in 1967. The Great Society, for which almost all of Fitzgerald voted in 1964, became the Great Slaughter in 1969. And the danger grows: war feeds on itself like a fever. No matter what the cause of the war, the family of a slain boy cannot help but think the blood of their boy is sacred and therefore the war is sacred and worth the sacrifice of more boys. A people can become drunk on war and power for its own sake as well. Everyone from psychologists to Biblical scholars recognize this terrible danger. No plague is more deadly than that of a people who feel they have a destiny to "conquer the world." People should remember how many *German* boys Hitler killed with his contagious madness.

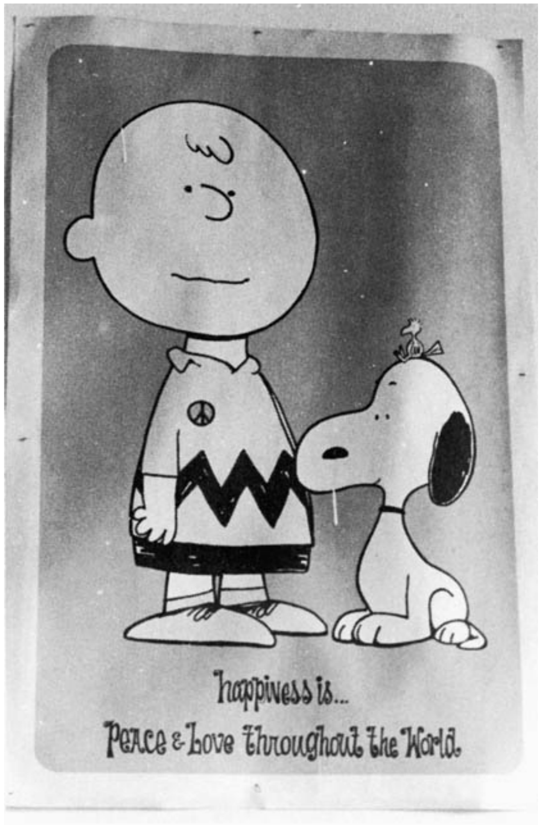
Yet, the war is extremely unpopular in Fitzgerald and the attempt to develop support for it is like the federal government's earlier attempt to enforce Prohibition. In both cases the first reaction of the people was a stunned acceptance. Then as month followed weary month, the original supporters lost their steam, and indifference developed. The longer both endured, the more admired "illegality" became. Then active hostility rose from a minority, to finally a majority. By the spring of 1967, a large scale peace movement had developed in the neighborhood involving scores of the leaders of the community.

The earliest spiritual leader of this move toward life has been the local Methodist minister, Reverend Herbert Glenn. Reverend Glenn, hoary-headed mountaineer Methodist, has seen war. Perhaps there is nothing like war to turn men to peace, for Reverend Glenn is one of the most determined men of peace in Fitzgerald. The Fitzgerald peace caravan assembled at his church, Henderson Methodist Memorial, on Puritan and San Juan, for the long drive to New York for the massive April 15th, 1967 Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam, which was led by Dr. Martin Luther King. Reverend Glenn has supported Reverend Jack Cassidy, the Mayflower Congregational Church leader in the Bagley Community Council area, who opened a draft counseling center in his church. Reverend Glenn delivered a sermon on Fitzgerald entitled, "Our Hopeful Community," in which he said:

A great congregation would believe what Martin Luther King has said, "Have we not come to such an impasse in the world that we must love our enemies? Love our enemies or else? The chain reaction of evil — hate begetting hate — wars producing wars — must be broken or we shall be plunged into the dark abyss of annihilation. Until both the oppressor and the oppressed learn to love each other, there will be no permanent solution to the race problem." This is not the sticky, sentimental-rot kind of love, but tough, strong, rugged love which causes a friend to say, "This may be my last great struggle, but I'll die before I'll let you continue to live less than a man's life."

By the fall of 1969, Reverend Glenn and the other spiritual leaders of the community had long since inspired most Fitzgerald citizens of the immoral character of the war. Massive peace feeling had developed, spreading way beyond the churches. The peace symbol could be seen everywhere, in stores, in offices, on posters. On "Stop" signs, the two words "the War" have been added.

The Peace Symbol Is Everywhere


happiness is...
Peace & Love Throughout the World.

XII-16 The peace symbol is everywhere

Sorry We Don't
Accept Checks
Even If
They're GOOD!
FOGARTY
DOES
FOGARTY
AFTER HOURS JAZZ
RED ROACH

XII-17 *The peace symbol is everywhere*

XII-18 *The peace symbol is everywhere*

On October 15, 1969, Marygrove gathered a huge peace procession. The march bore unexpected fruit: for the first time, links were forged between the liberal whites and the militant blacks. While some black Marygrove students marched in the procession, over ninety-five percent of them were white. They followed a demonstration route down Six Mile to Woodingham, south to Puritan, west to Wyoming and north back to the campus. The largely black neighborhood was nonplussed. The look on the faces of housewives out their windows seemed to say, "Well, I guess the white folks have decided to call off their war and they're out here to say to us that they are sorry they killed our sons." The black young people at the UniCom office poured out onto the sidewalk to stare dumbfounded at the white folks singing and waving their peace signs across the street. The white college kids gave them the peace sign. The black kids stared fixedly. The white kids insisted they return the salute. The two groups continued to stare at each other, with the whites imploring. One black young lady did give the peace sign to end the embarrassment of the situation. Then a black young man silently raised his black fist: "Black Power, Umgala. We Shall Burn Detroit." Then they all raised their fists with a sort of cheering, jeering shout. The whites were crestfallen. But coming back on campus on Marygrove Street a single young man in a Black Panther type of beret happened to be walking on the other side of the street. First the whites gave the peace sign. Then without hesitation, holding his right arm down in front of his body as if he did not want The Man to see, the black young man, quite firmly, gave first the peace sign and then the black fist. United Front! Cool, baby.

The Vietnam War is a spark that has ignited the white youth and brought them together with the black radicals. The alliance, growing all the time, is particularly evident in the effort to free the Panthers and Bobby Seale. The alliance is extremely radical, particularly in comparison with the gentle reformism of Martin Luther King's Civil Rights Movement. King prophesied that if the white power structure did not give

XII-19 With Picasso's peace dove as a banner, Marygrove college holds a Peace Mass, October 15, 1969. This social tone of the Old Christianity, of Chirst the revolutionary carpenter, the worker and man, is unmistakeable in the Penitential Litany of Marygrove College Peace Mass, October 15, 1969.

"Because we fight war in the name of self-determination and allow none to the poor of our own land.
Lord, have mercy.
Because we have been duped in the paranoia of killing human beings who are called communist instead.
Lord, have mercy.
Because we have sold out peace and love and humanity in the name of price, nationalism, flag-waving, support the boys, drop the bomb, kill the Gooks.
Christ, have mercy.
Because we say we want negotiations and self-determination, when in reality we want surrender and our own way.
Christ, have mercy.
Because we have the whole world in fear and terror of impending disaster and believe we need still more weaponry to protect ourselves.
Lord, have mercy.
Because we are hung up knowing the war is wrong but we're there and can't see any way out and the war grows and grows.
Lord, have mercy.
Glory to God who Is everywhere, and peace to men of good will."

MARYGROVE
WANTS
PEACE!
E

XII-20 A small section of the Marygrove peace procession.

justice and freedom, it would be conquered: "World Brotherhood or else." He was right. With the young white people and the black people uniting and fighting hard, the battle in Fitzgerald is reaching a climax. The community is nearing its moment of truth. More and more, the mood is one of fighting to victory. Seventy-five adult members of the PTA took off from work to sit-in at the Board of Education meetings on three consecutive Tuesdays in the winter of 1969-1970, and this on top of the publicized school bus boycott finally evoked a promise from the Board for a million dollar expansion of Fitzgerald School. While the relationships with the University of Detroit hang in the balance, the University has passed through the "generosity seeks gratitude" stage and is now down to nitty-gritty questions of self-interest and power. And at least the university is finally attentive to its critics.

The Infernoburger failed, but it is being rebuilt by the teens as a bookstore. Most of the young people originally involved have gone on in school or in UniCom; perhaps the teens were prodded by the sting of the restaurant's first failure, Gwendolyn Warren is enrolled at the University of Michigan and has earned 3.9 grade point, including straight A's in symbolic logic; using her organizational skills, she has negotiated for over four hundred additional black scholarships. And the blackest, most despised teenagers have joined the action; some are studying black history under Lawrence Nevels, the UniCom leader. They are learning organizational techniques as well, learning how to form political alliances to achieve political equality with the white man. All has come to life. Fitzgerald is Life.

To put it all together, to try to figure it out, leads you back to individuals. To build a free society, individual dreams must come true. Where can one see his dreams come true? Where can one find peace of mind? When one feels very good, "Friday night" good, "full of beer at noon on a sunny day's picnic at nineteen with one's love" good, "your father proud of you" good; at those moments, all your defensive radar is turned off, none of your resisting generators is turned on, and you want to sit quietly and smile with the moment. Then will there be someone you can find around you, not more than one maybe, but someone, who will not pull at your coat sleeves or say to himself, "Now's a good time to get something," who will just sit on the log with you and poke at the sand with a stick? Where is this place? Can we find it in Fitzgerald?

XII-21 Defeat?

Or victory?

THE FITZGERALD
COMMUNITY COUNC

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CONCLUSION

The story of Fitzgerald is not merely a story of war, for Fitzgerald has also fought against war. Nor is it merely a story of racism and unemployment, for the community has fought for equality, led by the Community Council. Nor is it a story of the invasion of the slums, for the community has fought to keep its streets, its stores and houses liveable, and has fought for more and better schools and recreation areas, for tots and teenagers.

The story of Fitzgerald is still more comprehensive: it is the story of America itself — how we got this way, our Americanization, our rough and breath-taking climb and our equally breath-taking pause before either another upward spiral or the most spectacular crash since the demise of the dinosaur. The fate of Fitzgerald and America is now hanging in a battle for human survival itself; man faces death by his own machines.

The Natural Landscape Again

The beginning of this book pictured the natural landscape between the last of the glaciers and the first of the white men. What happened in between? Science, like art, is simple, innocent, so let us ask an innocent question. What sounds would you have heard sitting outside a hundred years ago in Fitzgerald? Mary Basancon remembers the sounds of her farm childhood:

There would be the night noises, the whippoorwills in the evening, and the owls would be hooting, the night birds would squawk every once in a while. We could hear the train whistles from the Grand Trunk just on the other side of Grand River. In the evening especially, the train made a sad, weird sound. And do you know that on a certain kind of day you could hear the boat whistle (from the Detroit River) at our place?

The farmers would hear barnyard noises — cows, chickens — and peculiar machinery sounds, such as the rattley clatter of the binder in the oats.

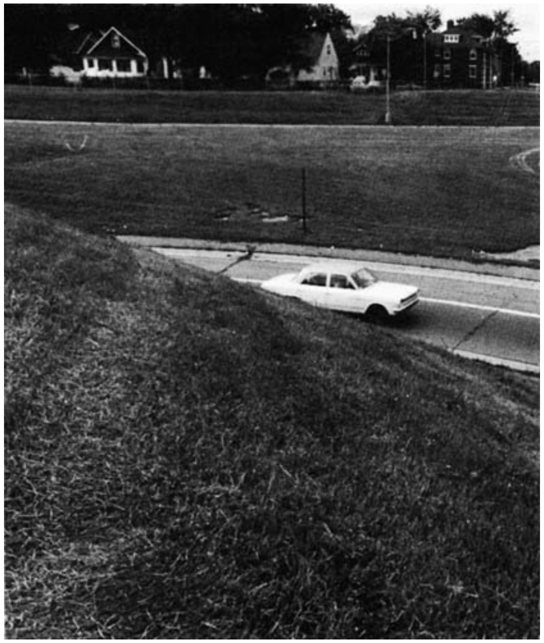
Typically we categorize sounds, filter them into different components such as "natural," "human," "machine made," but in the innocence of science we might be asked to listen to them all together as an ecology, as a whole. Do the various sounds interact, are they related to each other? Listening to the sounds today in the backyard on a late summer's evening, a surprising number of birds twitter. Undoubtedly the greatest total number of sounds, day in and day out, are the sounds of the remaining birds. The trees still rustle their leaves as they convert the carbon monoxide into oxygen and the cars and and airplanes, both propeller and jet, roar almost all the time converting oxygen into carbon monoxide and more poisonous things. The children yelp, as the Indian children did, and the sound is no different in English (white or black) than in Ojibwa. The dogs yelp, as before, and the children still imitate the animal sounds, as the Indian children did. At even a slight distance away, the mammalian animal quality of the children yelping comes through. The expressway rumbles like a surf, always. It is unnoticed except when it is stopped, as it was during the Rebellion of 1967. In that peculiar time everyone noticed how quiet it was, just sirens, gun shots and military helicopters, usually far away.

The new sounds, the sounds that the white man added, are the sounds of the machines. It is clear from the sound of the cars going down the street through the playing children, that the machines often make war on the children. When a brake is screeched on, all the human animals pause and go tense. Will the long screeching of the machine de-accelerating end in a great crunching, glass-shattering thump? Will it end in another child being hit on the streets?

Men must stop toying with atomic poisons. The winds are a delivery system, and there is no such thing as an anti-wind wind. Mankind is in a biological crisis precipitated by a social one. The explosive force in one hydrogen bomb alone, either aimed at Detroit from outer space or placed in Detroit to "protect it," would turn this city and Fitzgerald with it into a new Great Lake, Lake Detroit, five hundred feet deep and five miles across. But the human race is tough, energetic and cagey. Perhaps it will sense its common humanity before it dooms itself.

If this book has left the reader angry, good; or hopeful, good; or embarrassed, good; or determined, good; or intellectually aroused, good; for the book is a call to action, not merely an exercise in abstraction. Every adult should find himself enraged somewhere in the volume. Perhaps the only people who would not be offended by reading this book are the very people who will not read it, the children of America, especially the poor children. Could it be that the definition of adulthood is the care of children? If so, this is a very mature book indeed, because it is a book in defense of children. This book is designed to make us grow up, that is, to make us more childish in our point of view. In the face of the threat of the biological extinction of mankind as an unfit species, the "Lesson of Fitzgerald" is that if we save the children, the slum processes and wars will be stopped and the neighborhoods, the cities, the nations, and the world itself will be saved.

C-1 Machines and nature contend in an endless struggle for dominance. Here the machines appear to be losing.



C-2 Here the machines dominate nature.

DON'T WALK
NO LEFT TURN 7AM-9AM

C-3 The machines make decisions; they acquire life and death power over men.

The revolution in Fitzgerald is not racial or political, it is biological. Where could the Indian children travel across Fitzgerald's landscape? Everywhere. By the time of late farm days the fences were spreading yet the children could still safely use most of the roads and wander in considerable open spaces like Holman's Woods. Today the children can move almost nowhere. They are more and more caged. Expressway fences and property fences continue to go up. These fences are often built with the excuse of protecting the children from the machines, especially the automobile, but it is the machines which are being given the space taken from the children: Drive-in banks, drive-in cleaners, drive-in car washes. The landscape is being covered with concrete to make Fitzgerald more and more a home for the machines. Even the tiny space of the school "playground" is converted into more and more parking for the teachers' cars. Parks and Recreation has no idea how far or fast the children can move to the Lollo tot lot and the Highway Department could not care less how the children flow through Fitzgerald. Their only concern is the flow of cars and trucks: if the cars and trucks flow over the flow of the children, so what? It's just "careless kids" and "care-nothing parents" to them. When "accidents" occur over and over again at the same spot, such as the three or four "accidents" each year in the front of Fitzgerald Elementary School, these predictable "accidents" are not "accidents." The American System is just too cheap to protect kids, that is all.

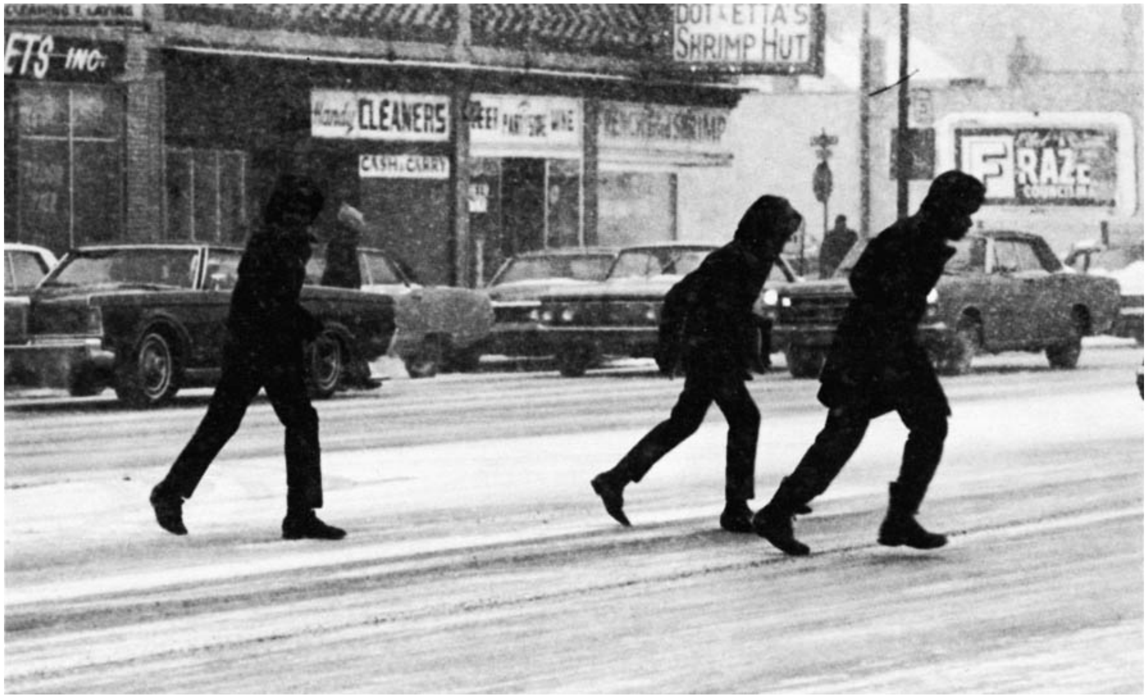
The American System worships machines, not children. Capital is its game. The reasoning is that the more the machines prosper, the more wealth will dribble down to the children. Yet in Fitzgerald the machines are simply being given life and death power over the children. The closing of the Greenlawn Expressway ramp by the white mothers in the early 1960's was not a political event. Yes, the Highway Department was involved. Yes, the police came out. Yes, the women mass demonstrated. No, it was not a political event. The machines called automobiles, streaming off the ramp, were running over the children as they went to and from school. The needs of the machines, not the needs of the children, dictate how Detroit will be built. When automobiles needed more space in Fitzgerald, down came the children's homes on Keeler street and up went the expressway. And the machines are literally taking over the thinking. A stop light is a small computer. (We used to have traffic policemen.) When this machine tells the cars to go on the six lanes of Livernois and Puritan, the cars leap forward. Woe unto the children or the old in front of the machines when another machine says "go" to them.

Every human outburst in Fitzgerald has had at its base this rebellion of the mothers against the machines injuring their children. The Post Junior High School explosion of March 15, 1968, when the "flying wedge" of police of the special Tactical Mobile Unit, beat up children, PTA mothers and teachers, was not simply a racial incident between black people and white police, or citizens versus "law and order." What most deeply happened was that Post became (and remains) so overcrowded, so mechanically impossibly jammed, that the children inevitably exploded. Rats crowded into small enough spaces will explode, fish in constricting nets will finally explode and the human animal is no different. It is impossible to overcrowd a lunch room like Post's and keep it animal clean. The lunch room is much worse than illegal, it is animally inhuman. The mothers finally come to the protection of their children then the police are called and then the biological revolution against machinery — the physical stuff destroying their children — is reduced in the Establishment's mind to a mere unjustified or racial event.

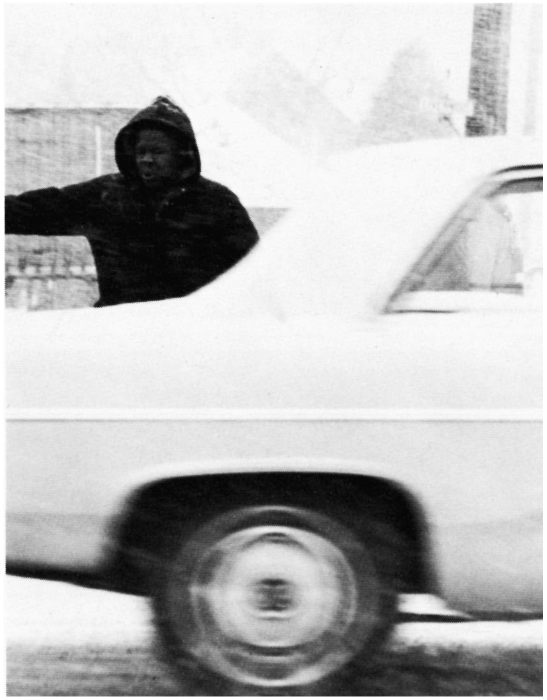
The fathers of Fitzgerald make the community's living making automobiles in the factories outside Fitzgerald. When they are unemployed and not allowed to make the automobiles, the neighborhood does not make a living; it begins to die. Since the neighborhood itself produces children, if the neighborhood starts dying, the neighborhood's product, the children, are the ones to ultimately suffer. When unemployment comes to Fitzgerald, the machines in the factories are cared for and the children are left rotting on the streets with their fathers.

The police go increasingly for mechanical weapons and less for human understanding. Atomic bombs have been installed in the suburbs of Detroit, radioactive devices commanded by robots, to "protect" the children living there and here. Insanity! What sort of species is it that keeps food in front of its starving young? And while Fitzgerald is not a slum, it has plenty of hungry kids, and some truly being seriously damaged by lack of proper food, who pass Harry Rothenburg's store each day whose glassed windows and armed guards keep them from eating. Indians did not suffer the biological pathology that our relationship with machines have imposed on us today. When there was a scarcity of food in Fitzgerald even as late as the mixed pioneer and Indian days, all shared what they had, Ojibwa deer meat for Siterlet corn, and all ate. They, unlike "civilized" us, did not starve children in the midst of food to eat.

Again, Fitzgerald's Revolution is not basically, political or racial but biological. It is part of the total species' effort to tame the machines that run like wild beasts over the children. The childrens' needs must be made master, not slave, to the machines' needs. And Fitzgerald, Fighting Fitzgerald, has not struggled in vain, for this book records its fight. The neighborhood can be flattened by the machines for its courage, its defiance, its humanity, but Fitzgerald's story will live as long as mankind lives, in his libraries, in his minds, around the world, for there is nothing more modest and more glorious then the story of the human races' struggle for Life itself. The ultimate lesson of Fitzgerald is universal, "To save Life, save the children."

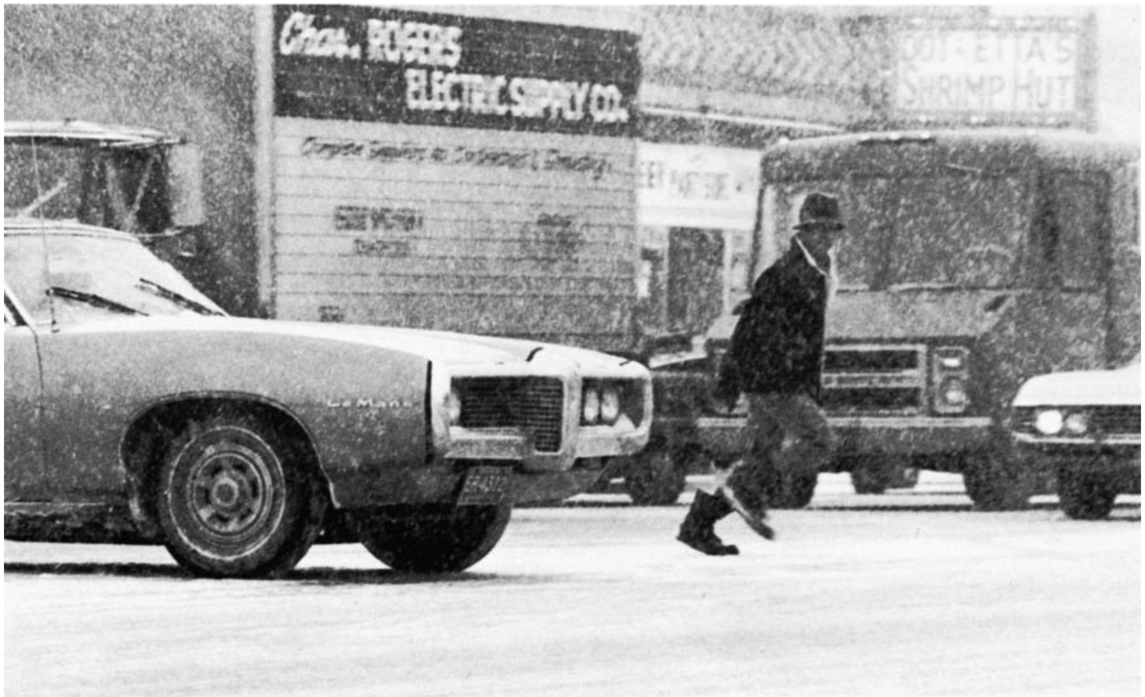

ETS INC.
DOT & ETTA'S SHRIMP HUT
Handy CLEANERS
CASH & CARRY
FRAZE COUNCILMAN

C-4



C-6 How brave the children are. How alert. How graceful. Like bullfighters facing the enraged bulls.

C-5


Chas. ROGERS ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO.
DOT & ETTA'S SHRIMP HUT
LeMans

C-8 *The men that cluster with the machines called tools are called workers.*

C-7 *Men love machines.*

C-9

C-10 Save the Children.

C-11

APPENDIX

Notes on Map Compilation

(Here George Shenkar discusses his cartographic work on the farm map of 1900-1925 and the Ojibwa Nation map of 1800.)

"Reconstructing the geography of a bygone era is obviously not easy. Verifying specific geographic features of the historic landscape is necessary but very difficult. A vast number of oral and written reports must be cross-correlated if we are to be certain that a specific geographic feature is valid. In compiling the maps of Fitzgerald, we were able, after much effort, to gain the kind of cross-correlation of information that we thought necessary.

"Take, for example, our decision that a swamp formerly existed on the Shannon and O'Leary properties. First, we have verbal information from farm families that the soil on these properties was black, pointing to the past presence of a swamp there: a swamp would have filled with dead vegetation and given rise to the black soil. A line survey along what is now Wyoming Avenue does, in fact, locate a swamp in that vicinity in 1817. Finally, from a lateral sewer survey made after subdividing, but prior to grading, we established a general land contour; in the Shannon-O'Leary area we found a depression contour, that strongly indicates that a pond evolved into a swamp there.

"We were unable, however, to verify the existence of other swamps that probably also existed in Fitzgerald at a very early period. Most likely, these swamps were effectively drained by the farmers' drainage ditches, and, soon afterwards, any trace of them was eliminated by intensive farming. Since we had no reports on the soil in these areas to give us the necessary clues, no cross-correlation was possible. We were even unable to validate what we are almost positive was a large swamp on and to the north of Engell's property. These failures are very unfortunate for, in the earliest pioneer maps, swamps are a highly significant geographic feature.

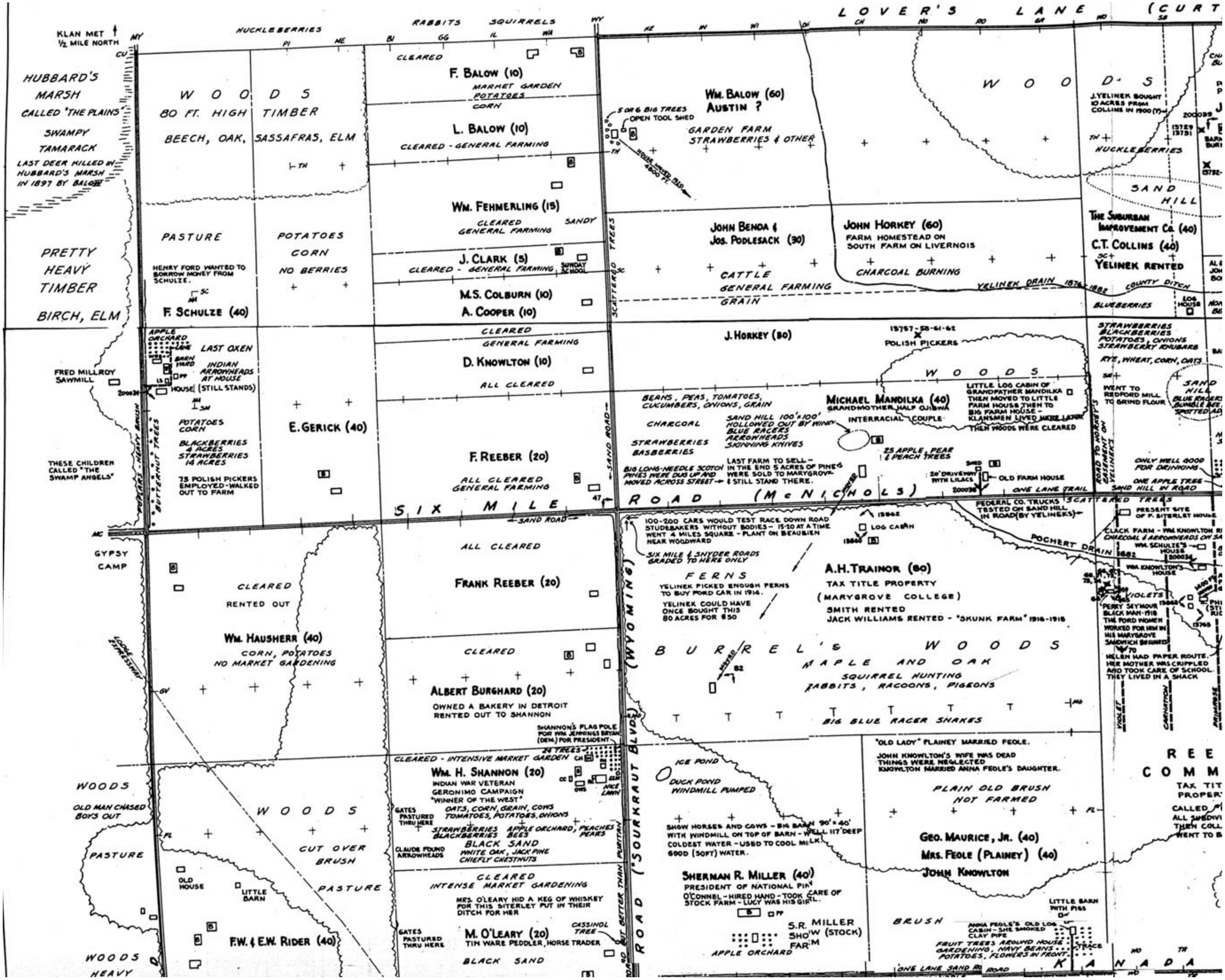
"Sand is a second feature of the historic landscape that we were able to establish through cross-correlation. It is entirely plausible that the black soil of the swamp in the Shannon-O'Leary property was in fact sandy, for although no sand ridge passes directly through the swamp, an extensive sand deposit does appear within 1000 feet of the pond, and sand from the deposit was probably washed into the swamp. This deposit was, in fact, the shoreline of ancient Lake Wayne.

"In actuality, sand occurs in many areas in Fitzgerald. The U.S. Geological Survey provides maps with a good deal of information on other sand deposits associated with prehistoric Lake Wayne. Many of the farmers in the area of the ancient lake reported the existence of sand on their property; these farmers included Berdolet, Schloss, H. Siterlet, A. Yelinek, J. Yelinek, Mandilka, Austin, Hulan and Holman. They frequently discussed at great length the problems that loose blowing sand caused. Sometimes, rye could be grown on these sandy acres.

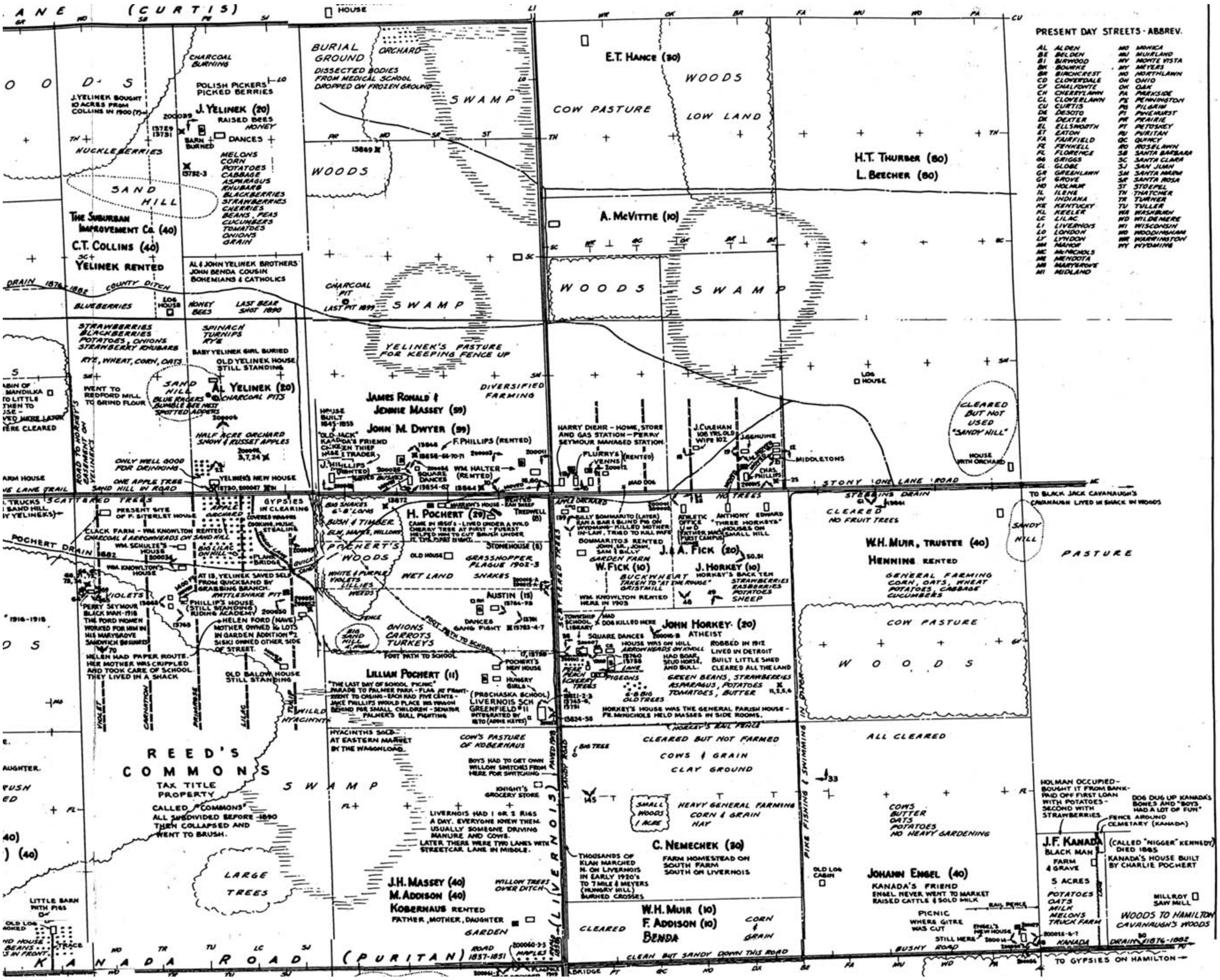
"Still other bits of information cross-correlate the fact of the existence of sandy areas. The four northernmost Indian relic sites — where many arrowheads and other Indian relics have been found — are all on sand hills. It is known that Ojibwas and other Indians preferred to locate their camps on sand hills; pioneers also preferred to locate their charcoal burning pits on sand hills. Finally, mapping developed a steep contour rise in a sand deposit on Six Mile Road at the Yelinek's; this agrees with reports that Federal Co. trucks were tested there, on the basis of their ability to climb a sandy hill.

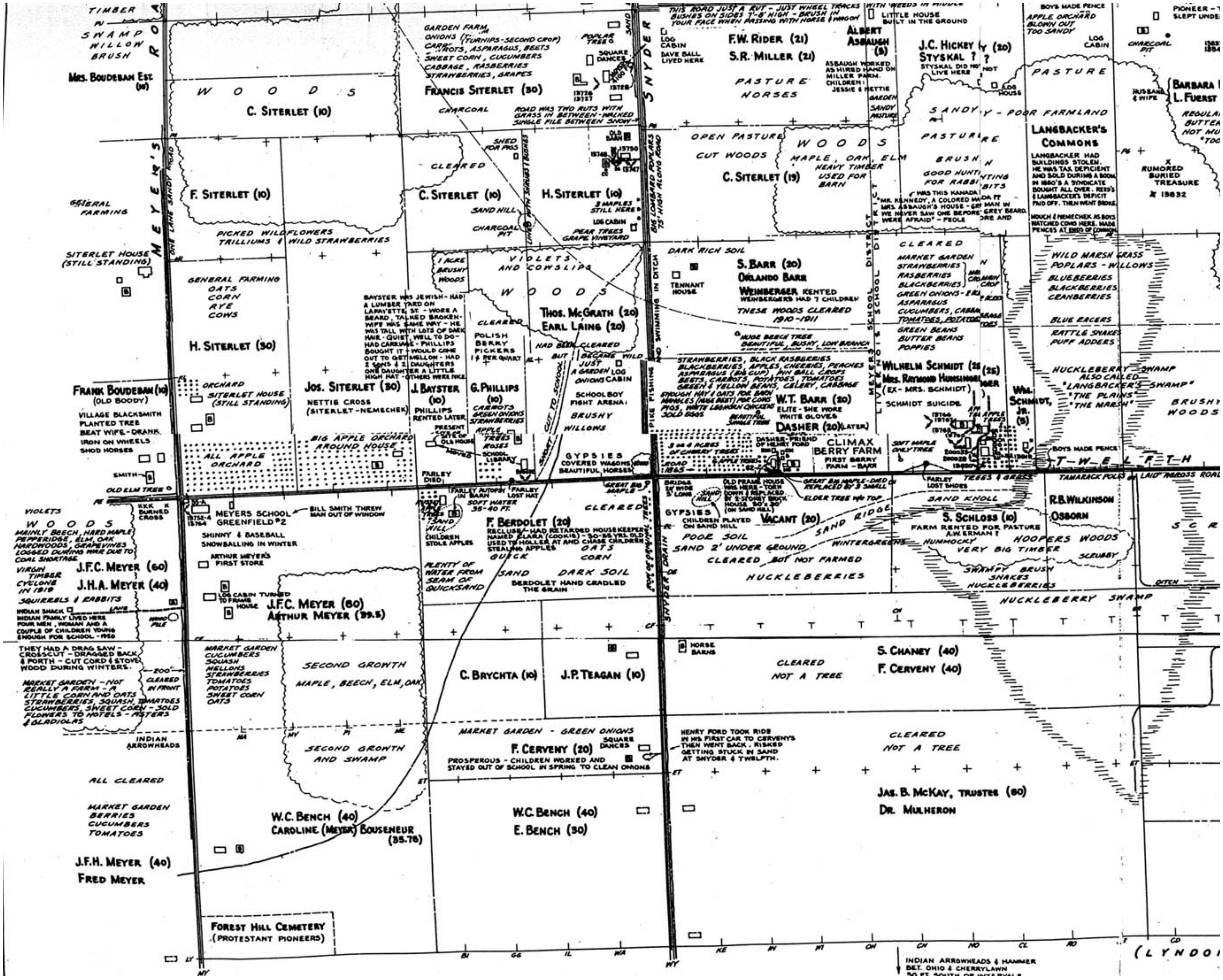
"A third feature of the historic landscape that we established through cross-correlation is quicksand. When a sandy area is located in a low swampy area with a draining stream, the geographic result is often quicksand. All these conditions existed in the northern portion of Reed's Commons, Pochert's property and Berdolet's property, and so we hypothesized the existence of quicksand there. Our hypothesis was confirmed by farmers' reports of quicksand in the area; in fact, according to many farmers, a young Yelinek boy almost met disaster in the quicksand."

"We also sought cross-correlation of information to establish the location of wooded areas in Fitzgerald. Cross-correlation was necessary because today, of course, wherever intensive farming has occurred, the trees have all been removed. For less intensively farmed areas, we could rely on contemporary aerial photographs, but for the intensively farmed areas, we sought cross-correlation of farmers' accounts through maps and surveys. With these as guides, we established, for example, the prehistoric existence of forest in the southeast section of the map."

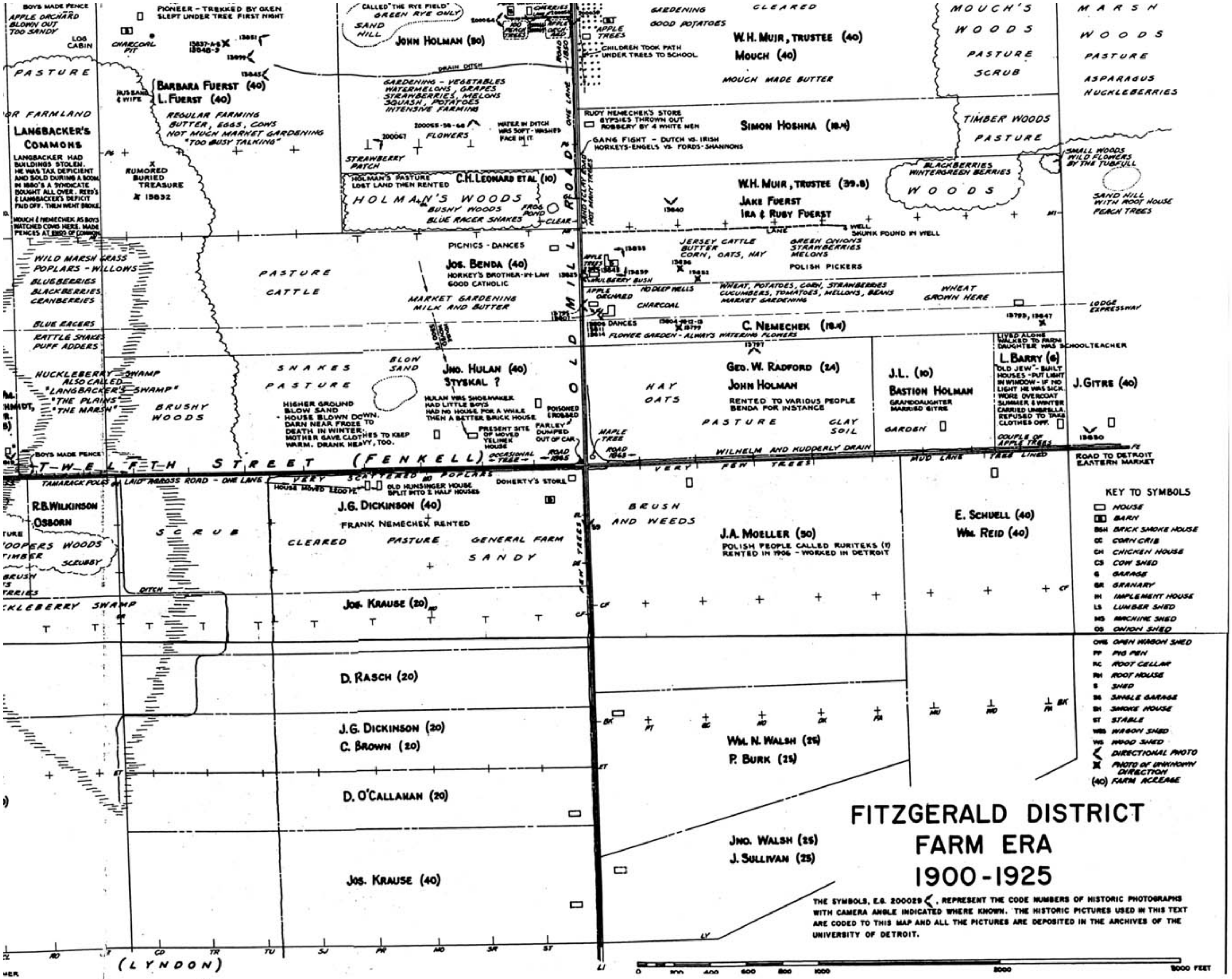


LOVER'S LANE (CURT
KLAN MET ↑ ½ MILE NORTH
HUCKLEBERRIES
RABBITS SQUIRRELS
HUBBARD'S MARSH CALLED "THE PLAINS"
SWAMPY TAMARACK
LAST DEER KILLED IN HUBBARD'S MARSH IN 1897 BY BALOW
WOODS
80 FT. HIGH TIMBER
BEECH, OAK, SASSAFRAS, ELM
PASTURE
POTATOES CORN NO BERRIES
HENRY FORD WANTED TO BORROW MONEY FROM SCHULZE.
F. SCHULZE (40)
PRETTY HEAVY TIMBER
BIRCH, ELM
CLEARED
F. BALOW (10)
MARKET GARDEN POTATOES CORN
L. BALOW (10)
CLEARED - GENERAL FARMING
WM. FEHMERLING (15)
CLEARED GENERAL FARMING
SANDY
J. CLARK (5)
CLEARED - GENERAL FARMING
SUNDAY SCHOOL
M.S. COLBURN (10)
A. COOPER (10)
CLEARED GENERAL FARMING
D. KNOWLTON (10)
ALL CLEARED
SCATTERED TREES
WM. BALOW (60)
AUSTIN ?
5 OR 6 BIG TREES
OPEN TOOL SHED
HOUSE MOVED 1910 4800 FT.
GARDEN FARM STRAWBERRIES & OTHER
JOHN BENDA & JOS. PODLESACK (30)
CATTLE GENERAL FARMING GRAIN
JOHN HORKEY (60)
FARM HOMESTEAD ON SOUTH FARM ON LIVERNOIS
CHARCOAL BURNING
YELINEK DRAIN 1876-1882
COUNTY DITCH
J. YELINEK BOUGHT 10 ACRES FROM COLLINS IN 1900 (?)
HUCKLEBERRIES
SAND HILL
THE SUBURBAN IMPROVEMENT CO. (40)
C.T. COLLINS (40)
YELINEK RENTED
BLUEBERRIES
LOG HOUSE
APPLE ORCHARD
LAST OXEN
BARN YARD
INDIAN ARROWHEADS AT HOUSE
HOUSE (STILL STANDS)
FRED MILLROY SAWMILL
POTATOES CORN
BLACKBERRIES 4 ACRES
STRAWBERRIES 14 ACRES
75 POLISH PICKERS EMPLOYED - WALKED OUT TO FARM
POPLARS - HEAVY BRUSH
BUTTERNUT TREES
THESE CHILDREN CALLED "THE SWAMP ANGELS"
E. GERICK (40)
F. REEBER (20)
ALL CLEARED GENERAL FARMING
SAND ROAD
J. HORKEY (80)
15757-58-61-62
POLISH PICKERS
BEANS, PEAS, TOMATOES, CUCUMBERS, ONIONS, GRAIN
CHARCOAL
STRAWBERRIES BASBERRIES
SAND HILL 100'×100' HOLLOWED OUT BY WIND
BLUE RACERS ARROWHEADS SKINNING KNIVES
MICHAEL MANDILKA (40)
GRANDMOTHER HALF OJIBWA
INTERRACIAL COUPLE
LITTLE LOG CABIN OF GRANDFATHER MANDILKA THEN MOVED TO LITTLE FARM HOUSE THEN TO BIG FARM HOUSE - KLANSMEN LIVED HERE LATER THEN WOODS WERE CLEARED
25 APPLE, PEAR & PEACH TREES
LAST FARM TO SELL - IN THE END 5 ACRES OF PINES WERE SOLD TO MARYGROVE & STILL STAND THERE.
BIG LONG-NEEDLE SCOTCH PINES WERE DUG UP AND MOVED ACROSS STREET →
20' DRIVEWAY WITH LILACS
OLD FARM HOUSE
ONE LANE TRAIL
ROAD TO HORKEY'S EASEMENT ON YELINEK'S
STRAWBERRIES BLACKBERRIES POTATOES, ONIONS STRAWBERRY RHUBARB
RYE, WHEAT, CORN, OATS
WENT TO REDFORD MILL TO GRIND FLOUR
SAND HILL
ONLY WELL GOOD FOR DRINKING
ONE APPLE TREE
SAND HILL IN ROAD
SIX MILE ROAD (McNICHOLS)
SCATTERED TREES
FEDERAL CO. TRUCKS TESTED ON SAND HILL IN ROAD (BY YELINEKS)
PRESENT SITE OF F. SITERLET HOUSE
CLACK FARM - WM. KNOWLTON
CHARCOAL & ARROWHEADS ON SA
WM. SCHULZE'S HOUSE
WM. KNOWLTON'S HOUSE
POCHERT DRAIN 1882
VIOLETS
PERRY SEYMOUR BLACK MAN - 1918 THE FORD WOMEN WORKED FOR HIM IN HIS MARYGROVE SANDWICH BUSINESS
HELEN HAD PAPER ROUTE. HER MOTHER WAS CRIPPLED AND TOOK CARE OF SCHOOL. THEY LIVED IN A SHACK
VIOLET
CARNATION
PRIMROSE
MC
GYPSY CAMP
LODGE EXPRESSWAY
CLEARED RENTED OUT
WM. HAUSHERR (40)
CORN, POTATOES NO MARKET GARDENING
ALL CLEARED
FRANK REEBER (20)
CLEARED
ALBERT BURGHARD (20)
OWNED A BAKERY IN DETROIT RENTED OUT TO SHANNON
SHANNON'S FLAG POLE FOR WM. JENNINGS BRYAN (DEM.) FOR PRESIDENT
24 TREES
CLEARED - INTENSIVE MARKET GARDEN
WM. H. SHANNON (20)
INDIAN WAR VETERAN GERONIMO CAMPAIGN "WINNER OF THE WEST"
OATS, CORN, GRAIN, COWS TOMATOES, POTATOES, ONIONS
STRAWBERRIES BLACKBERRIES
APPLE ORCHARD, PEACHES PEARS BEES
NICE LAWN
GATES PASTURED THRU HERE
CLAUDE FOUND ARROWHEADS
BLACK SAND
WHITE OAK, JACK PINE CHIEFLY CHESTNUTS
CLEARED INTENSE MARKET GARDENING
MRS. O'LEARY HID A KEG OF WHISKEY FOR THIS SITERLET PUT IN THEIR DITCH FOR HER
M. O'LEARY (20)
TIN WARE PEDDLER, HORSE TRADER
CASSINOL TREE
BLACK SAND
ROAD ("SOURKRAUT BLVD.") (WYOMING)
PURITAN
NOT BETTER THAN ROAD
100-200 CARS WOULD TEST RACE DOWN ROAD STUDEBAKERS WITHOUT BODIES - 15-20 AT A TIME WENT 4 MILES SQUARE - PLANT ON BEAUBIEN NEAR WOODWARD
SIX MILE & SNYDER ROADS GRADED TO HERE ONLY
FERNS
YELINEK PICKED ENOUGH FERNS TO BUY FORD CAR IN 1914.
YELINEK COULD HAVE ONCE BOUGHT THIS 80 ACRES FOR $50
LOG CABIN
A.H. TRAINOR (80)
TAX TITLE PROPERTY
(MARYGROVE COLLEGE)
SMITH RENTED
JACK WILLIAMS RENTED - "SKUNK FARM" 1916-1918
BURREL'S WOODS
MOVED
MAPLE AND OAK
SQUIRREL HUNTING
RABBITS, RACOONS, PIGEONS
BIG BLUE RACER SNAKES
ICE POND
DUCK POND WINDMILL PUMPED
SHOW HORSES AND COWS - BIG BARN 90'×40' WITH WINDMILL ON TOP OF BARN - WELL 117' DEEP COLDEST WATER - USED TO COOL MILK. GOOD (SOFT) WATER.
SHERMAN R. MILLER (40)
PRESIDENT OF NATIONAL PIN
O'CONNEL - HIRED HAND - TOOK CARE OF STOCK FARM - LUCY WAS HIS GIRL.
S.R. MILLER SHOW (STOCK) FARM
APPLE ORCHARD
"OLD LADY" PLAINEY MARRIED FEOLE.
JOHN KNOWLTON'S WIFE WAS DEAD THINGS WERE NEGLECTED KNOWLTON MARRIED ANNA FEOLE'S DAUGHTER.
PLAIN OLD BRUSH NOT FARMED
GEO. MAURICE, JR. (40)
MRS. FEOLE (PLAINEY) (40)
JOHN KNOWLTON
BRUSH
LITTLE BARN WITH PIGS
ANNA FEOLE'S OLD LOG CABIN - SHE SMOKED CLAY PIPE
FRUIT TREES AROUND HOUSE GARDENING, NAVY BEANS POTATOES, FLOWERS IN FRONT.
TRACE
ONE LANE SAND ROAD
KANADA
REE COMM
TAX TIT PROPER
WOODS
OLD MAN CHASED BOYS OUT
PASTURE
WOODS
CUT OVER BRUSH
PASTURE
OLD HOUSE
LITTLE BARN
F.W. & E.W. RIDER (40)
WOODS HEAVY


PRESENT DAY STREETS - ABBREV.
AL ALDEN
BE BELDEN
BI BIRWOOD
BK BOURKE
BR BIRCHCREST
CD CLOVERDALE
CF CHALFONTE
CH CHERRYLAWN
CL CLOVERLAWN
CU CURTIS
DE DESOTO
DX DEXTER
EL ELLSWORTH
ET EATON
FA FAIRFIELD
FE FENKELL
FL FLORENCE
GG GRIGGS
GL GLOBE
GR GREENLAWN
GV GROVE
HO HOLMUR
IL ILENE
IN INDIANA
KE KENTUCKY
KL KEELER
LC LILAC
LI LIVERNOIS
LO LONDON
LY LYNDON
MM MANOR
MC McNICHOLS
ME MENDOTA
MG MARYGROVE
MI MIDLAND
MO MONICA
MU MUIRLAND
MV MONTE VISTA
MY MEYERS
NO NORTHLAWN
OH OHIO
OK OAK
PA PARKSIDE
PE PENNINGTON
PG PILGRIM
PI PINEHURST
PR PRAIRIE
PT PETOSKEY
PU PURITAN
QC QUINCY
RO ROSELAWN
SB SANTA BARBARA
SC SANTA CLARA
SJ SAN JUAN
SM SANTA MARIA
SR SANTA ROSA
ST STOEPEL
TH THATCHER
TR TURNER
TU TULLER
WA WASHBURN
WD WILDEMERE
WI WISCONSIN
WO WOODINGHAM
WR WARRINGTON
WY WYOMING
ANE (CURTIS)
HOUSE
CHARCOAL BURNING
POLISH PICKERS PICKED BERRIES
J. YELINEK BOUGHT 10 ACRES FROM COLLINS IN 1900 (?)
J. YELINEK (20)
RAISED BEES HONEY
BARN BURNED
DANCES
HUCKLEBERRIES
MELONS CORN POTATOES CABBAGE ASPARAGUS RHUBARB BLACKBERRIES STRAWBERRIES CHERRIES BEANS, PEAS CUCUMBERS TOMATOES ONIONS GRAIN
SAND HILL
THE SUBURBAN IMPROVEMENT CO. (40)
C.T. COLLINS (40)
YELINEK RENTED
AL & JOHN YELINEK BROTHERS JOHN BENDA COUSIN BOHEMIANS & CATHOLICS
DRAIN 1876-1882 COUNTY DITCH
BLUEBERRIES
LOG HOUSE
HONEY BEES
LAST BEAR SHOT 1890
BURIAL GROUND
ORCHARD
DISSECTED BODIES FROM MEDICAL SCHOOL DROPPED ON FROZEN GROUND
SWAMP
WOODS
CHARCOAL PIT
LAST PIT 1899
YELINEK'S PASTURE FOR KEEPING FENCE UP
E.T. HANCE (30)
COW PASTURE
LOW LAND
H.T. THURBER (80)
L. BEECHER (80)
A. McVITTIE (10)
STRAWBERRIES BLACKBERRIES POTATOES, ONIONS STRAWBERRY RHUBARB
RYE, WHEAT, CORN, OATS
SPINACH TURNIPS RYE
BABY YELINEK GIRL BURIED
OLD YELINEK HOUSE STILL STANDING
WENT TO REDFORD MILL TO GRIND FLOUR
BLUE RACERS BUMBLE BEE NEST SPOTTED ADDERS
AL YELINEK (20)
CHARCOAL PITS
HALF ACRE ORCHARD SNOW & RUSSET APPLES
ONLY WELL GOOD FOR DRINKING
ONE APPLE TREE SAND HILL IN ROAD
YELINEK'S NEW HOUSE
ROAD TO HORKEY'S EASEMENT ON YELINEK'S
CABIN OF MANDILKA
ARM HOUSE
NE LANE TRAIL
DIVERSIFIED FARMING
HOUSE BUILT 1845-1855
"OLD JACK" KANADA'S FRIEND CHICKEN THIEF HORSE TRADER
JAMES RONALD & JENNIE MASSEY (59)
JOHN M. DWYER (59)
F. PHILLIPS (RENTED)
J. PHILLIPS (RENTED)
WM. HALTER (RENTED)
SQUARE DANCES
HARRY DIEHR - HOME, STORE AND GAS STATION - PERRY SEYMOUR MANAGED STATION
FLURRYS VENNS (RENTED)
MAD DOG
J. CULEHAN 108 YRS. OLD WIFE 102
J. GENUINE
MIDDLETONS
CHAS. PHILLIPS
LOG HOUSE
CLEARED BUT NOT USED "SANDY HILL"
HOUSE WITH ORCHARD
STONY ONE LANE ROAD
STEBBINS DRAIN
TO BLACK JACK CAVANAUGH'S CAVANAUGH LIVED IN SHACK IN WOODS
CLEARED NO FRUIT TREES
SANDY HILL
PASTURE
W.H. MUIR, TRUSTEE (40)
HENNING RENTED
GENERAL FARMING CORN, OATS, WHEAT POTATOES, CABBAGE CUCUMBERS
TRUCKS SAND HILL BY YELINEKS)
SCATTERED TREES
PRESENT SITE OF F. SITERLET HOUSE
APPLE ORCHARD
GYPSIES IN CLEARING
COVERED WAGONS COOKING, MUSIC STEALING
CLACK FARM - WM. KNOWLTON RENTED CHARCOAL & ARROWHEADS ON SAND HILL
POCHERT DRAIN 1882
WM. SCHULTE'S HOUSE
BIG LILAC ON HILL
PLANK BRIDGE
QUICKSAND
WM. KNOWLTON'S HOUSE
AT 13, YELINEK SAVED SELF FROM QUICKSAND BY GRABBING BRANCH.
RATTLESNAKE PIT
VIOLETS
PERRY SEYMOUR BLACK MAN - 1918 THE FORD WOMEN WORKED FOR HIM IN HIS MARYGROVE SANDWICH BUSINESS
PHILLIP'S HOUSE (STILL STANDING) RIDING ACADEMY
HELEN FORD (NAVE) MOTHER OWNED 16 LOTS IN GARDEN ADDITION #2 SISKI OWNED OTHER SIDE OF STREET.
HELEN HAD PAPER ROUTE. HER MOTHER WAS CRIPPLED AND TOOK CARE OF SCHOOL. THEY LIVED IN A SHACK
OLD BALOW HOUSE STILL STANDING
1916-1918
BIG SNAKES 6'-8' LONG
BUSH & TIMBER ELM, MAPLE, WILLOWS
POCHERT'S WOODS
WHITE & PURPLE VIOLETS LILLIES WEEDS
H. POCHERT (29)
CAME IN 1850's - LIVED UNDER A WILD CHERRY TREE AT FIRST - FUERST HELPED HIM TO CUT BRUSH UNDER IT THE FIRST NIGHT.
TREDWELL (8)
STONEHOUSE (8)
OLD HOUSE
GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE 1902-3
WET LAND
SNAKES
AUSTIN (15)
DANCES GANG FIGHT
FENCE
BIG SAND HILL
ONIONS CARROTS TURKEYS
FOOT PATH TO SCHOOL
POCHERT'S NEW HOUSE
HUNGRY GIRLS
LILLIAN POCHERT (11)
"THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL PICNIC" PARADE TO PALMER PARK - FLAG AT FRONT - SENT TO CASINO - EACH HAD FIVE CENTS - JAKE PHILLIPS WOULD PLACE HIS WAGON BEHIND FOR SMALL CHILDREN - SENATOR PALMER'S BULL FIGHTING
(PROCHASKA SCHOOL) LIVERNOIS SCH GREENFIELD #11 INTEGRATED BY 1870 (ADDIE KEYES)
APPLE ORCHARD
BILLY BOMMARITO (LATER) RAN A BAR & BLIND PIG ON WYOMING - KILLED MOTHER-IN-LAW, TRIED TO KILL WIFE
BOMMARITOS RENTED JOHN SR., JOHN, SAM & BILLY
GARDEN FARM
W. FICK (10)
ATHLETIC OFFICE U of D FATHER MAC FIRST CAMPUS HOUSE
ANTHONY EDWARD "THREE HORKEYS" HOUSES ON SMALL HILL
NO TREES
J. & A. FICK (20)
J. HORKEY (10)
HORKEY'S BACK TEN
BUCKWHEAT TAKEN TO "AT THE ROUGE" GRISTMILL
STRAWBERRIES RASBERRIES POTATOES SHEEP
WM. KNOWLTON RENTED HERE IN 1903
SCATTERED TREES
TOWNSHIP SCHOOL LIBRARY
MAD DOG KILLED HERE
JOHN HORKEY (20)
ATHEIST
SQUARE DANCES
HOUSE WAS ON HILL ARROWHEADS ON KNOLL
ROBBED IN 1912 LIVED IN DETROIT BUILT LITTLE SHED CLEARED ALL THE LAND
HAD BOAR, STUD HORSE, AND BULL.
LANE
PEAR PEACH & CHERRY TREES
PIGEONS
6-8 BIG OLD TREES
GREEN BEANS, STRAWBERRIES ASPARAGUS, POTATOES TOMATOES, BUTTER
HORKEY'S HOUSE WAS THE GENERAL PARISH HOUSE - FR. McNICHOLS HELD MASSES IN SIDE ROOMS.
HORKEY'S RAIL FENCE
COW PASTURE
WOODS
VIOLET
CARNATION
PRIMROSE
LILAC
TULIP
WILD HYACINTHS
REED'S COMMONS
TAX TITLE PROPERTY
CALLED "COMMONS" ALL SUBDIVIDED BEFORE 1890 THEN COLLAPSED AND WENT TO BRUSH.
SWAMP
LARGE TREES
LITTLE BARN WITH PIGS
OLD LOG
HYACINTHS SOLD AT EASTERN MARKET BY THE WAGONLOAD.
COW'S PASTURE OF KOBERNAUS
BOYS HAD TO GET OWN WILLOW SWITCHES FROM HERE FOR SWITCHING
KNIGHT'S GROCERY STORE
LIVERNOIS HAD 1 OR 2 RIGS A DAY. EVERYONE KNEW THEM. USUALLY SOMEONE DRIVING MANURE AND COWS. LATER THERE WERE TWO LANES WITH STREETCAR LANE IN MIDDLE.
J.H. MASSEY (40)
M. ADDISON (40)
KOBERNAUS RENTED
FATHER, MOTHER, DAUGHTER
GARDEN
WILLOW TREES OVER DITCH
(LIVERNOIS)
SANDY ROAD
PAVED 1918
KANADA ROAD (PURITAN) ROAD 1837-1851
MAPLES
BIG TREE
CLEARED BUT NOT FARMED
COWS & GRAIN
CLAY GROUND
SMALL WOODS 1 ACRE
HEAVY GENERAL FARMING CORN & GRAIN HAY
C. NEMECHEK (30)
FARM HOMESTEAD ON SOUTH FARM SOUTH ON LIVERNOIS
THOUSANDS OF KLAN MARCHED N. ON LIVERNOIS IN EARLY 1920's TO 7 MILE & MEYERS (HUNGRY HILL) BURNED CROSSES
W.H. MUIR (10)
F. ADDISON (10)
BENDA
CLEARED
CORN & GRAIN
CLEAN BUT SANDY DOWN THIS ROAD
BRIDGE
PIKE FISHING & SWIMMING IN DITCH
ALL CLEARED
COWS BUTTER OATS POTATOES NO HEAVY GARDENING
OLD LOG CABIN
JOHANN ENGEL (40)
KANADA'S FRIEND
ENGEL NEVER WENT TO MARKET RAISED CATTLE & SOLD MILK
RAIL FENCE
PICNIC WHERE GITRE WAS CUT
ENGEL'S NEW HOUSE
STILL HERE
BUSHY ROAD
HOLMAN OCCUPIED - BOUGHT IT FROM BANK - PAID OFF FIRST LOAN WITH POTATOES - SECOND WITH STRAWBERRIES.
DOG DUG UP KANADA'S BONES AND "BOYS HAD A LOT OF FUN"
FENCE AROUND CEMETARY (KANADA)
J.F. KANADA (CALLED "NIGGER" KENNEDY) DIED 1885
BLACK MAN
FARM & GRAVE
5 ACRES
POTATOES OATS MILK MELONS TRUCK FARM
KANADA'S HOUSE BUILT BY CHARLIE POCHERT
MILLROY SAW MILL
WOODS TO HAMILTON CAVANAUGH'S WOODS
KANADA
DRAIN 1876-1882
TO GYPSIES ON HAMILTON →



TIMBER
SWAMP WILLOW BRUSH
MRS. BOUDEBAN EST. (10)
MEYER'S ROAD
ONE LANE SANDY ROAD
WOODS
C. SITERLET (10)
GARDEN FARM
ONIONS (TURNIPS - SECOND CROP)
CARROTS, ASPARAGUS, BEETS
SWEET CORN, CUCUMBERS
CABBAGE, RASBERRIES
STRAWBERRIES, GRAPES
FRANCIS SITERLET (30)
CHARCOAL
POPLAR TREE
SQUARE DANCES
SAND
13726 13727
13728
ROAD WAS TWO RUTS WITH GRASS IN BETWEEN - WALKED SINGLE FILE BETWEEN SNOW
SNYDER
THIS ROAD JUST A RUT - JUST WHEEL TRACKS WITH WEEDS IN MIDDLE
BUSHES ON SIDES 7'-8' HIGH - BRUSH IN YOUR FACE WHEN PASSING WITH HORSE & WAGON
LOG CABIN
DAVE BALL LIVED HERE
F.W. RIDER (21)
S.R. MILLER (21)
PASTURE
HORSES
LITTLE HOUSE BUILT IN THE GROUND
ALBERT ASBAUGH (5)
ASBAUGH WORKED AS HIRED HAND ON MILLER FARM. CHILDREN: JESSIE & NETTIE
GARDEN
SANDY PASTURE
J.C. HICKEY
STYSKAL ?
STYSKAL DID NOT LIVE HERE
Y (20)
?
NOT
LOG HOUSE
SANDY - POOR FARMLAND
BOYS MADE FENCE
APPLE ORCHARD BLOWN OUT TOO SANDY
LOG CABIN
PASTURE
CHARCOAL PIT
PIONEER -
SLEPT UNDE
1383
1384
HUSBAND & WIFE
BARBARA
L. FUERST
REGULA
BUTTER
NOT MU
"TOO
LANGBACKER'S COMMONS
LANGBACKER HAD BUILDINGS STOLEN. HE WAS TAX DEFICIENT AND SOLD DURING A BOOM IN 1880'S A SYNDICATE BOUGHT ALL OVER. REED'S & LANGBACKER'S DEFICIT PAID OFF. THEN WENT BROKE.
MOUCH & NEMECHEK AS BOYS WATCHED COWS HERE. MADE FENCES AT ENDS OF COMMON.
RUMORED BURIED TREASURE
X 13832
F. SITERLET (10)
CLEARED
SHED FOR PIGS
C. SITERLET (10)
H. SITERLET (10)
SAND HILL
CHARCOAL PIT
LINED WITH SHRUBS & BUSHES
OLD BARN
13750
13748
13747
3 MAPLES STILL HERE
LOG CABIN
PEAR TREES
GRAPE VINEYARD
BIG LOMBARD POPLARS 75' HIGH ALONG ROAD
OPEN PASTURE
CUT WOODS
C. SITERLET (19)
WOODS
MAPLE, OAK, ELM
HEAVY TIMBER USED FOR BARN
PASTURE
BRUSH
GOOD HUNTING FOR RABBITS
WAS THIS KANADA
"MR. KENNEDY, A COLORED MAN IN MRS. ASBAUGH'S HOUSE - GREY BEARD. WE NEVER SAW ONE BEFORE AND WERE AFRAID" - PEOLE
GENERAL FARMING
PICKED WILDFLOWERS
TRILLIUMS & WILD STRAWBERRIES
SITERLET HOUSE (STILL STANDING)
GENERAL FARMING
OATS
CORN
RYE
COWS
H. SITERLET (30)
1 ACRE BRUSHY WOODS
VIOLETS AND COWSLIPS
WOODS
THOS. McGRATH (20)
EARL LAING (20)
BAYSTER WAS JEWISH - HAD A LUMBER YARD ON LAFAYETTE ST. - WORE A BEARD, TALKED BROKEN - WIFE WAS SAME WAY - HE WAS TALL WITH LOTS OF DARK HAIR - QUIET, WELL TO DO - HAD CARRIAGE - PHILLIPS BOUGHT IT - WOULD COME OUT TO GET MELLON - HAD 2 SONS & 2 DAUGHTERS ONE DAUGHTER A LITTLE HIGH HAT - OTHERS WERE NICE
CLEARED
POLISH BERRY PICKERS 1¢ PER QUART
HAD BEEN CLEARED BUT BECAME WILD
JUST A GARDEN
ONIONS
LOG CABIN
SCHOOL BOY FIGHT ARENA:
BRUSHY
WILLOWS
CUT TO SCHOOL
SHORT
DARK RICH SOIL
TENNANT HOUSE
S. BARR (20)
ORLANDO BARR
WEINBERGER RENTED
WEINBERGERS HAD 7 CHILDREN
THESE WOODS CLEARED 1910-1911
HUGE BEECH TREE BEAUTIFUL, BUSHY, LOW BRANCH
SWIMMING IN DITCH
PIKE FISHING AND
DISTRICT
MEYERS SCHOOL DISTRICT
LIVERNOIS SCHOOL
CLEARED
MARKET GARDEN
STRAWBERRIES
RASBERRIES
BLACKBERRIES
MAIN CROP
GREEN ONIONS
ASPARAGUS
CUCUMBERS, CABBAGE
TOMATOES, POTATOES
GREEN BEANS
BUTTER BEANS
POPPIES
WILD MARSH GRASS
POPLARS - WILLOWS
BLUEBERRIES
BLACKBERRIES
CRANBERRIES
BLUE RACERS
RATTLE SNAKES
PUFF ADDERS
FRANK BOUDEBAN (10)
(OLD BOODY)
VILLAGE BLACKSMITH
PLANTED TREE
BEAT WIFE - DRANK
IRON ON WHEELS
SHOD HORSES
ORCHARD
SITERLET HOUSE (STILL STANDING)
JOS. SITERLET (30)
NETTIE CROSS (SITERLET - NEMECHEK)
J. BAYSTER (10)
PHILLIPS RENTED LATER
G. PHILLIPS (10)
CARROTS
GREEN ONIONS
STRAWBERRIES
STRAWBERRIES, BLACK RASBERRIES
BLACKBERRIES, APPLES, CHERRIES, PEACHES
ASPARAGUS (BIG CUP), PIN BALL CROPS
BEETS, CARROTS, POTATOES, TOMATOES
GREEN & YELLOW BEANS, CELERY, CABBAGE
ENOUGH HAY & OATS FOR BARN
MANGLES (HUGE BEET) FOR COWS
PIGS, WHITE LEGHORN CHICKENS
SOLD EGGS
BEAUTIFUL SINGLE TREE
W.T. BARR (20)
ELITE - SHE WORE WHITE GLOVES
DASHER (20) (LATER)
WILHELM SCHMIDT (25)
MRS. RAYMOND HUNSINGER
(EX - MRS. SCHMIDT)
SCHMIDT SUICIDE
APPLE TREES
WM. SCHMIDT, JR. (5)
HUCKLEBERRY SWAMP
ALSO CALLED "LANGBACKER'S SWAMP"
"THE PLAINS"
"THE MARSH"
BRUSHY WOODS
SMITH
OLD ELM TREE
ALL APPLE ORCHARD
BIG APPLE ORCHARD AROUND HOUSE
PRESENT SITE OF OLD HOUSE
MOVED
APPLE TREES
ROSES
SCHOOL LIBRARY
FARLEY DIED
GYPSIES
COVERED WAGONS
BEAUTIFUL HORSES
3 OR 4 ACRES OF CHERRY TREES
ROAD 1865
DASHER - FRIEND OF HENRY FORD
CLIMAX BERRY FARM
FIRST BERRY FARM - BARR
SOFT MAPLE ONLY TREE
13766
13770
13768
13780
20003
20002
13830
BOYS MADE FENCE
TWELFTH
TAMARACK POLES LAID ACROSS ROAD
TREES & GRASS
KKK BURNED CROSS
13752-4
13764
MEYERS SCHOOL
GREENFIELD #2
BILL SMITH THREW MAN OUT OF WINDOW
SHINNY & BASEBALL
SNOWBALLING IN WINTER
ARTHUR MEYER'S FIRST STORE
FARLEY AUTOPSY IN BARN
FARLEY LOST HAT
SOFT WATER 35-40 FT.
APPLE TREES
SAND HILL
CHILDREN STOLE APPLES
GREAT BIG MAPLE
CLEARED
F. BERDOLET (20)
RECLUSE - HAD RETARDED HOUSEKEEPER NAMED CLARA (COOKIE) - 30-35 YRS. OLD USED TO HOLLER AT AND CHASE CHILDREN STEALING APPLES
OATS
CORN
QUICK SAND
DARK SOIL
BERDOLET HAND CRADLED THE GRAIN
PLENTY OF WATER FROM SEAM OF QUICKSAND
ROW OF ORIGINAL TREES
SNYDER DRAIN
BRIDGE 10' WIDE 5' LONG
SAND HILL
GYPSIES
CHILDREN PLAYED ON SAND HILL
OLD FRAME HOUSE WAS HERE - TORN DOWN & REPLACED BY 2-STOREY BRICK HOUSE 30' x 30' (ON SAND HILL)
GREAT BIG MAPLE - DIED & REPLACED BY 3 SMALL
ELDER TREE W/O TOP
VACANT (20)
POOR SOIL
SAND 2' UNDER GROUND
SAND RIDGE
WINTERGREENS
CLEARED BUT NOT FARMED
HUCKLEBERRIES
FARLEY LOST SHOES
SAND KNOLL
S. SCHLOSS (10)
FARM RENTED FOR PASTURE
A.W. ERMAN ?
HUMMOCKY
VERY BIG TIMBER
HOOPERS WOODS
SCRUBBY
SWAMPY BRUSH
SNAKES
HUCKLEBERRIES
R.B. WILKINSON
OSBORN
SCR
DITCH
HUCKLEBERRY SWAMP
VIOLETS
WOODS
MAINLY BEECH, HARD MAPLE
PEPPERIDGE, ELM, OAK
HARDWOODS, GRAPEVINES
LOGGED DURING WAR DUE TO COAL SHORTAGE
VIRGIN TIMBER
CYCLONE IN 1919
SQUIRRELS & RABBITS
J.F.C. MEYER (60)
J.H.A. MEYER (40)
INDIAN SHACK
LANE
INDIAN FAMILY LIVED HERE FOUR MEN, WOMAN AND A COUPLE OF CHILDREN YOUNG ENOUGH FOR SCHOOL - 1920
MEMO PILE
LOG CABIN TURNED TO FRAME HOUSE
J.F.C. MEYER (60)
ARTHUR MEYER (39.5)
THEY HAD A DRAG SAW - CROSSCUT - DRAGGED BACK & FORTH - CUT CORD & STOVE WOOD DURING WINTERS.
200'
CLEARED IN FRONT
MARKET GARDEN - NOT REALLY A FARM - A LITTLE CORN AND OATS STRAWBERRIES, SQUASH, TOMATOES CUCUMBERS, SWEET CORN - SOLD FLOWERS TO HOTELS - ASTERS & GLADIOLAS
MARKET GARDEN
CUCUMBERS
SQUASH
MELLONS
STRAWBERRIES
TOMATOES
POTATOES
SWEET CORN
OATS
SECOND GROWTH
MAPLE, BEECH, ELM, OAK
C. BRYCHTA (10)
J.P. TEAGAN (10)
HORSE BARNS
CLEARED
NOT A TREE
S. CHANEY (40)
F. CERVENY (40)
INDIAN ARROWHEADS
MA
MV
PI
ME
SECOND GROWTH AND SWAMP
MARKET GARDEN - GREEN ONIONS
F. CERVENY (20)
SQUARE DANCES
PROSPEROUS - CHILDREN WORKED AND STAYED OUT OF SCHOOL IN SPRING TO CLEAN ONIONS
HENRY FORD TOOK RIDE IN HIS FIRST CAR TO CERVENY'S THEN WENT BACK. RISKED GETTING STUCK IN SAND AT SNYDER & TWELFTH.
CLEARED
NOT A TREE
ET
ALL CLEARED
MARKET GARDEN
BERRIES
CUCUMBERS
TOMATOES
W.C. BENCH (40)
CAROLINE (MEYER) BOUSENEUR (35.78)
W.C. BENCH (40)
E. BENCH (30)
JAS. B. McKAY, TRUSTEE (80)
DR. MULHERON
J.F.H. MEYER (40)
FRED MEYER
FOREST HILL CEMETERY
(PROTESTANT PIONEERS)
LY
MY
BI
GG
IL
WA
WY
KE
IN
WI
OH
CH
NO
CL
RO
CD
(LYNDO
INDIAN ARROWHEADS & HAMMER BET. OHIO & CHERRYLAWN 50 FT. SOUTH OF INTERVALE


BOYS MADE FENCE
APPLE ORCHARD BLOWN OUT TOO SANDY
LOG CABIN
PIONEER - TREKKED BY OXEN SLEPT UNDER TREE FIRST NIGHT
CHARCOAL PIT
PASTURE
BARBARA FUERST (40)
L. FUERST (40)
HUSBAND & WIFE
REGULAR FARMING BUTTER, EGGS, COWS NOT MUCH MARKET GARDENING "TOO BUSY TALKING"
OR FARMLAND
LANGBACKER'S COMMONS
LANGBACKER HAD BUILDINGS STOLEN. HE WAS TAX DEFICIENT AND SOLD DURING A BOOM IN 1880'S A SYNDICATE BOUGHT ALL OVER. REED'S & LANGBACKER'S DEFICIT PAID OFF. THEN WENT BROKE.
MOUCH & NEMECHEK AS BOYS WATCHED COWS HERE. MADE FENCES AT ENDS OF COMMON
RUMORED BURIED TREASURE
13832
CALLED "THE RYE FIELD" GREEN RYE ONLY
SAND HILL
JOHN HOLMAN (80)
DRAIN DITCH
GARDENING - VEGETABLES WATERMELONS, GRAPES STRAWBERRIES, MELONS SQUASH, POTATOES INTENSIVE FARMING
FLOWERS
WATER IN DITCH WAS SOFT - WASHED FACE IN IT.
STRAWBERRY PATCH
HOLMAN'S PASTURE LOST LAND THEN RENTED
C.H. LEONARD ET AL (10)
HOLMAN'S WOODS
BUSHY WOODS
BLUE RACER SNAKES
FROG POND
CLEAR
CHERRIES
NO PEACH TREES
APPLE TREES
ROAD 1850
ONE LANE
MILL ROAD
SANDY CLAY ROAD NOT MANY TREES
OLD MILL ROAD
GARDENING
GOOD POTATOES
CLEARED
CHILDREN TOOK PATH UNDER TREES TO SCHOOL
W.H. MUIR, TRUSTEE (40)
MOUCH (40)
MOUCH MADE BUTTER
MOUCH'S WOODS
PASTURE
SCRUB
MARSH WOODS
PASTURE
ASPARAGUS HUCKLEBERRIES
RUDY NEMECHEK'S STORE GYPSIES THROWN OUT ROBBERY BY 4 WHITE MEN
GANG FIGHT - DUTCH VS. IRISH HORKEYS-ENGELS VS. FORDS-SHANNONS
SIMON HOSHNA (18.4)
TIMBER WOODS
PASTURE
SMALL WOODS WILD FLOWERS BY THE TUBFULL
BLACKBERRIES WINTERGREEN BERRIES
WOODS
W.H. MUIR, TRUSTEE (39.8)
JAKE FUERST
IRA & RUBY FUERST
LANE
WELL
SKUNK FOUND IN WELL
SAND HILL WITH ROOT HOUSE PEACH TREES
PICNICS - DANCES
JOS. BENDA (40)
HORKEY'S BROTHER-IN-LAW GOOD CATHOLIC
MARKET GARDENING MILK AND BUTTER
PASTURE
CATTLE
WILD MARSH GRASS POPLARS - WILLOWS
BLUEBERRIES BLACKBERRIES CRANBERRIES
BLUE RACERS
RATTLE SNAKES
PUFF ADDERS
APPLE TREES
MULBERRY BUSH
APPLE ORCHARD
NO DEEP WELLS
CHARCOAL
JERSEY CATTLE BUTTER CORN, OATS, HAY
GREEN ONIONS STRAWBERRIES MELONS
POLISH PICKERS
WHEAT, POTATOES, CORN, STRAWBERRIES CUCUMBERS, TOMATOES, MELONS, BEANS MARKET GARDENING
WHEAT GROWN HERE
LODGE EXPRESSWAY
DANCES
C. NEMECHEK (18.4)
FLOWER GARDEN - ALWAYS WATERING FLOWERS
LIVED ALONE WALKED TO FARM DAUGHTER WAS SCHOOLTEACHER
L. BARRY (6)
"OLD JEW" - BUILT HOUSES - PUT LIGHT IN WINDOW - IF NO LIGHT HE WAS SICK. WORE OVERCOAT SUMMER & WINTER CARRIED UMBRELLA. REFUSED TO TAKE CLOTHES OFF.
COUPLE OF APPLE TREES
J. GITRE (40)
HUCKLEBERRY SWAMP ALSO CALLED "LANGBACKER'S SWAMP" "THE PLAINS" "THE MARSH"
BRUSHY WOODS
SNAKES PASTURE
BLOW SAND
JNO. HULAN (40)
STYSKAL ?
HIGHER GROUND BLOW SAND HOUSE BLOWN DOWN. DARN NEAR FROZE TO DEATH IN WINTER. MOTHER GAVE CLOTHES TO KEEP WARM. DRANK HEAVY, TOO.
HULAN WAS SHOEMAKER HAD LITTLE BOYS HAD NO HOUSE FOR A WHILE THEN A BETTER BRICK HOUSE
PRESENT SITE OF MOVED YELINEK HOUSE
POISONED & ROBBED
FARLEY DUMPED OUT OF CAR
OCCASIONAL TREE
ROAD 1865
HAY OATS
GEO. W. RADFORD (24)
JOHN HOLMAN
RENTED TO VARIOUS PEOPLE BENDA FOR INSTANCE
PASTURE
CLAY SOIL
J.L. (10)
BASTION HOLMAN
GRANDDAUGHTER MARRIED GITRE
GARDEN
MAPLE TREE
ROAD 1863
WILHELM AND KUDDERLY DRAIN
MUD LANE
TREE LINED
ROAD TO DETROIT EASTERN MARKET
BOYS MADE FENCE
TWELFTH STREET (FENKELL)
TAMARACK POLES LAID ACROSS ROAD - ONE LANE
VERY SCATTERED POPLARS
HOUSE MOVED 2200 FT.
OLD HUNSINGER HOUSE SPLIT INTO 2 HALF HOUSES
DOHERTY'S STORE
VERY FEW TREES
R.B. WILKINSON
OSBORN
COOPERS WOODS
TIMBER
SCRUBBY
BRUSH
SCRUB
DITCH
HUCKLEBERRY SWAMP
J.G. DICKINSON (40)
FRANK NEMECHEK RENTED
CLEARED
PASTURE
GENERAL FARM
SANDY
FEW TREES
BRUSH AND WEEDS
J.A. MOELLER (50)
POLISH PEOPLE CALLED RURITEKS (?) RENTED IN 1906 - WORKED IN DETROIT
E. SCHUELL (40)
WM. REID (40)
JOS. KRAUSE (20)
D. RASCH (20)
J.G. DICKINSON (20)
C. BROWN (20)
D. O'CALLAHAN (20)
JOS. KRAUSE (40)
WM. N. WALSH (25)
P. BURK (25)
JNO. WALSH (25)
J. SULLIVAN (25)
(LYNDON)
0
200
400
600
800
1000
2000
3000 FEET

KEY TO SYMBOLS

☐	HOUSE
◫	BARN
BSH	BRICK SMOKE HOUSE
CC	CORN CRIB
CH	CHICKEN HOUSE
CS	COW SHED
G	GARAGE
GR	GRANARY
IH	IMPLEMENT HOUSE
LS	LUMBER SHED
MS	MACHINE SHED
OS	ONION SHED
OWS	OPEN WAGON SHED
PP	PIG PEN
RC	ROOT CELLAR
RH	ROOT HOUSE
S	SHED
SG	SINGLE GARAGE
SH	SMOKE HOUSE
ST	STABLE
WS	WAGON SHED
WS	WOOD SHED
<	DIRECTIONAL PHOTO
✕	PHOTO OF UNKNOWN DIRECTION
(40)	FARM ACREAGE

FITZGERALD DISTRICT FARM ERA 1900-1925

THE SYMBOLS, E.G. 200029 <, REPRESENT THE CODE NUMBERS OF HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS WITH CAMERA ANGLE INDICATED WHERE KNOWN. THE HISTORIC PICTURES USED IN THIS TEXT ARE CODED TO THIS MAP AND ALL THE PICTURES ARE DEPOSITED IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT.

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